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Three Old Maids in Hawaii

— ELLEN —
BLANCHAR MAXWELL

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FROM

W. R. Castle, Jr.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE BISHOP'S CONVERSION.

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.50.

"Rose swept toward them in an ecstasy of delight."

THREE OLD MAIDS IN HAWAII

BY

ELLEN BLACKMAR MAXWELL

"To burst all links of habit and wander far away
From island unto island at the gateways of the day,
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of paradise!"

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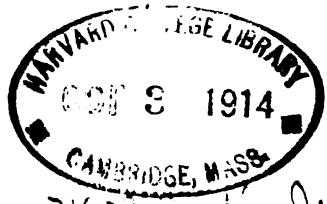

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Boston.

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TO

THE BRIGHTEST,

THE MOST CHARMING,

AND

THE MOST HOSPITABLE WOMAN

IN THE ISLANDS.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.
The Three..... 9

CHAPTER II.
Entering Port..... 35

CHAPTER III.
The President's Reception..... 48

CHAPTER IV.
The Luau..... 70

CHAPTER V.
In Disguise..... 86

CHAPTER VI.
The Drive to the Pali..... 110

CHAPTER VII.
The Visit to a Kahuna..... 133

CHAPTER VIII.
At Pearl Harbor..... 165

CHAPTER IX.
The Luau at Waikiki..... 191

CHAPTER X.
Away to Hilo..... 207

CHAPTER XI.
On to Kilauea..... 232

CHAPTER XII.
In the Crater..... 247

CHAPTER XIII.
The Sulphur Banks..... 264

CHAPTER XIV.
On the Reef..... 274

CHAPTER XV.
A Kahuna's Work..... 292

CHAPTER XVI.
Laaia..... 307

CHAPTER XVII.
Judith and Laaia..... 317

CHAPTER XVIII.
Penance..... 336

CHAPTER XIX.
The New Republic..... 362

CHAPTER XX.
The Wedding..... 383

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Rose swept toward them in an ecstasy of delight"... *Frontispiece*
"'Do you speak English?' asked Rose"..... 78
On the lanai at Mrs. Morris's..... 115
Puu in his canoe..... 155
"'Yes, it is I, Rose Tyler,' she said"..... 200
The volcano road..... 235
"Rose reached out her hands wildly, crying, 'Yes, I will come!'" 254
"A great burst of light covered and blinded him"..... 288
The Government House, Honolulu..... 363
"She looked like a pyramid of flowers"..... 386

THREE OLD MAIDS IN HAWAII.

CHAPTER I.

THE THREE.

"Then the three were seen standing on a rainbow ladder and Moanalihaikawakele proceeded to pronounce judgment, Kaonohiokala:

"'Thou shalt never return to the upper world, but art doomed to become a lapu—a wandering specter—and to subsist entirely on butterflies.'"—*Hawaiian Myths.*

THREE old maids went out into the West, into the West as the sun went down; out of the whirling snowstorms and biting winds of the East, out of the hideousness of San Francisco in a winter rain—San Francisco, an angel of light in sunshine, but in wet winter winds the beast with the seven heads and ten horns—out of all this and more, carrying memories of slush and sloppiness and chill and discomfort that made their bones wax old; carrying memories of dripping leaden skies, of subdued, shivering hackmen with reeking beards and in clammy oilcloth coats, with them into a vessel that rolled in misery on the unpacified Pacific, which was boiling with anger caused by a succession of storms sweeping down from the North; and finally out of this turbulence of wind and wave into pacific sapphire

seas, on which a purple and crimson and gold morning was pouring itself in lavish splendor, as all hearts went out to receive a greeting of welcome, extended by purple peaks and green points of land, palm-fringed and coral-reefed.

Of the three mentioned, one was tall and one was short, and one neither tall nor short, but just such height as pleased those who loved her.

Of the three, one was plain and one was pretty, and one neither plain nor pretty, but altogether charming.

Of the three, one was rich and one was poor, and one neither rich nor poor, but very content with what she had.

In regard to the happy state of old-maidism, it may be said that one is born to it, or one may achieve it, or it may be thrust upon one.

Belinda Mays, tall and plain, had been born an old maid, and though not arrived at many gray hairs nor glasses—nor wisdom, she would have said—was an *old* old maid.

Rose Tyler, Belinda's niece, who was short and pretty, had achieved all the old-maidism she boasted, which was, as one might imagine, no great amount, having seen only twenty-three years. It consisted chiefly in very firm declarations of hostility toward men and matrimony. These declarations, on the principle that "good wine needs no bush," were perhaps a little too emphatic, though her evident belief in them saved her from absurdity.

And the third, Judith Melrose, who was neither tall nor short, neither plain nor pretty, neither old nor young—being a little past twenty-five, but not thirty—had had her old-maidism thrust upon her; at least she believed she had, which, in a woman's view, amounts to the same thing.

In two respects, at least, she was decidedly one thing or the other; she was very rich and almost numb-hearted, the emotional and affectional part of her nature having been crushed by a sudden and severe blow some years earlier than the day she was asked to "break the links of habit" and sail away out to the enchanted islands in the West.

At eighteen her hair had been the red gold that Titian loved, and her features the sweet true features of Titian's best women, save the eyes, which were the gray, steady, wide open, ignorant, and innocent eyes which belong only to the American girl who has no knowledge she wishes to conceal.

Then, the lips turned up joyously at the corners, the one deep dimple in the left cheek was usually apparent because of the laugh that seemed ever ready to come, and the chin was deeply cleft.

The hair, in the intervening years, had become bronze, and the lips were now straight and severely pressed together when her face was in repose, and the dimple had gone, though the cleft in the chin above the milk-white neck was still deep.

The eyelids were apt to droop, but when fully lifted revealed eyes that were uncomfortable at times and brought a man to his feet with a murmured exclamation he would not have liked her to hear, if he had mistaken her for one of those cozy, downy creatures who might be grateful to him for resting his intellect in talking sweet nothings to her.

It was only now and then, however, that men felt this discomfort, for it was odd how both men and women interpreted Judith.

Nine tenths of them thought her the person she would have been had her eyes been warm brown to match her hair, instead of cool gray to match her character.

They, this wise nine tenths, explained that she was warm-hearted, yielding, and gentle, and that rare object, a perfectly happy woman. She knew of this mistaken estimate of herself, and did not like it, yet let it rest as a buffer between herself and the shocks of life.

The other tenth knit their brows and hesitatingly affirmed she was "Rather unusual—odd—don't you think?"

One woman, who could observe and think, rose to a remark, at a ladies' luncheon, a little different from the usual verdict: "No one understands Judith. I do not think she understands herself; but there is something so strange and unusual about her that it makes her almost uncanny."

This woman was laughed to scorn for her re-

mark, and the memory of it was effaced by a buzzing of exclamations and remarks and affirmations of "So sweet," "So simple," "So frank." Then one lady, lately from Italian shores, said: "There is only one word that describes Judith, and that is *simpatica*."

Those who knew what she meant agreed quickly to show that they knew. Those who did not know agreed more quickly to show that they also knew.

Then another woman, who was guilty of thinking at intervals, but only at intervals, be it remembered, said, "The trouble with Judith is that her life has gone on in unbroken ease and happiness. The real strength of her character will never come out until she has some form of suffering."

This remark was considered very deep and rather occult and suggested theosophy, and so they turned and played with that a while and Judith was forgotten, except by the woman who had said she was "uncanny."

This woman was Belinda Mays, and the conversation recalled a half-formed thought she had had of asking Judith to go with her and Rose on this journey into the West.

Belinda loved women, and mourned their woes, and defended them from themselves as well as from other people, and would have liked to mother every one of Eve's daughters, good and bad, on the face of the earth.

Loving them, she divined them, hence she knew when others did not that something had gone seriously wrong in Judith's life. She knew there had been a short engagement years before, which she from the first had considered a mistake, but not a mistake that could entail a lasting impression.

Her special interest in Judith had begun when, as a rosy little maid, she had fixed her eyes on Belinda's face in grave wonderment, saying:

"You seem not to like men so much. I was wondering why you ever got a papa!"

Belinda had laughed while concluding that the child had an intuition that almost amounted to second sight, as she could not recall saying anything that might have caused the child's remark. It was only in these latter days that she had fallen into the habit of saying she detested men and boys. She said it frankly and with a pleasant acidity.

That fact explained why she was called an old maid, though the term gained a pleasantness by its association with her unknown in its ordinary connection. Had she been much plainer, had she even been wrinkled and gray, and yet liked men and cared to please them, she would have been denominated "an unmarried woman," or "a single lady." As it was, people simply thought and spoke of her as an old maid.

Belinda Mays was on a staff of a weekly journal, which, though not of first rank, yet collected

and gave out information to an intelligent grade of people in rather a large area, who depended on Fisher, the chief, for good and sound opinions. But, as he depended on Belinda for most of his opinions, he felt as if he were going to pieces when one day Belinda informed him she was going to Hawaii to see whether or not it were possible to understand the true inwardness of the Hawaiian question. Having little knowledge of the true situation in the islands, he had no especial opinions of his own, still he would not fully accept hers; hence the paper wobbled in its policy, as did many another journal.

One of Belinda's earliest memories was of seeing some cousins, lieutenants in the navy, with her father bending over a large map spread out on the dining table, the lamplight on their faces showing them eager and excited, as they demonstrated how a foreign power could complete a chain of military defenses quite around the United States by taking these islands, and unless some such power did get them the cities in our Western coast would hardly be subjected to attack. Having this for a foundation, she had always been adding to her knowledge, and hence felt she was able to write clearly and understandingly of the political relations of the United States government to those islands.

Finally she could bear it no longer, and even though Mr. Fisher said she could not be allowed to go he said it weakly, for he knew she

would go. "Yes," she said, "I must go. I will nail no more shingles on the fog, even if it is thick. I will hereafter leave it for the weaker sex, who like nothing better!"

This was apropos of something very near like a muddle he had written, after refusing her article, in which he demonstrated that the United States should succor all monarchies, and not help republics because they themselves had freed themselves from monarchical power and formed a republic. At least, Belinda said that was the only conclusion she could draw from what he had written.

The reference to "shingling the fog" was apropos of a story she had told him of a man who, bragging of the density of the fog that surrounded his town, said that in one instance, when shingling his new barn, he had nailed several rows beyond the edge of the roof, and did not discover his waste of time and energy until the fog cleared up, and the shingles fell to the ground.

"The Hawaiian fog will clear up and the shingles will fall to the ground, but I do not want any more of ours to be found in the heap."

Her chief subsided, chuckling quietly, with that peculiar humorous enjoyment, unknown to other nationalities, which the American has at a keen thrust at himself from a woman he admires, and gave a nominal permission.

He was apt to be careful about the formali-

ties of their relation, perhaps because he liked to remind himself that he was really at the head of the journal.

Then Belinda packed her steamer trunk, got her steamer rug and deck chair out of her closet, told her niece, Rose Tyler, she might go with her, and revolved the feasibility of asking Judith to go.

After the ladies' luncheon given her by her club, where Judith was discussed, she went straight to the house in which Judith was visiting, for her home was in a city farther east than the one in which Belinda now dwelt, and asked her to go with her. All the remarks had shown her how much she valued Judith, and, too, there might have been an underlying thought that the puzzle of her friend's character might be solved by the close communion of a sea voyage. Besides, it seemed rather a long, lonely journey with only Rose.

She did not, however, in conscious thought allow herself to say "only" Rose, for Rose, besides being her niece, though she never called Belinda "Aunt," had been one of her enthusiasms. Belinda allowed herself enthusiasms as a certain class of people allow themselves various drinks, and others novels, to help support the monotonies of existence.

Judith's first thought was to refuse to go, because she had an aunt in the islands. Her second thought was to go because of this aunt.

Judith was born in the region whose inhabitants regard with commiseration all people born and bred west of them, the commiseration increasing in direct ratio to the distance west. To them San Francisco is more impossible than was Nazareth, and beyond San Francisco, which has the temerity to be beautiful and fashionable without their sanction, only outer barbarism and chaos.

Judith shared in this insular feeling, and to it was added a peculiar dread and aversion which had its origin in childish taunts from playmates, at times when taunts were in order, about having an aunt who lived among cannibals. This began before she knew what a cannibal was. The Big Boy brought his geography and showed her a picture of half-naked natives dancing around a fire, over which was hung a huge kettle, and pointed out one whose face, he said, was like Judith's, and so probably might be her uncle. The Big Boy was given to this sort of thing, hence it did not have the weight it might have had from another source; but she remembered that one of the large girls came along just then and said:

"Talking about the Cannibal Islands? Their real name is Sandwich Islands. They call them that because they make such delightful sandwiches there, out of slices of breadfruit and the white sailors who are shipwrecked on the coasts."

Judith smiled now as she recalled her implicit belief in this nonsense, though her heart ached for the little maid who went in shame to her gentle mother to ask if it were true she had an uncle and aunt in the Sandwich Islands.

The mother, not guessing the pain of the child, sighed and said, "Yes, child."

The sigh only meant that she would be so happy could she also go to those same islands and be free from the changeful climate and east winds she feared with reason.

Judith said no more. The sigh and grave expression confirmed her worst fears, and she ever after bore a secret pain which was deepened by occasional hints from the Big Boy, who was a natural fiend and loved to torture the defenseless.

In her grown-up days, when at a boarding school, it was not, of course, so bad, but a part of the old feeling was revived by the letters one of her school friends received from a brother stationed on a warship at Honolulu. He wrote to his sister of eating poi—a dark paste—from his fingers, and of being at a feast called a luau, where, he was told afterward, the meat was baked dog; and of seeing half or even quite naked people catching fish with their hands, which they ate without cooking.

She never seemed to have an opportunity to tell the girls she had an aunt there, though she meant to tell them; only she could not get up courage to do so without an opportunity. And

this fact, as well as the descriptions in the letters and the exclamations of disgust by the girls, fostered the feeling of shame engendered in her early days.

So she was half or even wholly glad that she was in Europe, as one of a personally conducted school party, when her aunt visited America. Since her mother's death, caused by the dreaded winds, she had had a letter or two from her aunt, and as they seemed quite like letters from other people her peculiar feeling in regard to the place had weakened, though it had not vanished.

Now, while she was thinking of these things, she was also listening to Belinda's instructions in regard to the dresses she was to take, and said nothing of what was in her mind, except to tell Belinda she would be glad to go, as her mother's only living sister, whom she had never seen, lived there.

This Belinda had known, and forgotten, but hailed the fact with a pleasure which she saw Judith did not fully share, and wondered if there was anything about the aunt that was not all they might find pleasant on their arrival; however, she dismissed the subject to complain about the bother of clothes. Belinda did not mind other people being bothered about clothes; in fact, she thought all women except herself should be compelled to dress well and becomingly. She was thinking of herself solely when she ended her growl by saying:

"I am inclined to think that it would be a boon if we could dress as they did in Hawaii in the olden times, when a drapery of paper made from the bark of a tree was all that was necessary."

The preliminaries to Judith's going away for the winter were not important. Her father had promised her a trip to Europe, and she had only to write and ask him to substitute Hawaii for Europe, and Belinda Mays for Mrs. Continental Jones, as a chaperon, and the thing was done—with pleasure on his part, for he wanted Judith to see her aunt, and Belinda was so sensible that it gave rise to a vague hope in his mind that Belinda would straighten out the kink in Judith. He stopped a moment to sigh and to wish her mother had lived. This was no new thing. He never thought distinctly of Judith as Judith that he did not long for her mother.

Belinda forgot to mention to Judith that Rose Tyler was also going. It was so much a matter of course for Rose to go where Belinda went that in her mind it required no mentioning.

When Judith knew it, she thought it too late to retract. Herein she made a mistake. It is never too late to refuse to take a sea voyage in company with an antagonism. Take a railway journey with whosoever is going, but never a sea journey. Though your chair be on deck, your trunk in the hold, your stateroom the best, withdraw your foot from the gangway, your

trunk from the hold, yea, even let the price of your ticket go by default. Thus you shall be saved from knowing the gall of bitterness of hatred to your neighbor and from sounding the depths of your own iniquity! For not more surely will the battling waves find out all bad bile and malaria in your physical system than will the human antagonism descry the possibilities of irritation, impatience, and revenge in your disposition.

This Judith did not know, and she had great faith—with reason—in her own power of placidity, even though she knew there was not in all her acquaintance one person that so steadily stroked her the wrong way as did Rose.

Judith never said, as Belinda and Rose did, that she disliked men. She would not have been believed had she said it. She never even indulged in the acidulated remarks that most women allow themselves now and then on the weaknesses and faults of men. She generally seemed rather to be defending them, and as no one doubted that men liked her it was understood that the devotion of men and their presence were necessary adjuncts to her happiness. Probably she herself was not conscious of her exact attitude toward them, but a glimmer of it came to her one day on the *Australia*.

They were nearing the end of their journey, and had come into the beneficent winds which are like healing kisses from a friend after blows

from an enemy. All were on deck, languidly feeling it was their duty to be social during the few remaining hours of the seven days' trip. There had been several introductions, and the men had talked with Belinda and found conversation too heavy; they had talked with Rose and found it too light; then they had one by one settled by Judith and found it neither too difficult nor too easy, but just such as made them remain, too pleased and comfortable to go away until the ladies rose from their chairs to say good night.

They stopped outside of their staterooms, which were on the upper deck, to watch the phosphorescence in the waves, more brilliant than they had ever seen before.

Belinda made a remark in the abrupt way she had of trying the thoughts she evolved on her friends before giving them to the public:

"There is no better gauge of a woman than her mental attitude and relations to the other sex; and in fact I never know a woman until I see her with men generally and particularly."

She was thinking of Judith, but the line of thought had been started by a criticism on some books of which they had been all talking, books that Rose called "fin de siècle." Rose had a habit of using the catchwords of newspaper work in common conversation.

"Yes," said Rose, quickly, and a little more snappishly than she meant; "and it's odd that we—you and I—who dislike men so much, are

so fond of Judith, when she cannot live without them."

Her remark did not sound well—she had not expected it would—though it sounded less well than she had thought; but what girl, even if she dislikes men, wants them to leave her and flock around another?

The idea reached Judith, emphasized by the tone in which it was expressed, and gave her a shock.

"I?" said Judith, her wide, startled eyes showing in the light from the passageway.

"Yes, you," answered Rose, half mockingly. "Surely after an evening like this you will hardly deny it, even though the thought is so shocking."

Still Judith looked at them in the same dazed way.

"Have you seen a ghost?" asked Rose, determined not to back down, although she was afraid she had shown her pique at being half ignored for Judith. "Of course I do not say, as I did before I knew you, that you care for conquest *alone*, for—"

"It's natural enough you should like them," interrupted Belinda, reaching her hand out and putting it beside Judith's on the bulwark—this amounted to a caress from Belinda—"for it is plain enough, and it always has been plain, that they like you—like to talk to you and like to do things for you. I dare say I should have liked them if they had liked me."

Somehow when Belinda spoke of men she seemed to be speaking of some curious species of animal of whose habits she had remote and indefinite knowledge. "But it is odd"—she was going on when she was interrupted by Judith's tone of cold scorn:

"So Rose hates men, you dislike them, and *I* cannot live without them! Shall I tell you what I think of you? Simply that idiocy is on the increase, and you both prove the fact!" And then, quivering with anger, she turned and went into her stateroom.

Belinda and Rose stood quite still in startled silence. Never before had Belinda known Judith to be angry, and she had known her from her childhood. Rose had always wondered at her placidity. She half thought it mere surface placidity and half thought it namby-pambyism, and longed to know the truth.

She had often put little pin-pricks into Judith in order to observe the result, but never until now had she received any light. She concluded she had a little more light than she wanted. There was something appalling in Judith's anger. It is the anger of the patient, of the long-suffering, of the self-controlled, that strikes to one's bones when it does come.

It was with shaking limbs and fixed gaze that Judith went into her stateroom and stood with her wraps on before the open port. The soft, damp wind came against her face caressingly,

as a mother drops a succession of kisses on the face of her baby.

Judith, absorbed in a subjective struggle with existing conditions of society and the world at large, never had had any consciousness of the opinions of herself in the minds of those about her. Now it seemed a taking of a liberty by these two women to formulate her, especially as they had placed her on a lower plane than she regarded just to herself; that is, she thought it a lower plane.

Rose's question as to seeing a ghost had not been so far out of the way. She was seeing a specter of the past, of a past which it was the effort of her life to forget or to reconcile.

She looked at the waves steadily, but the port framed a different picture from the one before her eyes. It was of a girl with red gold hair, in a white dress, standing before a long mirror looking at herself, her gray eyes full of sweet wonder at her good fortune in being loved by a man so true and wise and so much her superior in years and knowledge and strength. It was a moving picture, and following this night of glad surprise was her father's approval, which she could now see had not been strong—in fact, only a mere acquiescence; then the quiet but absorbing interest in her preparations for the wedding, the shifting of the housekeeping on to the shoulders of her sister, who was just out of school, and the happiness that needed only the

mother's presence to make perfect. Then came one hateful, terrible day—even now she dreaded to come to it in her thoughts—dreaded to recall the pain and horror of it.

It was a holiday, and her father was writing at home. He asked her to take his keys and go to the office and bring him an important paper. She remembered distinctly walking down the street with the keys jingling in her hand and a feeling of elation in her heart because of the whole afternoon and evening she was to have with some one who was coming to dinner, and who would remain to see the procession and fireworks from the top of the house.

It was not an uncommon thing for her father to send her to his office, as he said no one could do the right thing in the right way like Judith, and he had often secretly wished she might be his confidential clerk. Getting the paper and relocking the desk, she opened the window and sat down, partly because she liked the intense quiet that reigned on holidays in this great beehive of offices, and partly because the law office of her lover was next, and she wanted to imagine just how he sat there at his desk, like the one she had just opened, and thought of her; how her face, as he said, always came between his book and his eyes; how the days dragged in his office when heretofore they had sped.

It was with no surprise that his voice broke

upon her ear as she heard the door of his office open and the sound of two people entering. A window was pulled up, and as their voices came plainly to her she smiled mischievously as she thought she would have something about which to tease her lover, not thinking that others might call it eavesdropping, and never for a moment supposing there was in his life one single thing he would not wish her to know.

But the smile vanished, the eyes stared, and then the color faded from her face. The keys were pressed into the rosy flesh of her hands, but still the girl did not stir. How did she ever leave that hateful room and those terrible voices? How did she ever reach home? Did her father get his paper and keys? She could not tell. The voices died away and the door was shut. This she remembered because she had feared she must sit there forever and always hear those voices telling her that there was no truth in men, though women must be true and have high standards. There was a hint of a girl—at first she had thought it must be her own self of whom they were talking, but soon she knew it was not, and then she could remember nothing more. There must have been tuberoses somewhere about, for their scent always brought a faint, numb feeling associated with that morning; and the sight of them invariably suggested deep calamity.

She had never spoken to the man she loved from that day. She wrote a note in which she simply said she had been in her father's office and overheard his conversation. This and a parcel in which were his ring, his gifts, and his letters, were left with the servant to be given to him when he called; and that was the end.

She said to her father when he asked, "He is not what I believed him to be," which remark was clearer to him than she thought, and to her sister that she would take up the housekeeping again if she wished, as she was not to be married. The sister, liking her work and its consequent importance, did not wish to give it up, so she was obliged to content herself with an outsider's place in many things, and fell into the way of accepting invitations to house parties and to making short journeys.

A dry sob was in the throat of the woman looking at the swaying water before her, a sob for the girl who had seen her joy and trust, her hope and love, slain in one unprepared, defenseless moment, and who had never since been able to see the world except in the ghastly light thrown upon it that morning.

The judicial strain in her, which came from her mother's as well as her father's family, influenced her toward incisive and final judgments of human actions.

Had her mother been alive, or had she been

less sensitive and secretive, she would in time have recovered from the blow. But she had that peculiar nature that trusts implicitly until once deceived; after that the distrust is absolute. Now she had confidence in no man but her father, and had she seen a glimmer of untruth in him it would have at once cut off all trust. But he was her father, and so did not in any way influence her estimate of other men. She trusted Belinda perfectly, though one little white lie would have cut the cords that bound her to Belinda, never to be united again.

Having inherited from her mother the habit of smiling, she could smile and look happy even when in physical pain, if not too intense; so the mental pain and struggle of these years left no trace on her face that most people could see. Some one had told her of the remark made at the luncheon to the effect that the lack of suffering had prevented her development. Now she added that to the estimate Belinda and Rose had shown was theirs, and her lip curled in scorn and her hands shut in anger. She thought of her own contempt for women who lived for men's approval, of how, when men were at their best and bravest, and when she was trying to believe in them, the creeping horror of that June morning would come to her and make her draw back and only listen in bare toleration to what they had to say. Sometimes her glance would show that she was studying them, and

they were pleased if they were honest men, and flattered if they were vain men, but fascinated in either case.

In thinking of the cause of Rose's attack she recalled the group of men who had been ostensibly talking to all three, but chiefly to her.

"It was 'The Unknown' who began it," she said, her thoughts unconsciously taking on a brighter coloring as his strong face came before her, the clear glance of the blue-gray eyes meeting hers out of the waves.

Rose had called him "The Unknown," not because they did not know who he was, for his name was John Harvey, but because they did not know what he was, and Rose had decided he was a "personage."

He had the way of those accustomed to have their sayings considered, and also the way of those who have responsibility, and to whom large numbers of people look with consideration. He had been introduced to one of Belinda's friends at the wharf at San Francisco, just as the gangplank was about to be lifted, when there was no time for explanation. But the manner of this friend was such as to show that the one introduced was well worth knowing.

Belinda, whose interest had been aroused at once by the stranger's bearing and handsome face, put an embargo on questions in regard to him, although Judith thought Rose was the only one who needed the restriction.

Belinda liked to decide what people were, where they were from, and, in general, to study them as she would a piece of music. She did not care to have people tell her about themselves.

"The chances are they would not tell me the truth if they did tell me of themselves. It is much more interesting to read them, or at least to study them."

Their impressions in regard to the importance of "The Unknown" were strengthened by the attitude of the passengers, most of whom were returning to their island home after a brief sojourn on the Coast.

So in the mornings, when they were hibernating in their deck chairs, wrapped in rugs, rousing themselves only now and then for desultory remarks, Rose and Belinda would give their conclusions in regard to him, though Rose did most of the talking.

At times she said he might be a cabinet minister, for he belonged to Hawaii; at other times he seemed fitted for a professor in a college, and yet again he might be a wholesale merchant.

Now Judith recalled Belinda's final remark in regard to him.

"He has the polish of a diplomat, the cleverness of a lawyer, the wide intelligence of a college president, and the pure heart of a clergyman."

Rose had sat up in dazed astonishment at Belinda, exclaiming:

"If you were not you, I would say you were in love with him!"

"Well," said Belinda, frankly, "if I ever do fall in love it will be with just such a man."

Rose subsided, picked up her rug which had fallen unheeded, and curled down, but there was a flush on her face that showed she could not be quite so frank as Belinda had been.

Judith recalled this, dwelling on it curiously, and then faced herself with the questions:

"Is he all this, or will he, like others, resolve himself into a commonplace man—or false? Is he created like ordinary men, without the possibility of truth and perfect loyalty?"

There had been a controversy in her mind from the first moment she had seen him. Most men she quickly and sternly relegated to the class to which the one belonged who had opened her eyes to an unhappy phase of life.

But this man—there was a clear, strong look in his eyes and a loyal atmosphere about him in which it was good to be; and that others felt it, and generally rose to their best when with him, was plain.

And his smile—it spoke of an uplifted soul that strove worthily with the evil and temptations of life.

"Is he true-hearted?" she continually asked herself. "Is he, or shall I have another blow? I was mistaken once and I might be again."

Judith had tried to keep from being cynical,

had tried to remain warm and loving in her character, had tried to believe in men and God. That her effort had been a failure she now felt. She had partly deceived herself with her striving, and she had entirely, without wholly meaning to do so, deceived others. She had only meant not to let them know how empty and barren of belief her life was, just as she would have concealed the loss of a finger or an eye from the public, because of her dislike to physical imperfection. A woman without belief in God or man was, in her eyes, a deformed and imperfect being.

Still her care to conceal her unbelief was partly because she feared influencing others toward the same condition. This fear might have shown her that though her faith was numb it was not entirely dead.

CHAPTER II.

ENTERING PORT.

JUST before sunrise the next morning Judith stood on deck, looking about her in great wonder and joy.

At daybreak the steamer had come in among the islands where they lifted themselves out of the dark sea like huge amethysts.

Now the warm yellow sky and the deeply purple sea were overshot with rose color which the islands caught and threw back; the air was strong, yet so sweet and comforting that it brought a quick pain about her eyes which would have meant tears to one who had not lost the habit of shedding them. Not since the June morning whose ghost had kept vigils with her the previous night had she shed tears, or before had inclination to do so.

"What is coming to me that I should have felt anger last night which I could not control, at a mere trifle, and that now I should so long for tears that I can almost weep at the lack of them?"

As if to suggest an answer to this question, John Harvey came toward her from the passageway, relief and gladness in his eyes, which sought and found and rendered thanks for answering gladness in her eyes.

"It was odd," he said, "but the first conscious thought I had on waking was that you were here alone. I hurried my dressing, half feeling I had dreamed that you were here. Will you come up? The view is perfect from the hurricane deck;" and, John Harvey leading the way, they were soon standing where the whole beautiful view was spread before and about them.

Harvey stood near Judith, but said nothing. The stillness, the exquisite heaven of color, and the caressing wind seemed to speak for him, while the steamer with queenly movement swept on as though entering joys especially prepared for her coming.

The tints of the islands changed constantly. The rose color disappeared, the dull gold of the sky brightened, and the sun came up out of the purple sea, which instantly changed to violet and liquid gold.

"O!" exclaimed Judith, with regret in her voice, "I must let Rose know. She would revel in this." And she went down quickly that her resolution might not waver.

Rapping on Rose's door, she cried, "Come out and up to the upper deck, or you will miss it all!" and at Belinda's door, saying, "We are among the islands, and there is much that you would like to see."

Then she went back quickly, having left a sense of relief in the breast of each of the women to whom she had spoken—the tone of her voice

showing that her anger of the night before had evaporated.

"I thought she would never speak to me again. If I had felt as she did I would have held my grudge forever," said Rose to herself, as she dressed, which was as true as most things are which people say of themselves.

Judith arrived on the deck, rosy and breathless. Though refusing the hand held out to help her up the last two or three steps, she was glad the hand had been offered, and, unknown to herself, glad that Rose and Belinda were never quick in dressing.

"I love the islands," said Harvey after a brief silence, "and the more I see of other places the more I love Hawaii nei. I am always glad to return to my native place, and never more glad than now."

The enchantment of life fell on Judith as he ended in a low tone. She knew he wished her to think she had something to do with his gladness, but everything appeared dreamy and indistinct, and she could not have told why, nor did she wish to do so.

Harvey stood very near her, and they seemed to appropriate the glory of the sea and sky, as if their surroundings were created for them alone—the one man and the one woman in the universe, sailing away to the happy isles from whence an influence was reaching out to enwrap and engulf them.

Harvey's tones when he again spoke were low and tender, and told things other than the history of Molokai and Lanai and the various islands which he was describing, and his eyes had a message which they planted deep in her heart, through her own, which did not fall before his gaze.

His hand, trembling and warm, came nearer and nearer hers, then it closed around her own in a quick, strong clasp; and there was a sigh—was it from Judith or from him, whose heart was in his eyes and in his speaking hand?

Now the quick, vibrant voice of Rose came up from the deck below.

"O, O! to think of sleeping like a log and missing this!"

Their hands fell apart, and the caressing eyes were turned seaward before Rose swept toward them in an ecstasy of delight, followed by Belinda, who was quickly taking in the relative location of the islands.

"O!" exclaimed Rose, in sensuous enjoyment, with cheeks and eyes aflame, reaching out her hands as though to bathe them in the color about her. "O—the colors of the sea—peacock blues—violets condensed—hyacinths boiled down—and the sky—what thick gold! Why," to Belinda, "Why did you not tell me that we were coming into this, and I would have dreamed of it all the way!"

Belinda smiled, without saying that she had

known as little as Rose of the beauty of the end of their journey.

She liked Rose to be enthusiastic. Judith had sometimes thought that one explanation of Belinda's fondness for Rose was that Rose expressed what Belinda felt, or thought she ought to feel.

"You know—I am sure you know—that this is an enchanted sea," Rose said to Harvey; but she did not see his quick, furtive glance at Judith. Did he not know it well?

"And I am sure the sea serpent must be somewhere about," she went on. "Do not tell me," as Harvey shook his head, "that there are none —not even one little weeny one. It is the consuming desire of my life to behold a sea serpent."

"Perhaps sharks might do in lieu of the historic serpent. There are plenty, and very big ones, too."

"I cannot deny that a shark would be uncommon, but it would not be entirely satisfactory, and I shall complain if the managers of the steamship line do not have a sea serpent. I am sure I can make them see that it is necessary. How he would roll and stretch himself along over there in the liquid color, with golden light on his upper curves and violet shadows underneath!"

She was spoiling the solemn beauty of the morning for Judith; worse still, she knew it, and was impelled on by her enjoyment of the fact.

She was now angry at Judith. The stewardess had told her that Mr. Harvey and Judith had been the only ones up to see the sunrise; so she knew

that Judith had done what she herself would not have been capable of doing.

"Good gracious!" she said to herself; "it amounts to a personal injury when a woman is as good as that! If it had been anyone but Mr. Harvey—but to leave him and come and ask us to join her after what we said last night! It is too much!"

But she chatted on, and Harvey listened and watched her smiles come and go, and he and Belinda laughed at her pert remarks; but Judith turned away.

"It is the old story," she thought; "the less worthy and the more frivolous a girl is, the better even the best of men like her."

She was not sorry when the gong rang out for breakfast.

"Ah," said Rose, "how glad I am! I had some thoughts of turning shark myself and eating you, Judith, if the gong had not sounded as it did. You would make a nice, juicy breakfast!"

Judith smiled in an absent way, but made no response.

After breakfast they were all up again, Rose still chattering to Harvey, but Judith had put her hand on Belinda's arm and drawn her a little apart from the group, where they could not hear what Rose said.

The deck was crowded now with passengers who had come up to witness the entrance to Honolulu.

The islands, eight in number, besides islets, stretch northwest and southeast. Hawaii, the largest, and from which the group derives its name, sits like an old hen with her chicks stringing after her.

The steamer had sailed along the northern shores of Maui and Molokai, and then entered the Oahu Channel, making for Honolulu, the capital city, which is on the island of Oahu.

Skirting the southern end of this island, they passed a bare point of land, then a small corrugated headland formed by an extinct crater called Koko Head, and which looked like a mammoth nutmeg.

Then they saw Diamond Head, another extinct crater dear to the heart of all true islanders, lying like a sleeping lion at the gate of Honolulu. Long years has he lain here in silence; sometime he may rise, sometime the lion couchant may be the lion rampant, but now he sleeps on.

Next they passed the lonely little signal station, from which a telephone message had already gone to the city, six miles away, telling that the good ship *Australia* had been sighted.

Beyond Diamond Head the shores are low and lined with cocoanut palms full of grace, which hold their heads as if posing for an artist; then comes beautiful Manoa Valley—valley of rainbows—inclosed by mountain ridges covered with the soft, dark foliage of the hau,

lightened by the silver of the kukui trees, then other deep cool valleys and other green velvet ridges, then the peak Tantalus, royal purple with a crown of yellow gray clouds about his head. Tantalus looks down on Punch Bowl, a small extinct crater, and Punch Bowl looks down on the city half hidden by round masses of dark green foliage through which church spires and legation flags pierce, the latter giving a needed touch of color.

It was like the old landscapes in European galleries, or like dreams one has. Judith thought, half whimsically, she might have been here in a possible preexistent state, and ever since been homesick for the islands; ever had an unsatisfied longing, which only the sight of them could quench.

Perhaps the ray of "the light which was never on land or sea" that had entered the frozen regions of her heart helped the effect, or even may have been responsible for it.

Belinda, who had rested during the voyage, now stood alert and wide-awake, smiling the journalist's smile of satisfaction at the sight of good material.

She noted the long dredged channel of entrance marked by numerous buoys, the quiet and easy harbor, the quarantine station, at the left the extended line of wharves crowded with ships, and was shown the location of Pearl Harbor, which lay smiling in paler tints farther

on. She saw the array of warships of various nationalities at anchor lying like hungry dogs before a fine piece of meat, each waiting for the other to spring first; or rather, Belinda thought, with a grim smile, "They are waiting to see if the dog who has his paw on the meat is ever going to take it."

To Rose the warships had a meaning remote from Belinda's thoughts, and she began to wish she had brought more and prettier dresses with her; while visions of receptions and dinners on board floated before her eyes.

As the steamer drove straight up to the wharf those standing on deck saw a large crowd on shore of a cosmopolitan type, though cosmopolitan is not exactly the word; for wherein it has a suggestion of big cities and the great wise world it would be wrong.

It was a mixture truly, but the individuals, by their flower-wreathed hats, by the bunches of flowers in their hands, by their peculiar white dresses, and by an indefinable something, suggested the woods, the hills, the sea, anything but the world and its wisdom.

Gradually, among the mass of Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and native Hawaiians were distinguished men and women in more familiar dress, with the face and features and air which are known over the world as American, though not possessed by all born in America. They lifted hats and waved handkerchiefs to those on

deck whom they knew, and began to come on board as soon as opportunity was given.

Three ladies, extremely young and bright for mature women, came at once toward Harvey, who met them with gladness and murmured thanks for coming.

"O, we did not come to meet you," said the brightest of the group in a soft, quick voice. "How like a man always to take everything to himself!"

"Not always; you forget our mutual ancestor, Adam."

"Forget him? Never! The modern Adams will not let us forget him even if we wished to do so."

"Do not waste words, Molly; we must hurry, or she may escape us," said another.

"If you are intending to be as hard on her as on me I hope for her sake she will escape you; but who is she?"

"She is a Miss Judith Melrose, a niece of Mrs. Morris."

"Ah!" and Harvey turned quickly to where The Three had been interested auditors of the greetings given and received.

"Allow me, Miss Melrose, to present Mrs. Williams, who is your aunt's deputy; and a very good deputy she is, too, notwithstanding she always tramples on my feelings."

This was very well done, considering he had not known that Judith had any relative or friends in the islands.

He also introduced Belinda and Rose to Mrs. Williams, who presented her friends, and then Mrs. Williams took Judith's hands eagerly.

"My dear," she said, "your aunt is awfully cut up, but she and Mr. Morris have gone to the volcano. They missed your letter some way and did not get it until an hour before the *Kinau* was to sail from Hilo; so she could not come, but she telephoned to the captain and told him to call me up as soon as he got in and tell me to meet you, and so I am to be your aunt until she returns. Miss Mays will go with Milly, and Miss —ah"—looking at Rose,—"with Sarah."

"What!" gasped Belinda, "are there no hotels?"

"O yes, plenty; but we could not let Judith, or her friends either, go to a hotel."

"O! but I must, you know. I never visit, nor does Rose," she added quickly, hardly knowing what she was saying.

The latter statement was perfectly untrue, and Rose would have been delighted to go with Sarah. "Of course," Belinda added, "it would be quite proper for Judith to go with you. It is really so very kind." She began now to recover from the shock of such unexpected and open-armed friendliness.

Judith with her warm, sympathetic voice came to the rescue. It sounded like music to John Harvey, who was observing it all, after Belinda's brusqueness.

"It is so kind of you to come to us in this way. It has made us feel as though we were not among strangers, and I would go with you almost with the same feeling I would with my aunt, but I did not mean to go to stay with her at once, even if at all. We shall be here several months, and we shall hope to see much of you," giving them each a grateful glance, "and you will come to see us soon, will you not?"

"That is so like Judith," thought Rose, crossly. "She will do the proper thing to the last."

The faces of the ladies fell; it was really a disappointment, Judith saw, and they seemed rather ungrateful; but Rose softened the rebuff:

"O dear, I do wish Belinda would let me go with you. It must be much nicer, and you are all so good, and your faces are so familiar;" and she looked gravely from one face to the other and then to the third, and asked:

"Really, do you not suppose one of you at least is *my* aunt?"

They laughed, and John Harvey, having been seized by some friends a moment before, now coming back took Judith's hand bag and led the way down the gang plank and through the crowd, shaking hands or lifting his hat every moment.

Getting through the customs was a matter of a bit of chalk and a moment's delay, and they were soon out and into a street lined with carriages, private and public.

It was only a matter of a moment more for Belinda and Rose to take the back seat of a crowded carriage and be driven to the hotel by Mrs. Fisk, and Judith to be seated in Mrs. Williams's carriage, and Mrs. Williams to ask Mr. Harvey to take the other place on the back seat. He looked undecided a moment, then said "No" very quickly, and hurried away as though afraid he might repent his decision.

Mrs. Williams looked after him curiously, and then at Judith.

Judith thought it was a wreath of tuberoses that had been thrown around his neck as he stepped on shore that attracted Mrs. Williams's attention; but no remark was made to show of what she was thinking as they were whisked away through the streets, which had a peculiarly blended familiar and unfamiliar appearance, to the hotel which welcomed them with wide verandas and a promise, if appearances went for anything, of much pleasure and great good.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

AFTER lunch the three were sitting on the lanai, behind a drapery of blooming vines, watching the moving panorama in the street, and in it reading many tales. Belinda had the four daily papers in her hand, and glanced alternately at them and at the street. The daily papers of any place were the keys with which Belinda unlocked the doors leading to vast treasures of knowledge.

A group of Chinamen first caught their attention. They were in holiday dress and manner, their own national dress being modified by white straw sailor hats, set well back on their heads, and by American-made leather shoes. Behind them was a Portuguese gardener with a big bunch of carnations in one hand and a note in the other; then came a carriage full of tourists, and behind them a native man on a pony well laden with bags, evidently starting for some country district. Then came Japanese sailors from a man-of-war; then more Chinese. Back of them, laughing and chattering, were two or three full-breasted native women in straw hats and the Mother Hubbard style of dress, called holoku, with trains which they held well

up, displaying bare fat feet and ankles. Then came a bright-faced, quick-moving little Japanese woman in a dress made of old-time pink calico; across from her were a Japanese woman and child in kimonos. Then there was a clatter of hoofs and a swift rush past of half a dozen ponies carrying large, stout native women in holokus, riding, as nearly all women, both white and black, ride in the islands, astride; then came a meat wagon, driven by an American; then an express wagon heaped up with trunks; then in her surrey a wide-awake woman of New England type going out to see some friends, having a white-faced, hollow-chested, coughing man from California on the back seat, whom she, *en passant*, was giving a drive for the cheering of his soul as well as the health of his body. Now came a German nurse leading home from school blue-eyed, round-faced little girls; then a Chinaman in pigtail and purple blouse, driving a carriage on the back seat of which was another Chinaman without visible pigtail and in American dress; then business men or perhaps members of the advisory council driven by an Irish coachman; then an American lady, in empire dress or modified holoku, going home from market with pine-apples, celery, and the tops of other vegetables peeping out from the box of her buggy. Then another lady in a buggy nodding to the first as she drove quickly by, telling her to remember the committee meeting in the afternoon.

"Ah," sighed Belinda, as their words floated up, "who would have thought committees grew here? It breaks up the peace of mind I was about to enjoy, but at least I shall have no telegrams, no telephone messages, and no letters for fifteen days.

At this moment the Portuguese maid entered, asking for Miss Melrose, saying she was wanted at the telephone. The maid looked surprised at the laugh with which her words were greeted. As Judith followed her out Rose said:

"No telephone messages? and pray what did you think all those wires were for?" pointing to the poles that outlined the street and the ribbon of innumerable wires at their tops.

Belinda answered with another sigh:

"I had not noticed them. I believe there is no spot on earth where that fiend of unrest comes not."

Judith returned, saying:

"It is Mrs. Williams, asking us to drive to Waikiki with her this afternoon."

Rose brightened, but Belinda said:

"I have sent my letter of introduction to the mansion of the president, and we must go to-day, as it is his day for receiving, and until Rose and I have presented ourselves there and at the American minister's I feel that we are tramps and disreputable people; but as you have an aunt here you must, now and always, do as it seemeth best to you."

Judith thought a moment.

"Perhaps I should wait until my aunt comes before going to the president's. I hardly know, but I think I would better go with Mrs. Williams; she seemed so disappointed this morning," and went back to the telephone.

Rose was satisfied. She was glad Judith was not going with them. She knew she coarsened and appeared far from her best in contrast with Judith, and did not receive the consideration she liked and merited, hence was under a constraint that made her sometimes behave badly in very defiance.

"Of course," said Judith, on returning, "I have no doubt my aunt would like to introduce you as well as myself at the president's if you choose to wait until she returns;" for she had learned incidentally from Mrs. Williams something of her aunt's social position.

"No," said Belinda, "the only way to have unprejudiced views is to see as much as possible of everything and everybody before we know individuals personally."

After they were dressed the clerk of the hotel telephoned for a carriage, which a moment later was at the steps of the hotel. The driver was in a navy blue flannel suit with immaculate cuffs, collar, and white tie. He lifted his straw hat when the ladies approached, as he might at a garden party, and they felt for a moment as though he should have been intro-

duced, for he had the appearance of a gentleman of leisure taking his family out for an airing.

Rose smiled in amusement at the situation, but Belinda beamed. It seemed to open out unending fields of Arcadian simplicity. Perhaps the legend of all men being born free and equal would not be considered a joke here at the islands; and she began to dream dreams, which were interrupted by Rose:

"Er, the president is a Hawaiian or a Kanaka, I think, but I suppose he speaks English; it must be so awkward to speak through an interpreter."

Belinda laughed the short, scornful laugh that Rose thought her worst defect, especially when it was turned toward herself.

"O yes," continued Rose, "I did hear that he was a half-white—of course, he would then speak English in order to be classed with white people —or was it the old prime minister that was half-white?"

Belinda emitted an unmusical but intelligible sound of disgust. Why should Rose always mix things of which she had read, when her intelligence was so good in things she saw?

"O," said Belinda, in a distressed whisper, "I beg of you do not talk of these things, and I will explain. The driver might tell."

There was more force in Belinda's whisper than she meant to have, and it was heard farther than she meant to have it heard.

"Not I, marm," said the driver; "we are used to all sorts here, and nothing surprises us, but you know it is kind of queer the way people don't know things. I took two ladies the other day up to the Pali, a kind of jumpin'-off place that's 'way up the mountains, where you can see the other side of this island, and mighty pretty it is; and I'll take you up there for five dollars any day, and that ain't anything now to what we used to get in sugar times—that's when sugar stock paid seventy-five per cent dividends. They were jest common tourists that go up and down the earth like Satan, seeking whom they may devour, and didn't know nothing of politics, and one says:

"'Awfully dull place here; no theater and no place to go. I should think the people would fall on each other and fight for lack of something to do, though I believe they are having some trouble or something now, ain't they?'

"And the other one, she said, jest as knowin':

"'O yes, the two aspirants to the throne are fightin' each other, Queen Lil and Princess K'lani, and it took so much time to fight that there wa'n't no government, and so the respectable part of the community, called the missionary party—though they are not missionaries except that they stepped in and saved the country—fixed up a government to stand until they settled one another.'"

And he laughed heartily, in which Belinda

joined. Rose also smiled, but she did not see anything so very funny, especially as she thought probably the driver would rehearse her own remarks to the next party he might take out, notwithstanding his disclaimer.

"Yes, and this woman said the islands were settled by missionaries who mostly married natives, to get the land away from them, and it was their descendants who were making the trouble. 'Tain't so; an' if 'twas, mighty little land they would have got, for as to land, except the old chiefs, the natives wasn't in it, until the missionaries persuaded the chiefs to give the common natives some land for their own. That's the palace, now called the Executive Building," he said, pointing with his whip toward a fine building with large and beautiful grounds about it. He added, "I am taking you round out of my way so that you can see the town."

"It is very good of you," said Belinda; "but in regard to that remark on missionaries I think many people have believed that. It certainly has been told often enough to make anyone believe it; and it is also said the missionaries were immoral and quite unfit to set an example to the natives, and the head missionary had his cellar full of choice wines and that he himself was a connoisseur in wines."

"Well, now, marm"—Belinda was sure he said, "naow, ma'm," and guessed her driver to

be of sturdy New England stock and to be depended upon—"Well, naow, ma'm, you look a little too intelligent to swallow all that. In the first place there ain't no cellars on the island that I know of, and as to their bein' konnorsores, it's ridiculous! I ain't a missionary myself, and there hain't been a missionary in office for fifty years. I must say I don't al'ays agree with the party in power, but when people are telling lies I don't want them told me in a shape an idiot wouldn't swallow. It ain't complimentary to my common sense. But I want to tell you it is jest the nicest place to live in I ever see. It's so kind of peaceful and quiet and alone out here, jest as if God had plenty of time to make the purtiest kind of a day."

"There is time enough in the States if men did not interfere so much," answered Belinda.

"That's jest it," he answered heartily, "with the elevated trains a-flyin' through the sky, and electric cars a-slidin' down on you so smooth an' slick before you know it, and all the rest of the devil's inventions! I stopped in New York when I came through, an' I jest hate to think of men livin' in a hell like that, when these islands are lyin' here a-smilin' in the sunshine, and the waves lappin' them so soft and nice, and the flowers bloomin' so easy all the year without tryin' one mite. If you will believe it, once in a while fellows come here who want to go back to that life; but such fellows would walk straight

through the golden streets and out of the gates of pearl down to the other place and say they like to be where some business was bein' done. I don't know as heaven is a great place for business, but when I think of the cold winter mornin's out in the country where I was raised, and of buildin' fires and feedin' stock with my hands curled up with cold, an' all the rushing and tearin' in the cities, and then see how 'tis here with the band a-playin' all the time, and the bees a-hummin', and the 'lang 'lang and the stephanotis and other flowers smellin' so nice all the year, I can jest believe eternity won't be enough of heaven; I shall want to stay longer."

Belinda was delighted; here was a man to whom it was worth listening, but Rose said:

"Well, I can understand how people might be tempted to leave almost any place if there was nothing going on; even gates of pearl would not make up for stagnation."

Belinda did not laugh at Rose's flippancy, but the driver did.

"Well," he said, "you will not leave here very soon if all you want is to be kept busy; there is plenty bein' done even if we ain't got electric cars and elevated roads."

Not at all out of breath or out of matter of which to talk, the driver (whom Belinda determined to have each time she went out) now turned the horse into an inclosure that seemed crowded with palms of various kinds and ferns

and flowers. In the midst of these were steps leading up to a lanai, or veranda, attached to a small cottage. On the veranda stood one whom Belinda at once thought the knightliest man she had ever seen. His presence seemed to enlarge the veranda and give the cottage the dignity of a mansion. He was bidding some people good-bye, so the driver drove around the circle in front of the cottage that the other carriage might pass out.

"It is a face and figure to choose for the head of a great undertaking, providing the undertaking be worthy," said Belinda to Rose in an undertone, influenced at once in favor of a government which had such a leader.

The president stood waiting in the midst of palms and ferns, flecked with sunlight which filtered through the trees and gave a bright touch to the picture framed by the veranda. As they descended from the carriage and mounted the steps he bent his head in kindly courtesy and greeted them as though having found old friends, and led them straightway into the little reception room that had a stateliness of its own, in spite of its lack of space, and introduced them first to his wife, and then to others who were there. When Rose saw the ladies she was glad she had worn one of her best gowns.

"Perhaps," said Belinda to the president, who sat down beside her, "apropos of your way of greeting us, the tourist who comes in an inquir-

ing frame of mind is an old friend—even too old."

Amused at her terse way, and pleased with her frank recognition of the kindly welcome he had given them, he smiled slowly.

"We see many tourists, it is true, and if they would remain friends they could not be too old; but when they become 'ancient enemies' it is another thing. It is only our 'ancient enemies' of whom we complain, is it not?" turning to a large, noble-faced woman at his right, of whom an observing child had said, "She looks like a queen!"

"Yes, indeed, though still the ordinary tourist is old and worn out. He is sometimes a man, and sometimes a woman. He comes on the *Australia* Saturday morning. He does this island on Saturday afternoon, listens to the band in the evening, writes his impressions Sunday morning; sees the various charities and churches the same day; breakfasts, lunches, and dines out on Monday, if he has any friends here or brings any letters; writes up his notes of their houses and personal peculiarities on Monday evening. Tuesday morning he spends in the library reading up facts about the islands, and in the afternoon of the same day he takes the *Kinau* for the other islands and the volcano, which require seven days and a half, much to his regret, as he would like to be able to do them in half that time. He then returns to the coast, knowing far more about the islands

than even we, whose parents were among the first white people here."

"You have the consolation," said Belinda, "of knowing that nearly every square foot on the face of the earth is suffering from the same methods of torture, and some good must come out of it all, for there must be some—yes, many—who write truly of these islands, as well as of other places."

"Write?" said the bright-faced wife of the president, catching only the one word. "I am sure you are not going to write us up; you look too kind. We have been written up so much there is nothing left of us but shreds, absolutely nothing but shreds and sugar planters!"

Her eyebrows were elevated in mock distress, and her tones had an exaggerated dubiousness that made them all laugh.

"O, but it is a serious matter, I assure you, when we are said to be—I am not going to say adventurers and filibusters, we do not mind gentle terms like these—but to be descended from cannibals, and to have it said our immediate ancestors wore no clothes. Of course, we know our remote ancestors wore very few, but our immediate ones were clothed during the two or three hundred years they lived in New England and here in Hawaii."

As Belinda joined in the laugh she looked over toward Rose, hoping she had not heard, fearing it might recall Rose's own remarks on their way

over. But Rose had dropped into a chair between an elderly admiral and a young man who was introduced as Dr. Jarvis, and had taken the sherbet presented by the maid, which she found a resource, as she could sip it daintily when at loss for the right answer. The admiral began to talk to her because she was pretty, and kept on talking because he saw the young doctor wanted to do so.

"The president's wife was just telling us of your arrival, and I prayed all three might be pretty; but where is the third one? Is my prayer answered in regard to her also?" began the admiral.

Rose answered slowly, "She is—is more beautiful than "—Dr. Jarvis, and the admiral, too, were afraid she was going to say, "than I"—"than any other woman I have ever seen, but I do not call her pretty."

The admiral half got up with a pretense of eagerness, saying,

"Where is she?"

Rose laughed. She liked this.

"It is useless to go now. She is out driving."

The admiral sighed and sank back, and Dr. Jarvis seized his opportunity.

"Did you enjoy the journey?"

"Please do not ask me. I always keep the journey and the weather for a last resort or for dull people."

This remark had the effect of a charming compliment.

"Ah, there, Jarvis, she sees things in the right light; and, Jarvis, you must keep still. I will not have you interrupting and coming between Miss Tyler and me. I assure you he is a dangerous man. Have nothing to do with him, I warn you, Miss Tyler. I never want to talk to a pretty girl that he does not want to come between us."

"But, admiral," laughing, "did I ever fail to give way?"

"What's that when I see pretty eyes following you wistfully?" a little crossly.

"I am sure that was only your imagination," said Rose, with her dark eyes lifted earnestly to his face, though as they fell they had time to give Dr. Jarvis a glance that made him brighten.

"Jarvis, please remember that. Now I shall be afraid no longer."

"You are at the hotel, I suppose," said Dr. Jarvis, not at all troubled.

"There now, he wishes to come and call, but *I* shall call and not bring him; then you and your beautiful friend and the other can come on board to dinner, and," ending in pretended triumph, "Jarvis will not be in it!" And the genial admiral, whose term of service was just closing, rose, and, taking his hostess's hand, bowed to the rest and was gone, Dr. Jarvis and the flag lieutenant following. But Jarvis had time to ask if he might call, and went out smiling, and he smiled much that day when alone, and he was

heard to say that he liked women who were chic, and who stung you with their tongues and healed the wound with their eyes. Then he counted up the days which would elapse before "hotel day," concluded it was too long to wait, and thought he might risk the ladies not knowing the days for receiving and call earlier.

Others left soon, and Rose thought they also should go; but the hostess was talking to Belinda, and Rose turned to observe her and heard her say,

"But if you do write us up—"

"Why should you suppose we wish to write you up?" interposed Belinda, curiously.

"Well," contemplatively, "ordinary tourists do not bring letters of introduction."

"Ah, then, I am a tourist extraordinary! How I wish I could add plenipotentiary; not that I know what it could mean in my case, but it has an opulent, powerful sound very pleasing to my ears."

Her hostess laughed.

"Very well. I will give you that title;" then, turning to her husband and raising her voice a little:

"What rights have I as the wife of the president? Is conferring titles one of them?"

"Certainly," with gentle amusement.

"Very well, then. Miss Mays is the Tourist Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. She is not in a hurry. She is not an invalid. She does not seek sites for coffee or fiber plantations, nor does she want stock in sugar plantations; and better

still, she has not come to write us up!" But her tone wavered on the last statement; she evidently was not quite certain.

"Why should you say, 'better still?'" asked the noble lady. "We must be honest and tell the truth. We like to be written up. It has become a morbid appetite, like opium eating, and we almost prefer—not quite, but almost prefer—being called adventurers to not having our regular allowance in the daily papers of the world."

"I wonder if Washington felt like an adventurer? I suppose you need not mind being called one if he did not," said Belinda.

"However that may be," said the hostess, with a smile tinged with sadness, "I do not feel much like an adventurer; do you?" to her husband.

"No," he said, simply and gravely.

There was that in his expression at this moment that reminded them of Lincoln, as though his face was telling a tale of present daily martyrdom. Had they known of a letter that came an hour before this, threatening him with death speedy and secret, they might have understood even better than they did understand that life in these hard and trying days was not lived for himself. Even his wife did not know of the letter, nor did she know how many of the same kind came every week.

A silence fell on them, and there seemed nothing more to say after this, and, nodding to Rose,

Belinda almost silently took her leave, but not until the president with grave kindness had asked if they were good sailors, and if he might have the pleasure of taking them out in his yacht some day when the pressure of work was a little less heavy.

That evening the three hurried through their dinner and quickly left the large dining room filled with guests, a number of whom were in evening dress, and went at once out on the lanai.

The lights from the hotel fell softly on palm and algeroba and poinciana, which were moving in the trade wind blowing steadily and strongly over the island; and over across the way wide-branched India rubber and breadfruit trees cast harlequin shadows on the white sides of a large house and on the green lawn in front, made greener by electric light.

Standing quietly, they were startled by a burst of native melody below them, vibrant, strong, and sweet, with hints in the voices of onward moving waves, of plunging surf, and the organ tone of wind sweeping through pine forests.

"Aloha oe, Aloha oe," came enticingly up to them.

There seemed to be innumerable voices, the melody was so strong; yet when peering down into the shadow of the trees they saw there were not more than six or eight men.

"Aloha oe, Aloha oe"—the refrain of the song was the only words they could single out of

the mass of sounds, which were chiefly vowel, hence soft and sonorous.

Judith was standing apart from the others, and as the voices rolled on she lifted her hands in intense enthusiasm, saying softly, as though unconscious that she was speaking:

"O, how beautiful it all is! I did not know there was a place on earth so charming. One cannot help being happy here!"

A low voice at her side, in a tone in harmony with her mood, said:

"I knew you would like it. I knew it. I myself, when away from here, sometimes fear my love for my native land exaggerates its charm, but I am never disappointed when I return. It seems to me more and more the garden of the world as time goes on!"

The color crept up Judith's neck and face, and she turned to receive a glance from John Harvey which made her heart throb, but she gave no other answer. It seemed enough to make his voice take on a deeper tone, however.

"I refused two or three invitations for to-night, as I wished to come here and see how the moonlight and the native singers and the Hawaiian atmosphere affected you. I had a desire to demand that you be charmed with everything, that you love it all as I do."

Judith laughed. She had not been so light-hearted, so joyous, for years.

"I am not surprised. I suppose that comes

from having seen the spell of the islands work on people, for I am sure it always works."

A crowd had quickly gathered at the sound of the native voices, a motley crowd, to be sure, but soft treading and quiet.

Judith had become conscious while she spoke that under a tree below the lanai on which they stood a face, made distinct by the glare of the electric light, was turned toward her, and a pair of dark eyes under a narrow-rimmed straw hat were fastened on her face.

She returned the gaze, which was not withdrawn, steadily. Then she knew that she had met the same unchanging glance and seen the flower-wreathed hat and the red dress before—but when?

Her mind, beginning at dinner, went quickly backward through the day, which seemed made up of epochs; through the drive to Waikiki, the seaside resort, where she had seen some natives; back through the time spent watching the people in the street from the hotel; back to the landing—ah, it was there, as she came off the steamer, John Harvey carrying her hand bag and leading the way. A wreath of tuberoses, whose scent had given her a momentary discomfort, had been thrown by a laughing native girl over his head with unerring aim. It fell into place around his neck, and he nodded and smiled at the girl who had thrown it, and had still worn it when he lifted his hat to Mrs. Williams and herself.

She had caught then, as now, a steady glance from the dark eyes, which were not merry as they had rested on her. What the eyes said then of dislike and jealousy of a determined nature they repeated now and much more strongly.

Harvey, still talking of the islands, did not at first see the girl. Now she turned her eyes toward him, caught his glance, and smiled. He nodded in answer, saying to Judith:

"There is rather a pretty native girl, don't you think? Laaia is her name."

And then he hurried back to the subject of which he was talking. What it was Judith did not know. The girl, satisfied, turned away.

It was the girl's confidence of a glad welcome from Harvey and the jealous dislike in her glance that made Judith grow cold and still. The fire that had lighted her face and stirred her heart died down as suddenly as it had flashed up.

Judith now seemed to look beyond him as he talked on, and she fell back to include Rose and Belinda, who moved nearer as the people began to pour out of the dining room and fill up the lanai.

There was a ringing in her ears and the floor seemed to come up to meet her face; then Rose's voice recalled her as she said:

"Yes, Belinda put an embargo on questions while on the steamer. She said we must not have our views of the islands settled before we

arrived by talking with people who lived here, as, of course, they were prejudiced one way or another."

"The embargo should be lifted at once. How are you to know all about us unless you ask? And as to that, we are so used to questions that we would think you indifferent if you asked none. I will lift the embargo myself. Now, mąde moiselle,ask whatever you wish."

Rose lifted her face, on which was a mischievous and rather audacious smile.

"The only question I am dying to ask is in regard to yourself. Rise and explain who and what you are."

Belinda interrupted him hurriedly, to soften Rose's daring speech:

"A woman should know everything without being told; at least, if she does not she should not confess her ignorance even at the point of the sword."

"What is it? I do not—er—seem to understand," looking from one to the other.

"Of course, we know your name, but we agree with Shakespeare in his estimate of a name. It is the 'guinea's stamp' that we do not know."

"O, is that all?" with an amused look. "I may say, then, I belong to the working classes, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. Is that satisfactory?"

"It is only a straw; still, when one is drown-

ing in a sea of curiosity a straw is not to be despised."

His eyes now seemed to be regarding her critically, and Belinda feared that Rose would, if she were not careful, end by being rude, when she only meant to be amusing, and so she interposed with:

"We observed that you have no marks of any profession, but not the mark of no profession. Even Judith, whose instinct rarely fails her, could not guess your excuse for being on the earth."

"Ah, what? Could you not tell in what manner I palliate my offense of cumbering the globe?" There was a surprised emphasis on "you."

"No," was her indifferent answer, and she turned to greet Mrs. Williams and some friends the latter had brought to welcome Judith and the others to Hawaii.

Harvey's face changed a little, and he soon said good night and went away without answering Rose's question. He had much to do, but he said to himself that he needed a walk before he settled to work.

It was not many days before they knew the manner in which he earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; and it was not by asking that they learned that they had been correct in supposing him to be an important personage, and that his position required all the qualities which Belinda had ascribed to him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LUAU.

SUNDAY was passed by the three in attending service in a church that had a New England atmosphere hanging around it, and in visiting native churches and mission Sunday schools.

Monday was spent in drives and in receiving calls, and then the days seemed to gather themselves up and fly away; yet in looking back at the end of two weeks spent in Honolulu the time appeared long, so much had been done.

Mrs. Morris had returned and peremptorily carried Judith off to her home "up in the valley;" yet Belinda and Rose often saw her, for they were apt to meet when paying calls or when driving, or at the various functions which were in progress. There had been much that was interesting, and now there came a day when there was something especially novel on hand.

This was a native feast given in aid of a home for unfortunate women established by the Dowager Queen Kapiolani.

Belinda and Rose went down in a street car drawn by mules, and found the feast well under way when they arrived. The air was full of the melody of native voices singing native songs

as they entered the gate, and they saw that the grounds as well as the great lanai, decorated with bamboos, palms, American and Hawaiian flags, were thronged with guests, and that there was a prodigality of color in the scene which the thick yellow sunlight softened, enriched, and emphasized. The white flannel suits and straw hats of the men blended with the reds and whites and blues of the women's dresses, while the salmon, cardinal, or royal purple of the native women's holokus, with finishing touches in the wreaths of flowers on their necks and hats, made a barbaric splendor of color which suited their dark faces and darker eyes and voluptuous forms.

Belinda was interested. She had tried in vain heretofore to study the natives and find out their part and lot in the polyglot life of the islands; for though half-whites were everywhere in evidence, natives were elusive, and she could find nothing on which to tack theories or make generalizations; hence she was glad when told she would see many here at this feast. Rose was interested because it was new and strange. She had a ravenous hunger for new things, stimulated by a monotonous life, which had been varied only by journeys with Belinda.

Passing through the throng of people to the lanai, which seemed the center of attraction, they found themselves in a jam of white, half-white, and native people. There were long tables

seated with men and women, around which others were circling.

"Ah, there are Mr. and Mrs. Williams," said Belinda, "and other people whom we have met, at that farther table, and there is one empty seat, but not two. I want it, Rose—do you mind? I shall have so many things explained."

"Not in the least," said Rose, eagerly, and Belinda was soon listening to Mr. Williams and the chief justice as they told tales of their early years and of feasts, of which they said this was a tame, modern imitation. Rose was left standing alone. She did not really mind; in fact, she liked it. It gave her more chance to use a detective instinct in her which came from a craving to know about things.

She looked at the long tables filled chiefly by natives, and watched them dip their fingers into the big calabashes, winding the poi around their fingers and putting it into their mouths with gusto. Their faces were stolid, and they seemed absorbed in the work of emptying the calabashes. Now she discovered Judith sitting by John Harvey, among the natives, testing the curious things before them.

Rose moved nearer as soon as she saw them. She liked to watch Judith when Judith was unaware of her scrutiny.

"The natives wrap their meats in taro or ti leaves before cooking them," Harvey was say-

ing to Judith, "and all kinds of meat are better cooked that way. If you doubt it try this chicken."

"O," said Judith, who obeyed with surprising docility, Rose thought, "it is delicious, but you cannot be surprised that I did not think it could be so."

"I admit that it does not look very inviting," he answered, "but if you really wish to be a kamaina you must try poi. It is even better than the chicken."

Judith looked apprehensively about her and half shivered as she saw the native men and women eating poi from their fingers, but she did not refuse. Rose laughed as she noted this, and she laughed again as John handed Judith a fork on which he had taken some poi from a cocoanut shell brought at his order, and Judith took and swallowed the blue-gray paste as though it were a pill done up in a jelly. Rose could not forbear letting Judith know she had seen her. Coming up close behind, and pressed closer by the crowd, she said:

"If eating salt together makes friends for life, eating poi together should make deadly enemies."

Judith started. She was conscious that, feeling remote from all previous influence, she had yielded to a girlish impulsiveness of which she was not pleased that Rose should have been a witness. Mrs. Morris had spoken in such terms

of Mr. Harvey that she had been ashamed of the effect on herself of seeing a pretty native girl look at him, and in deep humiliation had met him with a relaxed manner and a determined friendliness that made him think that the coldness which he had found difficult to bear, must have been imaginary.

"Come on," said he, easily, though Rose thought he, too, was nervous; "you are just in time for a piece of squid;" and he took a bit of what appeared to be dried fish, placed it on a lettuce leaf and handed it to her, gave one to Judith, took another himself, and then made a place for Rose; but she preferred to stand.

"It is really good," said Rose, noting the flush on Judith's cheeks.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Judith.

Another day, long after, when they were on the beach down at Waikiki, an old native woman showed them a disgusting object in a filthy bag, and they were told that she had considered herself lucky to find it, as the natives were very fond of it. They were interested enough to have its slimy size spread out on the sand; but when told that it was this denizen of the sea they had eaten when they ate squid at the luau, they suddenly lost their interest then and forever in squid, and felt that Harvey had done them an injustice.

Now he gave them a taste of inamona, a relish made of grated kukui nut, pepper, and

salt, and then offered them sea moss and limpets.

Rose ate the former and swallowed one of the latter nearly whole, but Judith refused. Rose did not lose consciousness of that limpet for days.

Judith now said she was sure they were entitled to be called kamainas or children of the island, and that others must be wanting their places; but as she turned, after rising from her seat, a pair of dark eyes from under a flower-wreathed hat met hers in curiosity and anger. The owner of the eyes was in a fresh bright red holoku that brought out the rich yellow of her brown skin and showed the beauty of her round, firm neck. The brightness died out from Judith's face, the hardness came back, and her aunt's words were forgotten. But she gave no sign of seeing the girl until Rose said as they stopped, when a little farther on, to take in the scene:

"What a pretty girl! and O! I verily believe she looks like—like some one I know. Do you see her?"

"Where?" asked Harvey, looking in the direction Rose indicated. "O yes, Laaia," carelessly; "she is rather pretty, though it is not any advantage to her."

He bowed to her with his hand half up to his hat.

Laaia smiled, showing her beautiful white

teeth, and moved forward a little, her smiling eyes fastened eagerly on his.

"I wonder if you would like to have her introduced to you; no," he added, "on second thought, I will not. But whom do you think she resembles, Miss Tyler?" turning to Rose.

Rose smiled at him as Laaia had smiled. She had on a hat of nearly the same shape as Laaia's hat, and her thin silk gown was of dark red, carrying out part of the brilliance of the other girl's attire. There was yellow in her complexion, and her eyes were as dark as Laaia's, and to-day Laaia had her hair in somewhat of the same door-knob style Rose liked and affected.

John Harvey started, laughed, looked back at Laaia and then at Rose.

"Yes," he said, "I see;" and he stood quite still, running over his impressions of Rose from the first. "Yes," he said, as though in answer to a question he had asked himself.

Rose flushed unaccountably. She thought it might have been better had she not called attention to the resemblance.

Judith had been observing Harvey, and now looked curiously from him to Rose, then at Laaia, then again at Rose, and said "Yes," as Harvey had said it, as though a puzzle long in her mind had been solved, and there was a little curl of her lips that expressed much.

The flush, an angry one this time, again flashed

"'Do you speak English?' asked Rose."

across Rose's face. She felt she had given Judith an advantage.

Rose had seen Laaia before, dashing down the street on a pony, her red holoku marking her, and had wished she were in her place to dare ride astride and barefooted. In imagining how she herself would appear in native garb she had seen that it would suit her, and that she might even strongly resemble this pretty girl.

"Come," said their escort, "you must be presented to the dowager queen;" but as he and Judith moved on Rose turned quickly back to Laaia, and, smiling, said "Aloha" to the girl.

"Aloha nui," was the quick answer, with a smile.

"Do you speak English?" asked Rose, hurriedly.

"Of course. I in school long time. Learn lots."

"Did you like school?" asked Rose.

"Not much," showing brilliant teeth. "This better," nodding toward the tables. "Haole women always work, and always tell us work, work; do this; do this. I not like much; no sleep in day; no cards in night; all time reading books. Books no good; not eat, not wear; this better. What you name?"

"Rose."

"Rossa, Rossa; pretty name, pretty girl. She not pretty. What her name?"

"Who?"

"You sister, you friend; like this," and Laaia put her shoulders a little lower, changed her face by a movement of the eyelids and lips, and Judith was dimly suggested.

"O," said Rose, laughing, "she is very beautiful."

The girl's bright face looked heavy and sullen, but it cleared in a moment.

"You pretty, too. I also?" half inquiringly.

"O, we, we are pretty enough, but she—she is quite beyond us both," was the answer in self-contempt, in which the native girl felt herself placed by her side.

The instinct common to children and people of dark skins discerned something by the tone, and she exclaimed, curiously:

"Aia! You like him too much, like me."

"Whom?" though she knew. She had not said to herself that she liked Harvey.

"Ke alii moi—the king, we call him. He very like king. Head so—walk like he got all Hawaii. You haole women call him 'Meesta Olava.'"

The pursing up of the large, full lips, the mincing, affected imitation of the thin American voice in the full, rotund tones, was irresistibly comical. Rose laughed outright, and so soothed the sore place that the girl had struck.

"Yes, I like him. I like him;" then more slowly and inquiringly, "He likes her—not too much, I think? She have him now; I, mahope" (by and by).

Rose's eyes shone. They were being elbowed by the crowd who were leaving the tables, and she was missing an opportunity to be presented to the dowager queen; but this was better. She must not let this chance go. She had not known how glad she would be to find something that would make Judith wince, and she was sure that it would not be pleasant to Judith to share attentions with a native girl.

"If she likes him very much she will marry him. Then you will not get him at all," Rose said.

Laaia's face fell, but she answered, tentatively, "Mahope."

She was turning away, when Rose put her hand on her arm, saying:

"I like you. Come to see me at my room to-night," giving her the number. "Bring this dress," touching the holoku, "and this hat you wear, all rolled up in a paper," motioning with her hands, "and I will give you money; but do not tell anyone."

The answer was a brilliant smile and the expression of pleased astonishment seen on a child's face when it hears of a new and curious game.

Rose nodded in answer to Laaia's "Aloha," and was taken along by the crowd to the ice cream corner and deposited before Dr. Jarvis, who was staring discontentedly about as though in a vain search for some one.

His face lighted as she came near, and he eagerly asked her to have an ice. This suited

her well. His manner was comforting and soothing after the deep scratch she had just had.

They were soon joined by Belinda and the chief justice, who was answering her questions with his usual patient good nature. He had answered questions many and many times, but never once had his patience been exhausted, even though he knew the questioner might go away, as some had done, and say that he was a tyrant and had got rich out of the islanders; that his father before him had amassed a fortune out of the hard earnings of the natives, and other absurd things about which he laughed now and then, and denied now and then, though he always wished the story of the fortune, except for the matter of getting it, were true.

He had found that people who asked sensible questions usually made sensible reports of what they were told. For this reason he felt it an especial mercy that Belinda knew exactly what she wished to know and asked no questions at random.

The chief justice, at Belinda's request, led Rose away, when she had finished her ice, to present her to the queen dowager.

Dr. Jarvis followed. He would have followed her into any known or unknown place, and he was beginning to realize the fact. Perhaps Rose also was getting a glimmer of it.

As they passed along the chief justice called her attention to an old native woman sitting in a

chair in the midst of the crowd. She had on the usual sailor hat with its lei of flowers, and leis of half-withered flowers around her neck, over her holoku of black China silk. She put out her hand to Rose with a tired but kindly smile, and they passed on with difficulty, for the crowd was pressing hard.

"Royalty should be very gracious to me for all the trouble I am taking," murmured Rose to Dr. Jarvis, who was close behind her.

The chief justice, being separated from them, bowed a smiling excuse and joined the president, whose head towered above the crowd, and Rose and Dr. Jarvis were stranded outside of the lanai, in beautiful sunshine and in fresher air.

"But when is he going to take me to the queen dowager?" asked Rose, in deep disappointment; "I begin to think I shall not see her."

Dr. Jarvis stared at her a moment and then burst out laughing.

"That is good! I am glad to see you taken in once. That was she."

"Where? Who?" looking quickly about.

"The dark lady in the chair. You did not seem particularly impressed, but I thought it was the crowd that interfered."

"That her!" she gasped. It required deep astonishment to cause Rose to be ungrammatical. "She might be a washerwoman!"

"Well, I believe she was a nurse, or something of the kind. You know the old king, who was

from the common people with a little streak of chief blood, was an elected king, and his sister, the late queen, was queen by the power of a constitution which she swept away, letting herself down, like the Irish gardener who sawed between the branch on which he was sitting and the tree, then was angry at the branch for letting him down. Not much 'divine right' about that. There are a dozen white men here, each one of whom has done more to keep up the monarchy than all the natives put together. It is not the divine right of kings which has saved the race from extinction, but the divine right of people in which the missionary party believed. They educated the chiefs, built up the country, and tried to save the Hawaiians from themselves as well as from adventurous foreigners, for they did not want the story of the Indian troubles of the United States repeated here. Now foreigners and half-whites and adventurers cry out in virtuous indignation that this party has stolen a monarchy. It is unmitigated rot," he ended, in an indignant tone.

"But," said Rose, "this sounds as if you were of that party yourself. You were not born here, were you?"

"No. I came here because the place attracted me, but I mean to live here—to marry in time—and I want a good government under which to live."

"O well, you know it is not what I expected," said Rose, a little surprised at his tone, "but per-

haps they will have the monarchy again. I must say it would be more interesting."

"As a spectacle, of course; but life means more to us who live here than a mere play," he answered, thinking that Rose was not as interesting as usual; still, he was disappointed when some one came out of the house in which the women were quartered and said that Dr. Jarvis was wanted at the telephone.

CHAPTER V.

IN DISGUISE.

THAT evening Rose went to her room immediately after dinner to prepare for Laaia's coming.

When on the impulse of the moment she had asked Laaia to bring the holoku and hat to her room, she had simply thought of arraying herself in them that she might show Belinda how well they would suit her dark face; but another thought came to her, and she concluded to say nothing whatever to Belinda of meeting Laaia.

Just before dinner she had slipped out to the corner drugstore and got some walnut stain for her face, as she meant to make the disguise perfect, in order that she might go out for a walk with Laaia and be safe from detection.

She was applying the stain, and thinking that it was lucky that Belinda had writing to do which would absorb her for the evening, when Laaia knocked softly, entered without the least appearance of shyness, and put her bundle on a chair.

She took the gold piece Rose gave her, slipped it quickly into her pocket, as she gazed admiringly at Rose's dress, and then, while Rose was dressing, looked about the room, at the trunk, at the brushes and dainty toilet articles, and made

short disjointed remarks about what she saw, in her imperfect English, more imperfect than can be given, because of its mixture of Portuguese, Pigeon English, and Hawaiian.

Pretty soon Laaia said suddenly, "She got pretty hair."

"Yes," said Rose, guessing Laaia meant Judith.

"I like much. You get one piece. I like it."

"What?"

"I like much. You tell her one leetle native girl think her hair pretty and want a leetle piece much. You not tell her Laaia want it."

There was an eager tone in her voice that did not seem natural when asking for so little a thing, and Rose's answer, "All right, I'll tell her," brought a smile of pleasure. Then Laaia said:

"Ke alii moi, he think her hair too pretty!"

"Why do you like—what do you call him? Does he talk to you much?"

"Ke alii moi—no, not talk much, he smile; he big grand. We not got any kanaka like him. Chiefs all dead, kanakas all leetle, leetle like mis'able pakes"—(Chinamen). "All like—like—what you call—rats."

Rose laughed, yet she half sighed, for it was true, kanaka or white man, there was no one like him, and he cared for Judith only.

"He help me one day in court. One man—he kahuna, a witchcraft man—he say bad things to

me, then Ke alii moi, he talk fine, he say all women like goddess; what you call taboo?"

"Grand?" asked Rose.

Laaia shook her head.

"Queenlike?" another shake of the head. "Taboo—taboo, O yes—sacred."

"Yes, sacred like goddess. He good. He fine. Very fit."

Rose laughed. The ending of this praise with the slang expression was very funny with Laaia's native accent.

Laaia added:

"All do what he say. I also—"

"You?" and Rose laughed at the idea of this wild, untamed girl bending to a will other than her own.

Laaia had, in the process of evolution, arrived at a civilization which was far in advance of that of her mother, and so far in advance of her grandmother that one could not deduce many facts of her grandmother's time by observing her; yet she was a genuine descendant of the woman who had, until influenced by Christian teaching, looked with pleasure on the quivering heart of an enemy hung in the sunlight on a koa tree, where children could throw pieces of coral stone at it and where birds of the air could pick it away bit by bit.

Laaia, had she lived then, would have thrown stones; living now, she was ready to deny these stories of her ancestors; her cruelty was more refined.

She had a faithful lover, Puu, a big Kanaka, whose heart she hung up to her small public by laughs and taunts and caresses, where the gossips could pick it away bit by bit.

And there was another lover, Dane, a white man, who had enlisted temporarily under the government; and the gossips picked at him too, while Laaia laughed at him and tormented him and smiled at him, always making him think he was about to possess her heart, though she had been, and Dane half knew it, absorbed in adoring Harvey ever since he had pleaded for her in court, and gained her case and won the enmity of the kahunas, and who had since, in revenge, been maligning Harvey and telling Laaia's friends that he wanted a lock of her hair, that he might pray her to death after the time-honored custom of kahunas.

Harvey's defense, which had been a general humanitarian effort, she took as personal, and boasted of it to her friends and talked of him to them, telling exaggerated stories of his friendliness to her, which they believed even though they knew he liked nothing better than a chance to help anyone that needed help.

She ignored this and let thoughts of being his wife occupy her now and then, talking of it openly to her friends, who got in a way of calling him Laaia's "Olava;" and this encouraged her in her thoughts.

Laaia, having finished her survey of the room, now asked personal questions.

"Why you like holoku? Why you like my dress? It not very pretty like yours."

"No, it is not very pretty." Rose had to try to talk as usual, otherwise she would have mimicked Laaia perfectly; "but I like it. If I wear it I can go out with you and see what you see. You know, Laaia, I have been like the soda water in the bottles; you have seen it?"

"Yes—very good—I like much."

"I have been like that, shut up in a bottle; now the cork is out—fiz-z-z! you know;" and she gave a little kick toward her dress as though she wanted to dance.

Laaia laughed. She understood perfectly.

"Feez-z-z, yes. Sometimes I think I marry white man and wear dress like this, and shining stones like these, and sit in a chair like this;" and she placed herself stiffly in a chair with Rose's fan in her hands, and tilted her head sideways with lifted brows, in absurd mimicry; "and sometimes when I like him very much I say, 'I can do!' then I think 'bout long, long time always be putting on clothes, always sit in chairs, always eat poi with spoon, and," jumping from the chair, "I say, 'I no can do, not *never!*' Then 'nother time I think I like be very rich man's wife, I give big luaus and all the haole people come and I stand like queen between them; then I think I have to wear pinchy shoes and pinchy

waist—*so* little, and always putting clean clothes on children, always come to eat when bell tells all come, like servant, never go out in nights, never have good time in the surf, but go like cow into water;" and she stepped across the room on her toes, emitting little shrieks, holding on to herself, and shivering.

"Au-e! No can do—too much pilikia. I feez-z-z!"

Rose laughed. This was great fun; but notwithstanding her interest she dressed rapidly, and finally, after adjusting the holoku, she clapped the flower-wreathed straw hat on her head and turned suddenly and confronted Laaia, who was fingering the rings Rose had taken off.

The girl started, her eyes grew big, and her face had an ashy hue over the golden brown of the skin. She reached out her hand and put it on Rose's reflection in the mirror, as though she thought she was confronting two images of herself.

"Au-e! Au-e!" the girl exclaimed, in a high, frightened voice.

Rose herself was a little surprised at her extreme likeness to Laaia, even though her belief in it had been the cause of her present action, but she could not account for the pallor on the girl's face. The truth was, Laaia was as superstitious as it is possible for a person to be, and she had forgotten that she had not on her red holoku, for she had, of her own, no other. She

generally wore one until it was worn out and then got another. The dark one she wore now had been borrowed for the occasion, and she had not seen herself in it. The fact that she had rarely, if ever before, seen a large mirror added to the strangeness of the sensation, and she thought for a moment she was the victim of witchcraft, and started toward the door as though to run from some terror-inspiring object.

"What is it?" asked Rose, laying her hand on her arm. "Do you think people will take me for you?"

Laaia's face relaxed. "I don-no; I feel queer," and her eyes dropped, her face paling again at the remembrance.

Now her eyes fell on Rose's shoes, as the latter took up the train of the holoku in regular native style. Laaia laughed and put one of her own big feet in its English-made shoe by the side of Rose's feet.

"You not all same as wahine. It not like. Anybody know you haole," she cried, exultingly.

"Yes," acknowledged Rose, regretfully. "What can I do? I want you to take me out for a walk, but I cannot have anyone know that I am not a native girl," looking vaguely around the room.

Laaia dropped on the floor, took off her shoes, which were rather tight, and gave them to Rose. She had no stockings on.

"You put on. I no like. This more better,"

and got up, putting her bare feet on the matting with evident pleasure.

Rose saw that Laaia was glad to get rid of them, and so she stuffed handkerchiefs in the toes and sides of the shoes, and then put her own dainty feet in them, joining in Laaia's laugh as she did so, even though she detected a little scorn in the laugh.

Laaia regarded the tiny feet as a deformity and with much the same pity as that with which Rose had looked on the feet of the Chinese ambassador's wife. Both Rose and the Chinese lady were proud of their feet.

Rose opened the door, but half shut it again, standing irresolutely for a moment with her hand on the knob and smiling at Laaia; then, summoning a little daring and opening it wide, she stepped quickly out, followed by her native friend. She locked the door, carrying the key in her hand as she hurried down the long hall, down the stairs and out the side way through the avenue of poinciana trees to the street. When there she opened the front of the holoku and slipped the key inside.

Turning a corner, they went straight to the sea. Rose, only for a moment or two, had felt the strangeness of her dress. When she stood by the edge of the water, the wind blowing out the folds of her holoku, a sense of freedom came over her so wild and joyous that she felt like singing. A little dash of rain came across her

face, giving her a new touch of vigor. She had hold of Laaia's soft, thick hand.

They stood still, Laaia waiting to see what this strange girl was going to do, a little of superstitious fear still on her.

The lights from the ships were quivering on the water, some voices from the direction of the lighthouse floated toward them and mingled with laughs from the back yard of a half-tumbled-down house.

There was a board walk on piles that led invitingly out over the water toward where the black ribs of the marine railway stood outlined against the deep blue of the star-lit sky, and the Southern Cross could be seen well down toward the horizon.

"Come," said Rose.

"But I tell Puu I come here. He want see me."

"Who?" asked Rose, in alarm.

"One man all same my brother. Not brother, all same."

"But I must go if he comes," exclaimed Rose.

"What? for Puu? He no hurt. Puu like one sheep. He good—I tell him—he not tell—he very good."

Rose was only half satisfied, but there was no chance to remonstrate, as Laaia dropped her hand and went quickly toward a big man whom Rose saw dimly, and she heard the murmur of their voices for a few moments, and then the

two came to her, and Laaia introduced Puu, who lifted his flower-wreathed hat, but said nothing. Rose hardly knew what to do. She had seemed to slip into her natural element with putting on the native girl's dress, but came back to her own character on seeing Puu.

With a mixed inclination to speak to him as to a friend, and as to a servant, she said nothing; but Laaia said:

"Puu say it better he come 'long. Much pilikia if white women go 'lone. I guess he alla-right. He always-alla-right."

She said it with an indescribable pronunciation as of one word of several syllables, and with a laugh as though it were no great credit to him to be always all right.

Rose was reassured, and the night, with its deep shades and its trade wind lingering so tenderly about them that it almost fell short of being a wind, was so fascinating that she could not give up her chance of seeing it.

"Come," she said to them, and moved onward toward the alluring board walk over the water.

They followed, curiously interested and in silence. It was only a new freak of the white women, who always were strange. This, however, seemed less strange than most of their freaks; in fact, it was to them the most sensible thing they had ever seen one of them do. That the white people, could be contented to let the night, with all its charming possibilities, be

wasted in close rooms, or at best on lanais, was as much of a puzzle as how people could always be hungry when a bell told them they were to eat.

Laaia and Puu loved the night, and they ate when they were hungry provided they could get food; but they never interrupted a ride or a walk or a plunge into the surf to go and eat when they were not hungry. It seemed to them a very queer thing that such courageous people should have so much regard for a bell, and a native from a remote island had thought perhaps the bell was one of the smaller gods of the white people; otherwise he had no explanation of the obedience yielded to it.

The walk ended at a two-story house, which had been a boat house, famed in the annals of a king and court, such as would make the old French courts by contrast rise to respectability. It was evidently inhabited now, as lights gleamed from the upper windows and movements were heard within which caused Puu to nod his head and Laaia to lead the way back quickly. Then they passed along up the wharf. Rose's eyes were fastened on the war ships with their lights reflecting in the gently shifting water of the quiet harbor. Band music floated to their ears from one, and reminded Rose of Dr. Jarvis, who had told her he was going out with a boating party from a war ship, but she put him out of her thoughts quickly; and then came a suggestion of John

Harvey and Judith. They seemed remote and strange to her; but this remoteness fanned a feeling of anger and jealousy, the existence of which she had not before confessed to herself. Now, with a sense of belonging to a world far from them, she yielded to the feeling and said distinctly to herself that she hated them both, which meant that she hated one and was, at least, inclined to fall in love with the other.

Hearing a whirr of machinery she peeped into an open door of a large brick building where the electrical plant was in operation, but Laaia drew her quickly back.

"It not good; Puu say Pele, what you call the goddess of fire, got some little gods in here; be he say careful," looking in at the door in a half scared way. "I don't know; Puu think he know much 'bout gods—I don' know any gods living in wheels."

Puu smiled as he hurried on. He understood little English and spoke less, but he liked to hear Laaia use his name even if she made a joke of it. On they went, now with Rose a little ahead and Puu strolling on behind.

There was a launch just landing some ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, and a merry laugh came to them; so to avoid being seen they turned up a street that led into Chinatown, through which Puu, taking the lead, hurried them, saying, "Pake no good," and then fell back as they came on the regular business streets.

"What did he say?" asked Rose.

"Said Chinaman no good. You see Chinaman marry many native women for long time, then go back to China and leave women and babies. No good, he say. Some not go, some go."

Then they saw some ladies attended by a gentleman come out of the ice cream parlors.

"Let us go in," exclaimed Rose; then, stopping a moment to take her purse out of the same place where she had put the key of her door, she whispered quickly as she selected some coins:

"Tell me the truth, Laaia: would any white people think me one of them?"

Laaia turned to Puu and spoke in her own tongue.

Puu shook his head and said something in answer, at which Laaia laughed.

"He say if you not walk, if you not talk, no Kanaka not know. He say you not put your feet down what you call slap, like us. You walk like a bird fly, so—so—smooth."

Rose was satisfied. If the native men would not know, she was safe. She gave the money to the girl to give to Puu to pay for ice cream, but Laaia kept it close in her hand, saying it was better she should pay. "Puu not know," she said, and led the way with great dignity; Rose followed, imitating the "slap" of Laaia's feet.

Laaia was delighted, though she was much too dignified to let Rose know how the coming into

this place with a white lady pleased and flattered her.

Many a time she had longed to eat ice cream here among the white people, but never had she done so, though she had had it many times down one of the back streets where Ah Wong had his little café.

Rose seated herself with her back to the door at a round table in the corner, her breath coming and going quickly at her own daring, as the half-white waiter came for their order, which Laaia gave in her own tongue. The little room was empty, but the waiter had only just taken the order when a party of four came in and sat down at the table next to them. They gave a look of interest toward the natives at the little table in the corner, but they really cared no more about their being present than if they were a herd of cows or a flock of birds. The back of the chair of one of the men almost touched that of Rose. They were talking of the boat ride they had been having, and Rose's heart began to flutter, but Laaia talked to Puu in her own language, and talked harder and harder as she saw the look of fear on Rose's face, which came at the sound of the voice behind her.

She saw, too, that Rose ate the cream nervously when it came. So it was a relief to her when Rose's face relaxed with a mischievous smile and an elevation of her brows, though Laaia did not understand the cause of the change.

It was a question asked by one of the men apropos of a remark about the hotel being crowded.

"By the way, who are the new globe trotters, the faith, hope, and charity group? Though I fancy if I had to depend on the dark-eyed one for charity I would be worse off than I am now, which would be quite unnecessary."

"Perhaps you think she would do better in giving hope, or would you prefer her to figure as faith? I can imagine a situation where you might like her to personify both," said one of the ladies.

Here Dr. Jarvis's voice came in, for it was he sitting back to back with Rose, decidedly and obviously meaning to turn the conversation.

"I heard a big piece of news to-night. What will you give me to tell it?"

One of the ladies held up a dark carnation she had taken from her dress, and her face held a smile.

"I'll do it," he said, "not for the carnation, however," which was true.

He leaned over the table until his head seemed well among the other three.

"No more chance of restoration now. The royalists are too poor to buy any more jewels, and a queen without a crown would be absurd."

"What do you mean?"

"The crown jewels are missing, and the police have not one single clew as to who has taken

them; that is, they say they have not, which I suppose means that they have."

Rose heard and understood distinctly. Puu did not understand at all and Laaia very little, but enough to make her eyes as brilliant as stars. There was something going on the facts of which she did not know, and thereafter she ate her cream more rapidly, and was ready to go long before Rose, who lingered over hers that she might not go out before the other party.

Leaning over, Rose whispered to Laaia:

"Talk, talk, and make him talk," nodding to Puu. "They will know," lifting her head in the direction of the table behind her, "If you keep still."

Laaia laughed and began to chatter merrily in what Rose called the "broken crockery" language. The quick breaking off of syllables, the jerky way of beginning them, the throwing them altogether in a heap and leaving them suddenly, was to her intensely funny, and reminded her of throwing pieces of crockery one after another in a heap, each piece breaking as it fell.

Listening to Dr. Jarvis's voice, she heard him say, as the exclamations of interest and wonder subsided:

"They were kept in the old palace, only one or two knew where; but there is no suspicion resting on the people in power, because they could have taken the whole crown had they

liked. No," he said, "it has been done by some outside party, but I'll tell you what," turning to the other man and lowering his voice, "I do think it has some connection with all these strange men seen about the streets."

His friend returned his steady gaze a moment, and then nodded his head slowly and murmured something as though acquiescing.

Perhaps he thought Dr. Jarvis indiscreet to speak of it in this public way, or that the ladies might tell, or at least want an explanation, which latter they proved by both asking at once what he meant; but he turned their attention quickly and they soon left, to Rose's great relief.

"Come," said Laaia to Puu, as they left Rose at the hotel, "we will go and see the myna. I want to ask him some questions."

Puu followed her along the street to the palace walk, down which they turned, keeping close to the wall under the shadow of the trees until they came to the big iron gate, where she stopped, and, leaning against it, whispered to Puu that he could go on, but to wait at the corner, as she had something to ask him about when she joined him. Puu scowled; he did not like Dane, or the myna, as they called Dane because of his greedy way of trying to get things into his possession; but, telling her not to be long in doing it, he moved on just as the hail, starting from the opposite side of the palace yard, swung around from sentry to sentry until it came from the

other side of the gate, a few feet from where Laaia stood, in a sweet, strong tone:

"Number six! Half past ten o'clock! All's well!"

Then the cry was taken up by the bull roar of Patrick Mulligan, the next sentry,

"Number seven! Half past ten! All's well!"

"All's well!" repeated the musical voice in an undertone, "All ain't well, and won't be until Laaia—"

"Laaia? What 'bout Laaia?" came to him in a whisper, followed by a low laugh, which he recognized, from outside the gate.

"When Laaia lets the big-headed aristocrats with their money alone, and is satisfied with a man who loves her, I'll say 'All's well' with a better stomach!"

"Ah wae-e! I know a man," was the taunting answer, "when he smile it more better than money; more better than shining rings and leis white women wear. I'd as soon have his smile as rings."

"Yes, and you would as soon have rings as anybody's smiles, and a little sooner, even though you will not own it up," he said, as he moved along out of hearing on his beat.

Laaia waited impatiently until he returned, when he said:

"My sweetheart has got to like me better'n rings and folderols. All samee, I can give her more diamonds 'en she can wear if I want

to. But you just bet your life I ain't going to do it till I find out whether she ain't some other fellow's sweetheart, and smiling on him when all the time she is playing me for what she can get out of me."

"Ah wae; why not give diamonds? All time say can give when get all smiles. All time say diamonds mahope."

Dane laughed.

"What did that old—Kou—hang his everlasting name—the kahuna tell you last night?"

"Yes; he say all right, plenty money. Kaalohapauoli too much smart. He say all right. Queen come back—"

"Sh!" stopping a moment, for he had kept up a pretense of moving backward and forward on his beat, which made the conversation somewhat broken. "Sh! I said you must always say 'the ship' when you talk of her. Didn't I tell you a dozen times?"

"Yes, yes; I do it next time. He said, 'The ship go to sea' all right, not now—mahope. Everything not now. I like now. No good mahope. Folks die mahope. Money no good then; no good have the queen—the ship back by'm'by. No good diamonds by'm'by."

"But if I give them to you, you will put them on and go and mash Harvey and the whole government besides."

"Bah! you talk Harvey" (she said Olava) "all time. Olava don' care for fine things. It the

sickly white women with flour on their faces I want see me wear fine things. They no more better looking than the club Kauhili strike the squid with. They look at me like I a squid! But their dresses—ah wae—they are fine: give them to me and then see; the men will look long at me, like a hungry kanaka at the calabash of poi. The white women then want to be Laaia."

As Dane walked quickly back on his beat, realizing he had been foolish to loiter so long, he took out of some hiding place about him a pair of good-sized diamonds. When he came back he held them in his hand through the opening between the iron bars of the gate, where they caught the electric light and flashed it into Laaia's eyes.

"Take care," as she made a careless reach for them, "they may be worth hundreds of dollars. They will buy all the silks and flummery you could wear in a year."

"Ah, aloha, aloha!" clasping them tightly in her hand; "now I believe what you tell."

"And perhaps you will not be saying we never can send the ship out to sea?" he asked, exultingly. "Haven't you seen the new men from the North around the wharf? When you see them multiplied by ten, then look out."

"Ah," said Laaia, with a long-drawn-out intonation. She had seen them and been afraid of them, they looked so wild and rough. "They not very nice."

"Nice? Bosh; that's all a girl, black or white, cares for. What's the diff if they do the work and send the ship to sea and I get a good place and big pay, and can buy you all the trash you want to wear!"

"Yes, yes; it all right, you bet," she answered, and reached out her hand and squeezed his, sending thrills up and down him and making the blood jump at the mouth of his heart, while he walked quickly on. As he came back the hail went again from sentry to sentry.

"What do they mean?" he said, after he had given it; "it was only five minutes ago that they gave it."

Laaia laughed. She knew what had made the half hour so short; she liked the power to do away with the limitation of time that the white people were always making so much trouble over.

"I go now," she said; "Puu wait over there."

"Poo?" making bad work of the name. "Don't you tell him or anybody about the stones, or you'll get sent to the reef. Now mind, and don't you let him make love to you; you belong to me now."

"All right. My aloha is like the wai; don't you hear it? It strike the reef to-day like it did always. It not change: I not change. It very strong, and it come and come and come;" and she moved away.

Arthur Dane thought he ought to feel satis-

fied now, for according to his estimate of Laaia she should be bound to him by the strongest tie that could bind her; but so far from being satisfied he was uneasy. He had given her the diamonds just as he had meant to do, but he had a sense of insecurity and a feeling of having made a serious mistake which he had not taken into his plan.

This feeling of mistake was strong enough to fill him with forebodings of dark results which he could not quell, but he heard the tread of the relief with more than the usual sense of pleasure and fell into line with a steady step.

The moon was not now shining, but over beyond where the royal palms, moved by the wind, were throwing their fronds in mute appeal up toward the sky he saw what made his heart stop still, and made cold chills creep up and down his back, and made his feet lag behind the step of the others whose tread rang sharply on the hard road through the still night air.

It was only the Southern Cross which hung dim and low over the horizon, though his memory seemed to add to it the brilliancy of other days.

He had not seen it before since he had come down to Hawaii from the North in search of adventure, and to escape from the iron jaws of the law. In truth, he had not seen it since that time in his life of which he least liked to think.

when with every prospect of success he had made a disastrous failure and suffered accordingly.

But he said to himself that he would not think of it—this was another day and had no connection with that time of darkness; and he stepped more resolutely toward the barrack room, vowing that he would not be marched many more times to sleep among the common herd of soldiers.

He kept up a pretense to himself as well as to others that he had lowered himself in enlisting as a private under the government. A certain dainty mannerism and his beautiful, refined-looking face helped those that knew him casually to believe this. Their belief helped him in his pretense, and helped him to assume the air of a gentleman, and the air of truth when he said he had money and arms and influence back of him in the North, that were only waiting for him to decide upon the right time to have them used.

This he said to the few royalists he knew, but as yet he had not approached the leading men; his confidence in himself had not risen to that point, though he was courageous and pushing. He had, however, a drawback to success in his liking for Laaia. He knew it now if he had not known it before. He was glad to-night, after all, to be shut inside the big room, for the wind was stronger and full of words and sighs and

tears. The palms seemed to wave their long arms toward the cross and to warn him of failure. He was glad to be shut in from it all. He feared the cross in the same way Laaia feared the kahuna. There was to him an unmeasured and unknown personal power for evil emanating from it. And now he was sure the evil would come through Laaia; and though he feared her, his lips curled in a smile of delight as he thought of her. Nothing could be failure if she, with her merry laugh and her unending gayety, were beside him.

Laaia said nothing to Puu of the stones when she joined him, for she decided with some cunning to wait and see just what the turnout of the matter would be. If the theft of the crown jewels were not laid at Dane's door, perhaps she might keep the stones; but there were many things that might turn up, and Puu was so stupid he would be sure to tell. Of course, Dane had not told her where he got them, and she did not know, she said to herself when thinking of results. She did not mean to be sent to the reef. That place was for people who took the trouble to steal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DRIVE TO THE PALI.

THE weather in these fair islands is so sweet, so sunshiny, during each day of each week, and each week of each month, that you resent a storm as a personal injury if your plans are hindered by it even for one hour. From rising in the morning in glad surprise at the weather, during the first few days of your stay, you quickly come to expect beautiful days, then soon to take them as your right and to feel aggrieved at any weather that is not fair and sweet.

But your personal attitude toward the weather affects it as little here as in other places.

Some morning you may arise, sad and depressed, with a firm conviction that life is not all it is said to be, in point of desirability, and, on the contrary, is nearly worthless. You move out to breakfast languidly, conscious that the atmosphere weighs all of the prescribed fifteen pounds to the square inch, and that the strength is gone from your body to sustain the weight.

The thinking power has left your head, and the ability or wish to choose between right and wrong, your conscience. Books say nothing to you, work makes no appeal, and there is a curious

feeling in all nature, as though it were passing through a critical moment.

Up the valley the purple clouds hang dark and close, while Punch Bowl is overshadowed and Tantalus is quite obscured. All the valleys and the plains lie quiet, as though waiting with suppressed impatience for the happening of something unknown but feared.

The mynas have stopped eating and quarreling, and only chirp now and then; the doves mourn and mourn, though very softly; and the voices of fowls have a lifeless, far-away sound that only half breaks the stillness.

The empty street cars, with their limp and discouraged striped awnings, move up the valley road, and then move down again, but only because it is their fate, and because they are drawn by mules.

They, the mules, are the only things that seem unchanged; nature has changed, and has keyed the day down to their note of existence.

The algeroba trees sulk and say it is time such monotony was done away with; they are not used to it, and they will wash their leaves of any participation in it.

The palms say it is not within the memory of the oldest cocoanut that a whole morning had passed without a visit from a wind or without a glimpse of Tantalus; that even the "sick wind," which sometimes takes the place of the trade wind, would be better than nothing.

Of course, if Tantalus had anything to do with the state of the weather in the way of obstructing winds or in condensing vapor, as the professor at Punahou said, it is no wonder this troublesome mountain withdrew his head behind all those clouds; but he could not, like the sun, say he was not in it.

Finally, as though the universe, pressed to its uttermost, must protest, there is, away in the valley, a low mutinous rumble of thunder. Not at all like the thunder that may bring you to your feet by a sharp clap, but a mutter, followed by a menacing growl, and you begin to fear that Pele, the goddess of fire, who has slept so long in those old craters, may be rising and stretching her strong limbs and preparing to rend the earth again and destroy those who scoff at her.

But no, it is only a menace—no more—and the birds still chirp and the doves coo and the trees still wait; and women lie in hammocks with half-shut eyes and limp, empty hands, and men in offices sit without coats and let the perspiration roll off their faces unchecked.

Then away up the mountain side there is a shiver of the silvery kukui leaves and of the dark gnarled hau trees; a little farther down there is a flutter in the feathery algerobas, then all the rice fields quiver with apprehension, and the bananas whirl like dancing dervishes. Now the tamarind trees take it up and tell the mangoes, and there is a gentle stir in the former and a

swish-swish of glossy leaves among the latter. The india rubber flaps its thick leaves and the cocoanuts wave their long fronds and writhe and twist and shake their fruit stems with crackling noise and sound of thuds from the dropping of many nuts. Now is fury let loose. All the trees quarrel with each other and lash and strike each other. Whirlwinds of dust start up here and there in the streets, adding to the general *melée*. The red and white awnings on the street cars, limp no longer, flap courageously in the wind as it sweeps down the valley road; but the mules move sadly on, unaffected and unchanged. A still wilder gust of wind comes, and crash goes the long, graceful branches of the algeroba of quick growth.

"I told you so," says the self-satisfying poplar; "you should be more calm. Rustle your leaves as much as you like, but take care of your branches!"

Crash goes another algeroba over into the street.

"Ah," sighs the royal palm, "why will they not be more conservative, like us? Slow and sure and not too wide-spreading is our plan. Radicals always get the worst of it!"

But even while speaking the algerobas become quieter, the bananas stop whirling, and simply wave their hands, first one way, then another, as though explaining the matter; the tall cocoanuts bow their heads gracefully to changed conditions,

and pray for forgiveness for undue feeling; the india rubber tree seems never to have moved, though the breadfruit tree still shakes its shining irregular green leaves as it says:

"It was a jolly rush, and it cheered me up wonderfully; now if the rain would only come and give me an extra polish I would be quite myself again."

The tamarinds whisper, "Yes, yes," to the breadfruit tree; "true, even though it was all gone almost before we knew it had come."

Now comes a shower like a shower of big diamonds, the drops flashing in the bright sun as they fall for the space of a half hour; then all the leaves shine and all the birds sing and chirp; all the air is full of sweet scents and all the valleys full of rainbows.

The leaves dance, the waves glitter, and the wind moves with steady caressing touch over everything; and the women rise from their hammocks and easy chairs, and the men in offices put on their coats, and all go about the duties of the day with cheerful energy begotten of the invigorating, winelike wind that comes lovingly about them.

Judith, in a hammock on the lanai of Mrs. Morris's beautiful home, had watched the storm with dull satisfaction, and was reluctant to have it go down so quickly. The now joyous aspect of everything was less in harmony with her mood. The quick voices of children on their way to

Judith on the lanai of Mrs. Morris's beautiful home.

school, the cheerful crooning of quaint little songs by the Japanese maid as she moved rapidly about her morning work; the interested way the "yard man" gathered up broken branches and scattered leaves, and the sweet wind, all made her impatient.

The storm had been one with the storm within herself. It was John Harvey on one side and her lack of faith on the other. It was his true, loyal nature, and the high estimate held of him by the people she knew, against her habit of unfaith, sustained by Laaia's smiling confidence in his pleasure in seeing her, that was causing the storm. Judith was never allowed to forget Laaia's existence. She was the skeleton at every feast, for if the feast was where Laaia could not come she could at least see Harvey as he came or went; and as he was apt to be near Judith the latter could not fail to see Laaia's eagerness, and her apparent satisfaction after she had spoken and received a nod in answer.

The root of the quarrel Judith had with herself lay in the fact that she really trusted John Harvey, but could not believe her trust was well founded. She loved him, and feared that her love was blinding her and leading her into great pain and sorrow. The evening before, at a reception, she had a new impulse against him, given her by a young man making a jocular remark to him in her presence about Laaia. The young man was an idiot, and never knew when

to speak and when to keep quiet, and would have tried to joke even George Washington about the length of his queue or of the size of his knee buckle.

Harvey was annoyed, and had subdued the creature by a look. Judith thought his annoyance was caused by Laaia's fondness for him being discovered, and did not see that it was the bad taste of the joke that displeased him; and so she closed her heart against him with a finality that deceived herself, saying:

"This ends the matter. I will neither think of him, talk of him, nor to him. I will clear my mind of him, and he shall be, as far as I am concerned, as though he did not exist. I will not be demeaned by an ineffectual struggle any longer."

It was easy to avoid him, for here, as elsewhere, there were many who were ready to devote time and attention to her.

During the evening it went well; she avoided him, but when her head was on her pillow it was another thing; and now, this morning, she had simply risen to fight the whole battle over again. Her heart was full of dull anger and that, pent within herself, seemed almost bordering on insanity.

Anger at man, anger at woman, anger even toward the warped and untrue image of God she had in her mind; but most of all was she filled with anger and scorn toward herself for letting all her thoughts dwell upon Harvey.

Life and death and the future had meant different things to her for the few days that she believed in him. Now the old blank came back, and with it pain and strife such as she had never known before, for it was a strife with herself. To see him, even if she did not believe in him, was the longing of every hour. To have him look at her with eyes full of love and tenderness was more to her than aught else, and the keenest stab came in the thought that she, too, with all her high ideals, could not live up to them, but must love and yield to love as others had, even when faith was not; that a loving look was life to her, even when she did not believe that in the heart, back of the look, was anything that could meet her ideal of love.

It was terrible, and with it was the fear that if he should come to know how he filled her heart he would persuade her to marry him, and then she would be tied to a daily and never-ending torture. Better the wrench of giving him up; better, far better to go through life with this cutting pain at her heart, than daily, hourly be asking for bread and getting a stone; than daily and hourly confronting the fact that she had sold her birthright for pottage that held no nourishment for her. The quick wheels of Mrs. Morris's carriage broke upon her with a little shock, giving her a feeling of being discovered in wrongdoing, for she well knew her aunt would think her hopelessly wicked could she see all that was passing through her mind.

Judith did not turn her head until the carriage stopped under the porte-cochère, and then she did it by a strong effort of her will. It was almost as though she feared Mrs. Morris would read her thoughts. She was conscious of a tremendous necessity for added effort when she saw John Harvey giving his hand to Mrs. Morris to assist her from the carriage, and as Judith waited for them to come around to the lanai a hopeless feeling rushed over her as she recognized how glad, how very glad, the sight of him made her.

"It must have been pretense," she thought, "the anger I felt. I was deceiving myself. It cannot be that I hate one, the very sight of whom fills me with joy. O, what a poor, weak creature I am! I am unworthy, I am vacillating—I, who thought I had so much strength!"

Mrs. Morris came briskly around, followed by Harvey, and saying hurriedly:

"It is so fortunate, Judith. I was wishing I could take you up to the Pali. It must be gorgeous there since this storm has cleared the clouds away. I was debating it in my mind, trying to make it possible to be at the committee meeting on kindergarten, and to do the flowers for the hospital, and go to the library to look up something for my paper on South African missions, and also to the Pali, when I met John as I came out of the store where I waited during the storm, and the first thing he said was that he

wished you could see the view from the Pali this morning; so I offered him my carriage, as it would expedite matters, and telephoned Mrs. Trim to pick me up on her way down. Ah, there she is now," as a lady in a phaeton stopped at the gate. "Good-bye; I wish I could go with you;" and she ran out, glad that Judith had not time to express in words the refusal on her face.

Mrs. Morris, in her crisp white duck suit and her wide straw hat, looked almost as young as when she and Mrs. Trim used to ride and walk up and down the hills in the days when they first came to the islands as brides from the same New England town.

Mrs. Morris sighed, and then laughed at her sigh, as she stepped into the phaeton and sat down by her friend.

"Girls are kittle cattle to deal with, aren't they, Jennie! Of course, you and I were not," ironically. "We saw the pure gold in a man's character at once; we made no mistakes. But girls are different in these days, and it's a great change for so short a time."

Mrs. Trim laughed, and said:

"At any rate we had a good time, even if we were geese."

"But why do I want to shake another girl when she behaves exactly as we did?"

"As you did, you mean; not as we did. It is human nature, my dear, human nature; but the shakings we got, or those that people wanted to

give us and did not, were not much help; rather the other way. You know when people tried to help matters, they only hindered."

"True, but—"

"Yes, there is always a 'but' when we want to do things which we know are not wise. Remember the days when William and Jim first came to our place from the 'Cannibal Islands,' and refrain."

From which conversation it may be inferred that these women were rather frank in their remarks to each other, and also that they saw more than they seemed to see in regard to Judith and John Harvey.

Later, in the midst of the committee meeting, Mrs. Trim had difficulty in suppressing a laugh caused by Mrs. Morris's frantic whisper: "In my hurry to get away I left all the vegetables for the day in the carriage. I had been to the market. I hope they may come back in time to let us have something for lunch and dinner."

Judith had made little answer as she rose from her hammock and stood apparently in cold indifference, though actually glad to feel compelled by her aunt's arrangement to go with him, yet trying to think of some reason for not going.

There is a language of personality greater in power than words, which speaks out and contradicts words and even manner, and speaks in spite of will.

Harvey was told in this language, unconsciously to Judith, that she was glad to see him, and that she would go with him.

The indifference and reluctance seemed to him now only of the surface, and entirely apart from her real self, which had come out to meet his own real self on the deck of the *Australia* on that thrice-blessed morning.

But it was not always this way. Her indifference sometimes seemed to be all there was of her attitude toward him, and filled him with a great fear that the end would be only pain and despair for himself.

"Come," he said, gently, with his eyes on hers, "it must be fine up there since the rain. I give you my word that you will not regret it. Nasaka," raising his voice a little and calling to the Japanese housemaid, "bring Miss Melrose's hat and wrap."

"Ah, yes; this is it," he said, taking the wrap, but letting the maid give Judith her hat, and then moved toward the carriage. Judith followed him half as though she would not, but she was about to let him hand her into the carriage when she saw the results of her aunt's marketing, and laughed.

Harvey saw the baskets at the same instant and joined in the laugh.

"Ah Chow," Judith called to the Chinese cook, "come and take these things away."

"It is not strange," she said, apologetically,

"that my aunt forgets some things, when she has so many public and private schemes on hand for the amelioration of the woes of mankind."

Harvey gave her a quick look, as though he thought she might have some reference to him, for he well knew that Mrs. Morris was ready to help him with Judith; but her face had an absent expression which showed that she was innocent of a double meaning.

Ah Chow came grinning, and took out the baskets, which held pineapples, bananas, sweet corn, muskmelons, sweet potatoes, mangoes, cauliflower, and a big iridescent steel-blue fish tied in fresh green leaves, and carried them away, while Harvey had difficulty in controlling his impatience. He could not be sure of Judith until she should be seated quietly and he should have the reins in his hands.

But the laugh restored something of Judith's usual equanimity, and as she seated herself a reckless determination took hold of her to have one bright, beautiful hour; a determination to pretend to herself all was well, that she was full of faith in humanity, and that John Harvey was all she thought him the first few days she had known him. She would be as other women for an hour at least.

Pools of water stood in the street and reflected the deep blue of the sky. Leaves of trees, polished to the utmost by the rain and wind,

sent soft rays of light to their eyes, and the air was full of that fresh sweetness that can only be called heavenly. The wind, that soft, sweet wind laden with odors like those from Araby the Blest, swept through the pass and over the mountains, shaking all the silver lines of waterfalls that hung on the sides of Tantalus and Punch Bowl, and whirled around the college, rustling the papers on the desk of the professor, waking him from dusty mysteries to wonder what was reminding him of New England meadows full of sweet grasses and clover.

Giving the papers a parting flirt, this happy wind went on to lift the damp curls of a sweet baby sleeping in its crib and give it dreams of angels' kisses; then sped seaward over the grateful trees and down the streets, stirring the flowers of the native women who were making leis on the sidewalk, and, going on, shook the flags of the Japanese warship *Naniwa*, decorated for the birthday of somebody over in Japan; then swept past the lighthouse out over the coral reef and was lost in the peacock shades of the sea.

But it was another wind which Judith and Harvey found whirling around the Pali, a strong wind, fierce and cold, that made Judith glad to have her wrap; though it was not the wind that made her glad to have it put on by tender, lingering hands. She was under the full fascination of letting herself go, after holding herself with a firm, unflinching hand for years.

It made her so charming that Harvey was almost afraid.

Is it Victor Hugo that says a woman's beauty is terrible? Her cheeks flamed, and there were hints of dimples in them. Her lips were red and curved as in her younger days, her eyes shone, and her hair, shaken down by the wind, was full of golden lights.

She laughed joyously as she braced herself against the wild rush of the wind which tore her cape and dress and showed the beautiful curves of her figure, as it swept up from the tremendous precipice, and she drank in the beauty of the landscape before her, which seemed like wine in its effect.

"It is a dream of beauty!" she exclaimed in pure delight, "and there is nothing like it in the whole world, I believe."

Harvey had to bend his head very close in order to hear her words, which were nearly drowned by the wind.

"I suppose you are accustomed to the ravings of people surprised into extravagance, whom you have brought up here during all the years that have come and gone," she said, with a laugh at the excitement of her tone.

"You cannot be too extravagant for me," he answered, joyfully. "I was hoping you might be surprised out of that calm coldness, against which I can make no headway."

The wind scattered his words, he was occu-

pied in holding his hat on his head, and Judith hardly seemed to understand. Drawing her a little back and behind a rock, where he could be heard with less difficulty, he said:

"Express the charm of the place, if you can. I used always to be trying to tell the fellows at Yale about it, but I could not make them understand. I could only say: 'You go up out of Honolulu and keep going up and up until you come suddenly to the edge of a tremendous precipice, where the wind takes you off your feet if you do not look sharp. At the foot of the precipice are rice fields and sugar cane plantations that stretch down to where the sea beats up against the rocks;' but they did not seem to think it was worth talking of."

"You should have told them how the wind comes around the corners in gusts and tears the clothes off you," as her hat was lifted and she barely caught it in time to save it from a long journey. It gave him an excuse for taking her hand and putting it within his arm, where he held it with a closeness that made her heart throb; but she ignored his action, and continued:

"You should have told them of the rich red and brown of the rocks pointing up to the sky in the foreground, of the alluring roadway at the side which winds and curves down to the charming little villages surrounded by golden rice fields which cover plains that stretch out to where the jade-green sea dashes into ivory-white foam

on the black rocks; that next to the jade-green water is cobalt-blue water; that they are in harmony, and there is no apparent reason for one color or the other.

"You should have told them that there are always white sails on the jade-green, and there are always white sails on the cobalt-blue; that the white foam is always there, and the beautiful isolation is always there. Then you should have told them of the surprise of turning a corner and seeing all this sweet beauty spread hundreds offeet below you, when you have come up and up and expect to go on farther up the mountain side; and of the surprise of this fierce wind in contrast to the lulling softness of the air in the city so short a way back of us. Then you should have emphasized the fact that it has a charm of its own, intangible and inexpressible."

She ended breathless, her voice husky from the effort to be heard above the wind, and the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"You have come to the same place I always did," Harvey said, laughing a little, "though after describing it better than I ever could. It has indeed a charm entirely its own, like—some people. I am, however, satisfied that you feel the fascination of the place even as I do. I will not spoil it by telling how Kamehameha drove his enemies up here to their destruction, for it is a sort of Tarpeian Rock, with a history of darkness, and has no place with us to-day."

Judith turned her face toward him quickly and inquiringly.

"Did any part of his life belong with darkness, and not with all this beauty of golden fields and sunlit seas?"

Harvey saw the look, and was about to ask what it meant, but she turned back quickly to the edge of the precipice where the wind, coming in a mad gust, caught her unawares and took her off her feet, and there would have been another dark tragedy to mark the spot, from which other young and loving ones would turn as too sad to come in and mar the brightness of their day, had not Harvey caught her by one arm and swung her away from the cliff. Clasping her with both arms, his face having an ashy hue of terror, he cried above the wind,

"How dare you?"

"How dare I? What do you mean?" looking at him as though seeing him in a dream.

"How dare you go there?" drawing her back behind the rock. "Do you not know what it would mean to me if you were to fall down there?"

"Mean to you?" she cried. "A most noble, unselfish thought, and characteristic! Not what it would mean to me to be maimed and helpless, nor what it might mean to my father; not the pain and suffering we would undergo, but what you would feel—you whom I did not know a few months, even a few weeks, ago."

He stood quite still, as though bracing him-

self against this gust of anger, thinking oddly enough of that line of Mrs. Browning:

"A woman's anger is sour and bitter and good.

It was sour and bitter, and it was truly good, yes, even sweet, compared with the cool impersonal attitude she had held toward him other days, and he said, firmly:

"You would not have suffered more than an instant; there would have been no maimed and helpless life; and it was natural I should think of myself when there was danger of the dearest thing in the whole world being snatched from my sight. I am only human. How could I think of others in that instant, Judith? Why should you care? You do not value your own life; I can see that."

"No," she said, fiercely, "I do not. I hate it."

He made no answer; then after a moment said, irrelevantly:

"Will you come now, or should you like to stay longer?"

For answer she moved in the direction of the carriage, and he followed, wondering how he should ever woo this sweet, strange, hard woman, who should not by nature, he was sure, be other than tender and loving to all.

He drove in silence over the road until the roughest part had been passed; then he spoke:

"You said, 'That remark was characteristic.' Did you mean characteristic of me, or of men in general?"

"Of you through men in general, and of men in general through you."

"That is too involved for me," he answered, and sat in silence, except when meeting solitary natives going to the villages on the other side, whom he greeted pleasantly, and who answered by quick smiles. When they had passed the twin cottages of Luakaha and were well down and in sight of the sea and the shipping and the town, Harvey stopped the horse that she might see the beautiful landscape before them. As she looked intently out over the sea, there was a sadness and deep depression in her face and attitude which he felt before he turned and looked into her eyes to assure himself of the fact.

Driving on without a word, he asked himself again and again what and where was the clew to this mystery that made her hate when she seemed so made for love, and so often made her manner change suddenly and radically without apparent cause. Finally, carried out of his reserve by his eager love, he said:

"Judith, you were made a tender, loving, sympathetic woman. I am as certain of it as I am that I am alive. You were made for faith, and not for unfaith. What is it that I do? Where am I wrong? What is the root of bitterness in your heart? I ask you by my love for you to make it plain. Sometimes I even fear," and his voice dropped, "that you have love for neither God nor man."

"If I have not," she answered, with bitterness, "it is because God created woman for a heritage of suffering, with a fatal tendency to love, and, in what seems intensest cruelty, gave her nothing better to love than—man!"

"So I have my answer," he said, after a moment, drawing in his breath, his face pale and perspiration covering his forehead, from which he lifted his hat, that suddenly seemed heavy and tight about his head.

Replacing it after a moment or two, he gave his attention to the horse, which quickened its pace perceptibly as they neared the town.

When once at the Morris home he helped Judith from the carriage, gave the horse into the hands of the yardman, and then lifted his hat, bowed gravely, and walked rapidly away, as though he could not too soon be out of her sight and alone with his thoughts.

Judith stood a moment watching him, with pain in her heart and tears trying to come to her eyes. After the trees hid him she still heard the sound of his feet on the walk, and he seemed to be walking away from her, as though forever.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISIT TO A KAHUNA.

ONE night Rose sat on the lanai waiting for Laaia, who had sent word by the Portuguese housemaid that she was coming.

Most of the people she knew were over in the church listening to some missionaries from Micronesia, who had come the day before on the missionary ship, the *Morning Star*.

Belinda had wanted Rose to go with her to hear the tales of work and success on those barren islands, but Rose flatly refused.

She had met some of them at a luncheon at Mrs. Williams's that day, and had laughed with them as they told of the years that had elapsed since they had eaten ice cream or heard a band play; but she noticed that they did not even smile when they told of waiting six months, a year, or even sixteen months, for a home mail.

Rose did not like to hear of people doing that sort of thing, and tried to neutralize the implied reproach of their lives by saying that they must like it, else they would not go there, for no one forced them to go; and she made fun of the tired bows on their discouraged-looking bonnets, while she felt impatient as she recalled the

reverent expression on Judith's face as she listened to them.

"Yes," she was saying to herself as Laaia appeared, smiling and gay, "of course, Judith would take the correct attitude toward them. How I hate her everlasting correctness!"

Her welcome to Laaia was the more cordial by contrast; she could not be hated for correctness.

"Yes," Laaia said, "I come take you to see kahuna. You like see kahuna; very funny, all time tell you everything you don' know."

Rose was delighted, but a little afraid.

"What will he do if he knows I am a white woman? For if he is a wizard and knows everything he will discover it at once."

Laaia was daunted a moment, but said, bravely: "He don' know. I think he don' know everything. He know plenty," she added, seeing Rose's face fall. "You give me money. I give him money. Kahunas all time want money; he know not you haole woman."

Rose gave the money half doubting, but dressed quickly, and they were out in the street and passing the church as the people came out. They met Belinda walking with a missionary, whose cheerful face was fully shown by the electric light. As Rose drew back in the shadow she had an odd sensation of being separated from her by a wide gulf, which imparted a little reckless courage that she needed to keep her from giving up the scheme.

They stopped a moment before the white mansion in which the ex-queen had lived since she had lost the throne. Rose started as though to go in, but Laaia stopped her.

"No use. Can't see no one. Mahope; no good now. Come;" and they turned up the street that leads to Punch Bowl, passing by many people whom Rose recognized, but who did not even look at her.

"I think Puu wait up there," said Laaia, pointing up to the top of Punch Bowl, which was somewhat in shadow.

Laaia walked rapidly, and Rose was glad to rest on the ledge that overlooks the town, after the stiff climb, while Laaia went a little farther on, to where Puu's big frame stood outlined against the sky.

Down before them Rose saw round masses of foliage picked out along the streets by electric lights burning pale in the yellow moonlight. Beyond was the dark wharf line with its shipping. Beyond this were the lighthouse and the war ships with their gleaming lights. The waves were quiet, but the still water caught the light of the moon, and from afar Pearl Harbor gleamed like the pearl of all the seas, as she is.

How quiet, how absolutely peaceful a scene it was! Rose could hardly believe that during the past year or two a revolution had come and gone, that a monarchy had faded

out and been replaced by a provisional government, which was now in full swing, and no one cared; at least she could not believe anyone cared. There had been no fighting and no blood shed; all had been quiet and even perfectly courteous. It seemed to her somewhat like this: "Monsieur, the prospective head of the new government sends his compliments and begs to say that he and his cabinet will require the government buildings for their use, and hopes it will not inconvenience the present occupant of the throne to withdraw to Washington Place."

The present occupant withdraws at once, stating that she is inconvenienced, but makes not the slightest effort to remain. She is, however, placed under no restraint, and comes and goes as she likes.

Rose laughed as she thought of it; it seemed almost comedy to her. Would she have tamely given up her right? Never, never. Had she been queen she would have fought to the last to have kept her ascendency.

Of course, there was the other side; the ex-queen may have known that she was in the wrong, and that she had rendered herself helpless by her own acts. Belinda and Dr. Jarvis seemed to think so; but, just how or in what manner Rose did not know, Belinda appeared to have the confidence of the members of council and even of the president, but she was much with Judith

and appeared to have lost her interest in explaining things to Rose. "Well," Rose thought, "Belinda may find that I have a place of my own, and that I may have a way of my own, even if I have not the power of Judith. The way Judith draws everybody to her is exasperating. I wish I knew how she does it without any apparent effort."

Her reverie was broken by Laaia, who left Puu, with whom she had been quarreling because he did not want her to go to a kahuna, and came to Rose, touched her on the shoulder, and said:

"I think it more better we go to kahuna now. I think he go to sleep wicky wicky."

Rose started; she had almost forgotten the kahuna.

"Yes," she said, eagerly, "let us go at once. Where is he?"

"There," pointing toward the foot of Punch Bowl, down which they now went so rapidly that Rose was well out of breath when they came near the hut.

"Laaia," said Rose, between gasps for breath, "if anyone asks you who I am, tell them I belong to another island, that I am weak-minded and will not talk to anyone but you, and that I have a very bad temper, for if anyone teases me I throw sticks and stones at them."

Laaia laughed so much at the thought of Rose

throwing things at people that she could hardly explain to Puu what Rose had said.

Puu laughed too, admiringly, for he admired Rose very much and thought she showed great good sense, for a white lady, in coming out with them into the free air where she could really have a good time, though he did not like the plan of going to the kahuna.

Puu, like other ordinary kanakas, was a gay, pleasure-loving animal, but, with all his *insouciance*, deeply superstitious.

His belief in his great gods, and in his "dear little household gods," as he termed his lesser gods, was much the same as his faith in the wonderful white people who put little cups to their ears and talk into a box which sends the sound all across the island; or click clack with a little piano, and roll off sheets of printed words; or put their fingers on little shining pieces, like money, on the walls of their rooms, causing lights to flash out here and there all over the house; or, more wonderful than all else, love work and trouble.

Puu thought the power of the white people amounted to witchcraft, and believed, when he saw the wonders they worked, that people who could do these things could do anything else they liked.

He cared little about all the talk of one government or another. The white people had always been like parents to him, and he knew

they had planned many good things for the kanakas—good, very good, but very tiresome. It was well for the white people to work if they liked; it was all they cared for, and it was well to let them manage the government if they liked. The kanakas disliked pilikia too much to do it well. The quarrel he had with this kahuna, in part, was because he was always trying to stir up the kanakas to fight and to overthrow the present government, so that he once more might have a fat living from the palace.

Besides, or perhaps still more, he hated the kahuna because of the latter's hatred of Laaia. Puu had warned her and told her to have nothing to do with the scorpion, as he called him. But Laaia hoped to placate the kahuna's anger by giving him money and employing him.

The kahuna is a distinct type from the ordinary kanaka, having suspicion in place of child-like confidence where even there is reason to have confidence, and having confidence where there should be suspicion; and this kahuna was more suspicious because he was a greater fraud than the most of them were, and much more vindictive because of his own snake-like character.

"Laaia," whispered Rose, as they pushed through a clump of low-growing guava bushes back of the hut, "what is this man's name?"

"Kaalohapauoli," answered Laaia, softly, with a note of fear in her voice.

The house was dilapidated and shut in by clumps of bananas and a thicket of lantanas and a few palms.

The yellow moonlight straggled through these and fell in patches on the roof and in slanting strips across the lanai, with its sunken floor, making the dim light of the burning wick seem red and ineffectual by contrast. A native man sat on the floor of the lanai by the lamp, but made no sound as they approached.

Laaia dropped on the grass under the shade of the bananas that reached toward the hut, and Rose followed her example, with a thankful thought that there were no snakes on the islands.

The kahuna remained quiet and as though not seeing them until Laaia half got up and, bending toward him, said something in Hawaiian and put the money Rose had given her into his hand, and with it Rose saw there was a little long parcel in brown paper.

Puu, who had fallen behind, was not too far off to see this parcel, and he thought he had seen it before. Rose wondered uneasily what it was, but forgot it in seeing the kahuna get up, and stretch himself in that same dull, half-asleep manner, though he turned piercing eyes toward the shadow where Rose sat, eyes that seemed like those of a cat, to collect all the light about them.

Then he spoke, and Laaia whispered, "He say what you want to ask, what you want to know?"

Rose was startled. She had forgotten why she wanted to see him, and had no question ready. If she really believed he could tell the future she would like to know something about Judith, but there was not time to frame the question so Laaia would not know of whom she was speaking; hence, at a venture, in order to break the stillness that was becoming appalling, she said:

"Tell him I wish to know whether or not the queen will ever be restored, and," recovering a little, "whether or not I also am to attain my wishes. O yes, and where the stolen jewels are."

Laaia repeated what Rose had said, and then added something in a lower tone, hoping that Puu would not hear what she was saying.

Rose caught a change in Laaia's tone as she talked on. She thought it sounded angry and fierce, though she was not sure, and she began to feel a curious uncanny influence stealing over her.

She watched their faces half fearfully, but could not see one turn of their eyes toward herself, or even the slightest gesture by which she might infer they were talking of her.

Finally the kahuna arose and went slowly into the little room, where was another dimly burning wick in oil, and began to arrange some things which Rose could not fully distinguish, in a little dark recess. The only thing that

she could see was a small white hen whose red comb gleamed like blood as the man turned it over in his hand.

The hen, too, seemed to be under the power that was over Rose, for there was no flutter of the dead white feathers, and there was not the noisy protest a hen usually makes at having her evening slumbers disturbed.

After carefully arranging the things in the recess, the kahuna threw himself on the bare floor and groaned and moaned, and his muscles gradually contracted until he finally was in horrible contortions, which, after reaching a climax, waned and grew less and less until they ceased; then he lay perfectly still, as though dead.

Had not that curious sedative influence been about her, Rose would have been frantic. As it was, while she told herself it was horrible, she had the feeling that it was all a pretense, a spectacle which was prepared for her benefit, and that it was only very poorly done after all. Still, she said to herself, she was too sleepy to judge. The uncanny feeling did not leave her, though it was apart from the man, and came from no supposed connection with the supernatural, but only seemed an emanation of wickedness and sin; for she felt somehow as though she was seeing personified sin and evil in this man—not the negative evil of Laaia, nor the negative good of Puu, but positive evil, which

would do anything, be anything, for gain; to which even life and death would not be obstacles, if the gain were great enough to warrant great trouble and pains.

This feeling grew amid the stillness, which was broken only by the insects in the grass and the falling of a brooklet of water not far behind the bananas, and faint snatches of music from some distant park or garden. Then suddenly the lighted wicks flickered and went out, and there came a rush of wind through the trees, which had been quiet before, and clouds covered the moon, leaving the girls in soft, thick darkness. The bananas shook angrily above their heads, and the algeroba trees bent and snapped and little branches fell to the ground.

At the first sound of the wind moving the trees the kahuna arose and came out and sat down on the little veranda, and began to chant in a low monotone which became louder as the wind rose.

Laaia sat with her eyes fixed in intensest wonder, fear, and interest as the chant became louder and louder, until the voice, strong and breezy as the wind that swept about them, seemed just the voice of the wind and no more, telling of the old days when the wind was the only sovereign of these beautiful islands, before even the kanaka had left his own native home in the South Seas to come and occupy and exist here.

Finally the kahuna ceased, and then as a result the wind went down and the moon came out. This is the way it seemed to the girls, but Puu had noticed the dispersion of the clouds, the ceasing of the wind, and that the kahuna's voice followed the wind in its modulations and ceased as the wind ceased.

"The scorpion is lucky to-night," Puu said to himself, "in the wind and the storm."

Then in low, steady monotone "the scorpion" began saying things which Laaia in a soft whisper translated, with her lips close to Rose's ear:

"The queen will be restored by the great power who has promised to defend her. All the faithful will share in the poi in her house; others will have their heads parted from their bodies."

Rose started, and her hand grasped Laaia's as though it were an unfeeling bit of wood. This frightened Laaia. She was so accustomed to hearing these things talked of that what he said was as a matter of course, else she would not have translated it; but it was the effect on Rose that frightened her.

She had been so filled with the idea of placating the kahuna's hatred to her by bringing him a good sum of money and another patron, and by her own scheme connected with the little parcel, that Rose was quite a secondary thought; and, too, Rose really seemed one of them, with her koloku and her deep interest in the late queen.

Now, if he found out that Rose was a white woman he would think her a spy, and that she herself was in league with the white woman. All the half-whites and the foreigners would hear of it and be angry, and the kahuna would surely pray her to death, for some one would then give him a lock of her hair. She did not recall that Rose had said that if he had the power he claimed he would at once know all about her.

"But this is not all," she said in desperation to him; "we have paid you well, and you must say all. She asked you if she will succeed in what she has undertaken, and where the crown jewels are."

"Yes," he said, impatiently, "that is now to be told;" and dropping his tone from the colloquial to the deep, slow monotone he said:

"That which you have is not what you will have. That which you make for yourself will not stand, but that which is being made for you;" which was rather a clever generalization. Laaia translated as before as he went on:

"Eat the two finger poi at your hand, but reach not for the three finger poi beyond you."

Rose felt creepy and got up with the impulse to go strongly on her, pulling Laaia after her, but Laaia shook off her hand and asked quickly:

"Where are the lost crown jewels?"

The moon showed Kaalohapauoli's face savage and vindictive as he answered quickly:

"The lover who belongs to one of you has

part of them. You know where the others are."

This she did not translate, and half rose to go, then sank back. The answer was not what she had expected, but she could not give up her own little project which she had planned and from which she hoped much.

She wanted to know about the bronze hair in the twisted paper that she had given him, and asked if what she wanted in regard to the one from whom it was taken would come to pass.

He murmured some words which seemed far from satisfactory to Laaia, who now got up and, taking Rose's hand, said, "Aloha," as from habit to the kahuna, who made no response, and then they joined Puu and all moved away.

Laaia took them around by the palace almost without their knowing it.

"You wait. I want spik to one man here?"

"Where?" asked Rose, quickly.

Laaia made no answer, but, telling Puu to stay with Rose, moved forward and called the guard's attention by a little low whistle on her fingers.

Dane stopped and said something, but passed on, speaking again as he came back on his beat; then Laaia said something more, and he stopped short, as though he had heard an order to halt, and Laaia continued to talk.

Rose began to be impatient and tapped her foot on the ground. Why should she stand here and wait the pleasure of a native girl who

wanted to talk with her sweetheart? It did not occur to Laaia that it was not quite correct. She had waited the pleasure of the haole girl; now it was the haole's turn to wait, but the haole did not think so, and, nodding to Puu to come with her, she passed on, getting a glimpse of Dane in the electric light as she passed. Laaia smiled. This was all right; she did not want to talk to Puu; she knew he was displeased with her, and now she would soon go home and not see him until he had forgotten it.

But Puu was far too much aroused to do this. Having left Dane, who was much troubled at the kahuna's words, Laaia found Puu waiting at the corner, and on seeing her his anger burst forth.

It was probably the first time in Puu's life that he had been genuinely angry. He had quarreled with Laaia up on Punch Bowl because she would not give up her plan of consulting Kaalohapauoli, who, he knew, hated Laaia and would be glad to do her harm. Now he knew that Rose had learned the secret of what was planned against the government people; and even worse than this, that Laaia had given the kahuna a lock of hair. He had come upon her that day as she lay on a mat in the shaded lanai of Kauhila's house so deeply engaged in looking at a lock of hair in a scrap of paper that she had not even seen him approach. She had hidden it hastily, thinking he had not seen it. He had not only seen it, but recognized it

as coming from a head that John Harvey admired.

It was this same parcel that she had given Kaalohapauoli, and it meant murder, that is, if the kahuna was not a fraud, as Puu suspected, but a true kahuna and able to pray people to death.

Puu had always been with Laaia since he could remember. He was like a big Newfoundland dog, faithful, affectionate, and thought as little as the dog would have done in regard to the qualities of those to whom by force of circumstances he was attached.

He knew, in a way, that Laaia was selfish, sensual, and cruel; but she was Laaia, and had ruled over him from childhood. If she had ever made him feel pain it had been slight, and had been shown only by his big dark eyes. Laaia had always laughed at this sorrowful expression, and then he had laughed too, not knowing at what he was laughing.

To-night she seemed harder, and more indifferent than ever to anything he said to her, and she had done something which he would not have believed she could do.

Had he considered Kaalohapauoli to be an honest kahuna of the first water he would have felt more and less fear—more fear of the supernatural and less of rascality.

Now, in no measured words he charged Laaia, in a wild burst of indignation and sorrow, with her hideous plan.

Laaia in turn was angry and frightened. Things seemed all to be going wrong. She had never known Puu to be angry with her before, and it marked her offense as being very great indeed. Other people had been angry with her often, because she would not pound taro for poi, though they became good-natured when she gave them money, which she did freely when she had it, to buy taro flour prepared by the Chinese. But Puu—what she did was not his affair. This she told him in much scorn, and as he made no answer her anger grew and she taunted him with being an idle, lazy kanaka, and as he stood sorrowfully before her her cruelty made her more angry, and she brought down her foot heavily on the ground and cried:

"What can you know of feeling, you—" hesitating for a word to express fully her contempt —"you monkey-pod tree; yes, that's right, you are dumb and blind and stupid like a tree; and why not? You were planted like one and will remain one until you die and go back to the earth from which you came."

"What do you mean? Say it out; do not hide like a crab in the rocks." He was in a wild fury now, and raised his big hand as though to strike her.

It was the white strain in Laaia that prompted the taunt; but her black blood showed in the fact that she had never, until this moment when he

frightened her, thoroughly respected Puu; she had thought him a sheep.

"Ask Kauhila if it is not true that you were planted under a monkey-pod tree when you were a baby; and ask her, too, if she did not dig you up and care for you until you could care for yourself?" she said, quaking with fear.

Puu's hand fell. He knew what it meant. In the early days it was not uncommon for a wail to come out of loose earth and leaves, where a mother had put her child that she might be freed from the responsibility and care of bringing it up. There were many tales told like this around the calabash of poi, tales in which were a combination of the natural, the unnatural, and the supernatural; but Puu had never in thought placed himself among the half-human people of which the stories were told. He had a little strain of chief blood in his veins, and had had, by reason of this and his great physical strength, a *noblesse oblige* feeling toward other kanakas, though he could not have expressed it to anyone. Now this feeling was gone, for he felt vaguely that Laaia's words were true, even though he would not acknowledge it.

Leaving Laaia, he went quickly to Kauhila's house. There was a small luau there, and he found Kauhila and her guests lolling on mats, playing games by the light of an old kerosene lamp that filled the air with a sickening odor.

"Come," he said to Kauhila, "leave your cards and your company a little while. I wish to see you."

Kauhila rose and walked with him away from the little group.

"Tell me the truth, Kauhila. Did you—er—nurse me when I was a baby, after my mother gave me up?"

He could not put the question just as he had meant to do. It was too much shame.

"It is likely I did," she said; "why not?"

"Is it the truth or is it a lie?" he asked, savagely.

She stood still for the space of half a second, and then said, "Come," and turned and went swiftly through the banana fields and across the ridges, between the duck ponds of the Chinese, across the ditch that separates them from the road, then turned again and went toward Diamond Head, which seemed awful in its purple beauty against the deep blue of the sky. The cocoanuts nodded to each other in derision, he thought, and the yellow road apparently tried to rise toward his face, then sank away below the level of the surface as though leading him down a valley. They were very near the sea, and its roar and swish seemed to have got into his head.

Even when Kauhila turned and he followed inland past the ostrich farm the sound of the sea went with him. Kauhila led on until they stood under a monkey pod tree.

"There," pointing to a spot which was fenced in by the bare roots of the tree. "I come here always when I go for fish and crabs among the rocks around Leahi. Paahaina knows why I come here. The tree that was here when she put you here died, and I planted this in its place. I uncovered two roots and turned them around this way, that Paahaina might not forget. I brought her here once from the other way and showed her how I had made the roots grow like a nest for a boy. She did not come again. It made her very afraid when the tree died."

Puu stood looking at the spot, thinking in a dazed way of the story that he saw written there. The lazy woman, his mother, tired of giving him food and attention when she preferred sleep or games or eating or surf riding, dug a hole in the loose earth with a spear made of wood and sharks' teeth and put him here, and only half covered him because of haste or idleness, and hurried away for fear of discovery. Another woman, with a more compassionate heart, dug him up and cared for him until he was large enough to contribute to her support, whereupon the mother, keen to see the advantage of a willing son, took him back.

"Then whose child am I?" he asked, fiercely.

"Mine, mine!" Kauhila cried, putting her hands on his shoulders. "You were born to Paahaina from the body. She cast you away. You were then born to me from the earth, and I

kept you and had always much love for you. You are mine!"

"But—Paahaina—she says she has love for me," he murmured, weakly, and in a hopeless voice.

"Au-e! Why not? You make no trouble. You are fine and strong. You bring back much money from the voyages. The white people think much of you. When you were a baby and cried much—that was another day."

"Ah-h-h!" he cried, in a burst of anger, fierce and deep, and, bending over, seized the twisted roots, tore them up, broke them off as though they were reeds, and flung them away into the lantana, where they fell with a crash.

Then he tore off his straw hat and flung it after them, and then his shirt; it followed the hat, and they both alighted on the high lantana bushes, where they appeared grotesque enough in the moonlight which was now dim.

He looked at them a moment, saying, fiercely: "They belong to me no more than they do to the bushes. If my mother is a savage I also am!"

Now he turned and ran, leaving Kauhila standing sorrowful and alone, though faintly understanding, for Kauhila had a heart so large that it more than made up for lack of mental endowment.

Puu, the sharpness of his anger toned down, still ran on until he came to where the park is

divided by a wall from the sea. Dropping over the wall, he felt the soft sand, still warm from the sun, under his feet, with a little sense of comfort, as though it were the touch of a friend, and ran quickly into the purple sea as to the comforting arms of a mother.

The water cooled his hot head as he dived and plunged and rose again.

When weary of this he swam over to where his canoe was moored, and got in and rode the breakers until his anger was spent; then tied his canoe and started away up the road that leads around Diamond Head. Passing a little shed, he saw a pony standing that he knew he might take, and in an instant he was on its back and moving away at a hard pace, as though to escape from the civilized part of him that was crying out at the shame of having such a mother.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day—for it was after midnight when Puu left Kauhila—that Harvey stood at the window of his office just before leaving for the afternoon. He was looking at the poinciana regia where it flamed in the soft yellow sunshine.

He liked the tree, watched for its red blooms, and was always glad when amid its delicate, fern-like foliage he saw the first glimmer of fire.

"It is like her," he said, thinking now, as ever, of Judith, "regal, fine, and glowing with richest color and warmth. No, I am wrong; it

Puu in his canoe.

is too warm, too brilliant to be wholly like her;" and half unconsciously he turned to the other window, from which he could see the sun pouring down through a golden shower tree, and a smile broke over his face. This tree was a dear delight to him. It seemed to be the essence of the island sunshine, or as though each ray of the thick yellow sunshine had been converted into golden sequins and strung on stems of malachite and hung on a graceful tree. It was a beautiful expression of the life of Hawaii nei, and more like Judith than the poinciana was; for this was clear and pure though warm and bright.

"I will get a bit and put it in my buttonhole, and tell her that it reminds me of her and that I shall always wear it, while it is in bloom, whether she is to pass out of my life or not."

His eyes now fell on a native under the tree, flecked with the sunlight that filtered through the thick, hanging flowers; as the wind stirred the flowers some of the paler petals fell on the big brown head and on the bare shoulders, but the man did not move.

Harvey would have thought him asleep but for the large dark eyes that were now turned toward the window.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it is Puu." And then he saw that while it was Puu it was not Puu altogether. His hat and his shirt were gone, and there was a faded air about him which betokened trouble of some kind. Harvey feared

he had been drinking awa, but the man's eyes were clear. Then he concluded it must be the work of Laaia. Puu had always talked freely to Harvey about the girl, and Harvey had known he was worthy of a better fate than acting as guard and protector to an idle wahine who cared only for herself. He feared that the best of Puu would never be aroused as long as Laaia's power was unbroken.

"Puu," he called down in Puu's own tongue, "will you bring me a flower from the tree? I want the flower and I want to see you."

One source of Harvey's influence with the natives was his perfect command of their language.

Puu reached out for a cluster of the golden pendants, but his face did not change.

For years he had been much with Harvey in hunting and yachting expeditions, and had the love that all natives had for Ke alii moi. These expositions had been made often with no other companion than Puu. Harvey loved the simple, honest nature, and longed to see developed from it a man who might lead the native people into better and higher things. To this end he had talked much to him of right and wrong, of living a noble, self-sacrificing life, and of uplifting others.

This was all good; but, while his words made a faint impression, his personality had given out something stronger to Puu of which neither had

been conscious. It was an illustration of the old story of personal contact and of people being saved one by one through transmission of nobility, as a certain kind of stone is dull and worthless until it is vivified by contact with the warm, live hand, and then becomes at once brilliant and beautiful.

Puu remembered now in his trouble how he had seen Ke alii moi square his shoulders and take disappointment bravely and cheerfully, and he only followed a sort of blind instinct when he came to him, the instinct of humanity when in sorrow ever to seek a strength greater than its own.

"Puu, my poor friend, you are in trouble," Harvey said, as the man came in, his brown skin making a rich background for the flowers with which his arms were filled; but Puu made no answer.

"Puu, what is it? You are in trouble. Why did you not come to me at once?"

"I came to you, but I could not come up. There was that in my feet that held them to the ground; even I with my strength could not lift them."

"What is it? You are not ill?"

"At heart I am sick;" and his words ended in a half moan as he threw the flowers on the table and sat down on the floor, pushing aside the chair Harvey offered, saying:

"What use? I am a kanaka. Kanakas are

wild beasts; they belong on the ground and may go without clothes, even as the beasts do. Au-e! Au-e! but even the beasts do not leave their young to die of starvation, and only the most fierce try to kill each other."

Now that he had begun, the whole story was easily and eloquently told—of Laaia's attempt to have a woman (he did not say it was Judith) prayed to death; of the kahuna's hint as to the crown jewels, of which Harvey made a quick note; of Laaia's taunt as to his early history, and of Kauhila's confirmation of the story. It all seemed one story to him. Laaia was one murderer—the jewels were only an incident—and his mother another murderer, and he belonged in a way to both of them. He had loved both, but they were alike, and neither had ever loved him. One had abandoned him, and the other had taunted him with this fact and cared naught for him; and they all, including himself, belonged with the beasts of the island.

These were the facts, but Puu did not understand his agony over them. It seemed to him that some disease had got hold of him, and perhaps Harvey, who appeared always to know everything, could cure it, or straighten out the tangle, or help him some way—help he must have or die.

"His ancestors would not have cared, hence would not have suffered. I myself may be responsible for part of this suffering, for I have

tried to rouse Puu's moral nature," thought Harvey, before he spoke.

"Puu"—and Harvey reached down and took the big brown hand in both of his strong white ones, and lifted him up—"Puu, you do not belong with the beasts; you belong with me. You are my brother, and I have so much love for you that your talk wrings my heart. If I cannot comfort you I can have pain with you."

His voice was full of feeling, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Ah-h-h!" it was a long sigh that came from Puu's deep chest as he saw the tears, and with it seemed to pass away much of the pain.

"Ah, it is not worth while that anyone should care like that, but," smiling with that boyish smile that Harvey liked so much, and putting his hands on his heart, "it is cured already."

"Puu, there is a greater love than mine—a love of which mine is a tiny part—that is around you, and which when you know will make you glad even of pain if it bring you nearer to its source."

"Yes, you have told me, but I did not know; and the others that go to church and worship Jehovah told me, but their words had no sound that could go into my ears. Now I can hear; now I am hungry, and I will take the bread you give me."

And Harvey gave him bread, as he marveled at the work pain had done on this simple nature in so short a time.

"Human nature needs the lash, and we all get it," he thought; "but it has never done for me in one night what it has for Puu."

Perhaps it was easier to see progress in others than in himself.

Puu was about to go away when a sudden thought struck him, and he turned and looked earnestly at Harvey.

"I think you know her to whom the lock of red hair belongs."

Harvey started and grew pale.

"Laaia wants no one to be liked by men but herself; Laaia has great respect for you. She knows, as everybody else knows, that you think often of the miss with the red hair; so she will not have it, and she gets a lock of hair from the red head to give to the kahuna. Au-e, did I not tell you that she and Paahaina were alike, savages!"

Harvey was still a moment, and then he threw back his head with the gesture that Puu knew so well, and said, quickly, and with some fierceness:

"Puu, you must get that hair. The Scorpion," using Puu's designation, "cannot have it. Here," and he took from his pocket three gold pieces, "show him one and say that you will give him that for the hair. He will do it, but if he believes in himself he will keep two or three hairs which he will consider enough for his purpose. If you think he has kept any you may offer him another gold piece for the remainder.

Do it as though you knew he had them. If he give those up and you still suspect him of having kept back some, tell him that his doings are known and the police will take him, as you now have enough evidence to send him to the Reef if he does not give up the hair and abandon his purpose."

"The chief need not be filled with fear; the Scorpion is a fraud, and not a true kahuna; he could not pray a night mosquito to death."

"Of course; but I cannot have her hair in his dirty hands!" Harvey answered, quickly.

Puu regarded him with wonder mixed with admiration.

The chief did not fear, and yet he paid all that for a lock of hair! That was fine, and the miss of the red hair was well beloved indeed by the chief.

"Bring it to me as soon as you get it, even if at midnight," said Harvey, as Puu moved away.

Harvey was not quite correct when he gave Puu to understand that he had no fear. He had been born and bred in the islands, and he had known of natives dying when it was said they died because of the prayers of the kahunas, and some of the fear of them had been imbibed as a child, and he could not quite, in spite of reason, free himself from his early impressions; but it was a vague fear, such as many who are born in Christian lands and reared in Christian

households have in regard to beginning new work on Friday, or seeing the new moon over the left shoulder, or giving a dinner with thirteen at the table.

Probably he was not conscious himself of how much superstitious fear he had, but at any rate he went up to Mrs. Morris's to dinner, as he had a standing invitation to do at any time when he was free or felt inclined, and he remained near Judith, saying little, and quite oblivious to the fact that she was colder than ever to him. In truth, he did not go until all were evidently sleepy, and even yawning.

Then he went home to pace his lanai and wait until Puu came, which was about two o'clock. Puu brought the lock of hair, which Harvey took eagerly, and he brought back one piece of gold, which Harvey refused to take and which Puu was not loath to keep.

By this time Harvey was wondering how Laaia had got possession of the hair, and questioned Puu. The latter said he thought Rose, who was with Laaia, might have given it.

Harvey then was wondering how Rose could have been with Laaia at a kahuna's house, but Puu was evasive and wanted to talk of the kahuna, though he was too wise to tell Harvey all he had done to get possession of the hair, in the way of buying awa and other things for the kahuna to drink. It was sufficient to Puu that it was done.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT PEARL HARBOR.

IT had befallen The Three that they were from the first drawn into the gentle maelstrom of Honolulu society.

That Judith was Mrs. Morris's niece required a reception given by Mrs. Morris, and this reception necessitated something rather formal from each of Mrs. Morris's intimate friends.

The best phase of this was the gladness of these people in having so good an excuse for a little unusual gayety, as hospitality is a passion with them; and when hospitality becomes a duty their happiness is complete, for then the New England conscience, which is still at large in the islands, though somewhat tamed, is appeased.

But though social functions were many, they were not monotonous; in part because of the many beautiful homes with the picturesque setting of the sunny island landscape, where, naval officers say, there is more moonlight to the month than anywhere else on the globe. Besides, each gentle lady has some delightful fad all her own in the way of entertainment for the stranger within the gates.

One enjoys giving good old-fashioned dinners of many courses, with guests in their best laces

and manners, ready to tell good stories and pay fine compliments.

Another likes to give garden parties in the beautiful grounds about her home, where the red of the hibiscus hedge tries in vain to outflame the poinciana regia, where the golden shower tree is a garden of flowers and sunshine in itself, where the blue and the white water lilies in the walled tank lift their heads beside the bulrush of the Nile.

Another loves her Waikiki home with its great lanai, more like an English drawing room than a lanai. Here hundreds of guests have come gladly to enjoy the pictures and bric-a-brac and the lawn bounded by the sea, and have thought the moonlight more enchanting here than elsewhere, when sitting under the trees or walking on the sea wall, where the swish of the waves mingling with the wind in the trees softens the sound of delicious music coming from the lanai.

Another loves the mountain Tantalus, which is never a Tantalus to her or her guests. She likes her friends to go up with her to its cool heights, from which they can look down on the green velvet ridges below or into the craters of Diamond Head and Punch Bowl, and where may be seen at sunset the halo of light pouring through broken clouds on distant Pearl Harbor. She likes to see that the beauty of the scene does not impair the appetite which the cool air induces for a hot supper made possible by a camp

fire. She likes the exciting drive down the winding mountain road by moonlight, made more exciting by the habit the moon has of withdrawing behind a thick white cloud just as one comes to where the road curves around a precipitous cliff.

Another spirits her friends up to her mountain cottage, a half hour's drive from the city, and enjoys the surprise it is to them that there is a place where one is forced to shiver; and keeps them there until they are rested, body and soul, shut in by delicious rains and mists within the sound of a singing waterfall; and tells them stories of her tramps when a girl, and later with her own children, over the mountains, collecting innumerable ferns and land shells, fascinating in number and variety. She points out walks where lovers have trod, and dells where lovers have settled the affairs of this world to their own satisfaction. Then, when the sky clears, she takes them to hunt for flowers and wild guavas and ohias.

Another engages a special train on an afternoon, having given her invitations by telephone the day before, to take her friends down to her country home on the peninsula toward Pearl Harbor, where they can wander about over close-cropped springy greensward, from native grass hut to Japanese tea house, and from the tea house to a tiled swimming bath surrounded by palms and callas and filled with sparkling arte-

sian water. From the bath they can go to the library and museum, where are old spears and old calabashes and old gods, flanked by trophies of ancient warriors in the shape of hair and teeth and bones of defunct enemies. Or they can sit on the lanai of the main cottage and look away across yellow-green rice fields to purple mountains, or over fish ponds of unknown antiquity, made by shutting in parts of the sea by walls of coral stone, to the ever-changing fascinating peacock blues of the ocean. When the sun begins to go down in the west she takes them into the largest grass hut, whose inside walls are draped with fragrant wreaths of maile, and seats them at round tables laid with the prettiest of china to eat deviled soft-shell crabs, hot fish chowder, and, later, ices and fruits. The train takes them back to the city at sunset, much to the regret of all, who could remain there for days in unbroken content.

There is another who has a charming habit of taking her friends in her own private car down over this same road, but farther on, where the railway track wanders in and out of fields of golden sugar cane ready for cutting; past other tracks on which are cars laden with the long green stalks stripped of their leaves; past fields of the soft, tender green of new shoots; past the huge sugar mill whence the juice, at that moment pouring out of the uncomplaining stalks, would be taken by train the next morn-

ing in the form of sugar, to waiting ships in the harbor.

Ever will remain with The Three the memory of those perfect days (ah, but are not all thy days perfect, O, dear and sweet Hawaii?) spent in the region of Pearl Harbor; a memory of golden rice fields divided by parallelograms of water made silver by the slanting rays of the sun, of gray-green foliage of algeroba trees, of patches of low-growing yellow flowering shrubs —cousins to the cranberry—of the sea, jade-green with a sweep of opal beyond, ending in a white line of foam at the base of the turquoise blue of the Waianai mountains, the blue broken by gashes of blood color on their slopes, where the naked red soil is turned to the sympathetic sky.

There was another day, too, when they went Pearl Harbor-ward, a yachting day. The good yachts *Helene* and *Hawaii* had taken aboard, of the Honolulu "Four Hundred" many who liked yachting, and for whom tossing waves had no terrors.

The president had fulfilled his promise to take The Three out, and others had accrued. He was weary. The government was moving quietly and tentatively on, while a convention was sitting on a constitution. This was merely in case that Hawaii should not be legally adopted by her foster mother.

The work of forming a constitution that would

do justice to the cosmopolitan population was arduous, and the president showed the result of his share of it by a decided pallor and heavy eyes; hence a yachting trip, his usual tonic, was inaugurated.

It was warm on shore, but racing down to Pearl River cooled the blood of all, and perhaps more especially of those on board of the yacht which was finally defeated.

Belinda had, at this stage, learned many new things, had many surprises, and had some preconceived opinions confirmed.

The islands and all therein were softening her character. Now she was never heard to say that she did not like men. There were too many true-hearted men with broad sympathies here engaged in building a nation, or a state, whom she met constantly in one way or another, and also liked, though she might not have acknowledged it. Again, men and women seemed so united in making pleasant homes and uplifting those who were less fortunate than themselves—and, in fact, in all public work—that the chances are that she would have seriously offended the women if she had said she did not like men. Here she was never, when studying a political phase, reminded by the men that she was only a woman, and not equal to understanding it. Sometimes she was reminded that she was a woman, but in the way that they expected her, because of this fact, to see more clearly and act

without political bias. She wore white dresses, and now and then flowers; and her hair in the moist atmosphere showed a decided tendency to curl about her forehead. But though she seemed to be less rigid in character, her head was as clear and her judgment as sound as ever. Her letters to the journal were strong, and had a ring of indignant protest against the persistent misunderstanding people have of any country of which their knowledge is gained in scraps, half read and soon partially forgotten, and which they recall mixed with ideas and history of other places.

Her letters straightened out Mr. Fisher's tangle, and the paper struck clear notes for the policy Belinda had always advocated. She sent many diagrams and maps and photographs of salient points, and they were reproduced. She showed the possibilities of the islands in the way of fruit, of fiber plants, of coffee, of sugar, of a sanitarium for delicate people or for invalids, of the unrivaled location for a naval coaling station, and the necessity of the control of this place being in the hands of any power who wished to be untrammeled in the Pacific, which was to be the ultimate center of the traffic of the world. In all this she was upheld by Mr. Fisher's best editorial efforts. He agreed with her, of course; for now that she was on the ground he could trust her judgment, and he was helped to be convinced by the fact that he was afraid she

would never come back to the journal if he did not yield to her wisdom in this matter.

Belinda was especially happy this day on the yacht, for there were several men and women in the party, besides the president, to whom it was well worth listening, and she knew how to make them talk.

Judith, too, was content in a way, for John Harvey was near her, yet keeping up that impersonal manner he had adopted since the day of the ride to the Pali. She sat in unusual quietude, with her eyes on distant sails, or on the changing colors of the water, or studying the face of the president, who was absorbed in sailing the yacht, his wearied expression vanishing in the strife to outsail the *Helene*. She was thinking that her decision in regard to John Harvey could not have the finality she had given it while he was a valued friend of a man like the president, of whom her uncle had said:

"Some were in doubt about forming the Provisional Government, but I did not fear; we had asked him to be at the head, and I knew if it was the right time to do it—for we all knew that it must come sooner or later—that, without reference to the effect on himself, he would consent; if it was not right morally, or not the right time, he would see it and would refuse."

Mr. Morris concluded with, "It is a great thing to have such a man amongst us;" and Judith thought it was a great thing even to see him.

Rose was the only one of the three who was actually dissatisfied on this day, for John Harvey had hardly spoken to her except to bid her good morning, and then there was that in his manner that made her feel very queer indeed. It was plain that he made an effort to be polite, and even friendly, but it was a failure; she could see this even if no one else could, and she was deep in conjecture as to the reason. She had not seen him since before the evening she went to the kahuna. She knew nothing of Puu's quarrel with Laaia, and of the former's rescue of the lock of hair; in fact, she was not quite sure, though she believed that Laaia had given the kahuna the lock of hair that she had begged of Judith when Belinda and herself were at Mrs. Morris's at luncheon, saying, as Laaia had told her, that a little native girl admired her hair and wanted a lock of it. She thought of this as she watched Judith, and she thought of the kahuna's words in relation to the leaders of the government, and wondered what it would mean to Judith if the kahuna's words should prove to be true. She ignored what it might mean to herself. It was possible the kahuna was simply talking to hear himself talk, as Laaia had tried to assure her, though Laaia, however, had seemed a little too anxious that she should discredit his words.

Even if she were to tell the president or any government official of the fate the kahuna had said was in store for them, what good would it

do? It might make John Harvey treat her with more consideration; that is, if there were anything in it. But again, kahunas all said about the same thing, and no one paid any attention to them; and she would be obliged to reveal her masquerading, and that would necessitate giving it up, and this she did not want to do.

Puu was on board, helping to sail the yacht, and he had added a feather's weight to her dissatisfaction by looking away from her when she was about to bow to him. To Puu she seemed on a par with Laaia now, and he wished to nurse his anger against Laaia. Perhaps he feared it needed nursing in order that it might live.

Rose had still another grievance. Dr. Jarvis was on the other yacht with the younger and livelier set. He really should have been with her, for there was no one here that was in the least interested in her. Perhaps she could make them show a little interest if she tried, and at the first pause in the conversation she said to Mr. Morris:

"What do you really think of the kahunas? Have they any occult power?"

Mr. Morris laughed, not thinking it a serious question, and said:

"Ask Harvey; he is a kahuna himself."

"Really?" asked Rose, without turning her head.

"O yes. I am surprised that you have not noticed it. You must take care not to offend him,

for a native told me only yesterday that he was a very powerful kahuna. Tell them," turning to Harvey, "about your first experiment in that line."

Harvey laughed a little, but as though he wished the subject had not been brought up, and looked at Rose as in surprise at her mentioning it, but finally said:

"There is not much of a story. Two natives came to my office one day and wanted something of me which I could not grant. Then one, who was very angry, said he would get some one to anaana me, and I would be dead before three months had passed. He was coughing and had the marks of fatal disease on him. I suppose I looked at him rather closely as I thought of the chances of his living but a short time, and then said, 'Probably one of us three will die before three months have passed, but it is not likely to be me.' Then I urged him to try in the remaining days allotted to him to live a different life. You know, Morris, their indefinite way of affirming anything, and they thought I meant more than I did.

"About two months afterward one of the two came into my office again and stood in silence looking at me for a few moments and then requested me to tell him where he would find a piece of money that he had lost. I asked him why he came to me. I knew nothing of his money.

"'O,' he said, 'you are a very great kahuna, and can tell me if you wish. Did you not anaana Talua, and has he not died even as you said he would?' I tried to convince him that I had nothing to do with it, but it was useless."

"But, Mr. Morris," said Rose, "if a genuine kahuna would tell you that—well—say that Mr. Harvey was to lose his life within the next three months, would you place any dependence on his word?"

Harvey bent forward, his eyes searching Rose's face, and asked, with a little scorn in his tone,

"Has any kahuna said that?"

Rose returned his gaze for a moment, and then gave a little laugh as she said to Mr. Morris in pretended conviction:

"I believe he is afraid, so let us take another example. Supposing a kahuna would say that there was at this moment an uprising among the Japanese on the plantation at Ewa, would you believe it?"

"Well, I would first try to see what means he had of knowing, then I would find out whether or not he had any inducement to tell the truth; if he had, I would think it over seriously, and then wait until I could hear from other sources."

Rose laughed with the rest, and her face was brighter. She had evaded Harvey's question, and Mr. Morris had convinced her it was not her duty to tell what she had heard.

Now John Harvey began to tell fascinating

tales of the early days of the islands, when the law of taboo was in force, when chief fought chief and thousands were slain, when explorer after explorer touched at the islands, some bringing good things and some bad things; among the former were cattle and sheep and goats and hogs, which were turned loose to roam the then bare hills and plains and to relapse into wildness, and whose descendants now give sportsmen a chance to try their skill.

Then he told tales of the superstitions still extant and repeated folklore, and showed how the islands had had the drift of seas to give them soil and seeds and the drift of nations to give them population; how the stanch characters of the people had sifted this human driftwood, and that much of the worthless kind had floated away to other islands and to more congenial people.

Then he told of the breaking of the law of taboo by a daring king and queen, and of the days when the only carriage in the islands was a handcart belonging to the queen, who rode in the back of the cart with her feet dangling out, and felt she was riding in great state.

Mr. Morris contributed a little now and then when he was not talking with the group of which the president was the center.

The *Helene* had left the *Hawaii* behind, so there was less attention paid to ropes and more to conversation.

"The islands are full of things that seem links

to the mystery of the past. I mean that we get nearer our own remote past in hearing of these things, many of which have happened within the memory of living persons," said Judith. "It is as though we had stepped out of our own century and gone back into the seventeenth century. I wonder if the natives when they come to America have the reverse, and think they have skipped a century or two!"

"I do not know exactly how it appears to them," answered Harvey. "I would think it might seem a stepping forward, for I had that feeling myself when I first went there. Still, I fancy they would consider it more a matter of race than of centuries."

"I wish I knew," said Judith, "just how we seem to them as a race. I should like to look into their minds, or stand back of them and look out of their eyes."

"Puu," said Harvey, raising his voice a little and speaking in Hawaiian, "Miss Melrose wants to know what the Hawaiian people when they go to America think of Americans, or what they think about us here as a race."

Puu answered at length, looking toward the mountains as he ended.

"He says," translated Harvey, "that the white people are one thing and they are another: that they would not like to be as the white people—it would be too much pilikia; that no doubt it is fine to have done so many things if

people like the doing, but it is better to be comfortable, though while the natives are more comfortable they are like the rainbow over the mountain, and the white people are the mountain; the bow will soon be gone, the mountain never; that it really does not matter about race or color or nation, it is only man's nearest companion or chum that exists any length of time—meaning the soul. I cannot give you his exact meaning. The words are so different, and his meaning, even if he had the same words, would be different. They think their thoughts differently."

"The soul the body's chum!" exclaimed Rose. "Yes, I should say they did think differently! Well, I hope it is not so uncomfortable a chum to them as it is to some people."

"It reminds me of a mele they have, which they like very much; it was written by a Christian, and is comparatively modern. Shall I ask him to sing it?" turning to Judith.

"O yes, indeed; we would like it very much. Please tell him so," she answered, quickly.

Harvey repeated what she had said, adding that he himself would look after the ropes in his place.

Puu's big face, which generally had held a deeply somber expression since his quarrel with Laaia, lighted up with pleasure, and he got his Hawaiian guitar out of the little cabin and sat down with evident satisfaction to tighten the

strings. He loved to sing, and was ready to please, and perfectly confident in his power to please. This is a truly native characteristic and is made pleasant by an unaffected and undisturbed dignity.

Harvey explained that the guitar was called the "taro patch fiddle;" that taro was the principal food of the natives, and was grown in a little bit of land beside their huts, a piece of land forty feet square being enough to furnish food for a large family; that there was a smaller guitar much liked, called "ukulele," or jumping flea.

The chant began something like this: "Aloha, ka ahone, kahoapili O ke kino; I pili ka ua me ke la. A O ke anuenue me ke koekoe."

Puu sang it in a strong, vibrant voice, which had in it the volume of two or three ordinary voices.

Harvey explained when the mele was finished that it was the body's farewell to the soul, the body speaking of the intimacy they had enjoyed in being companions in prosperity and adversity, when he, the body, had plenty of food, and also when he was faint from hunger. Harvey, in speaking, had changed his position and sat between Judith and Rose, but turned toward Judith almost as though he would shield her from Rose, and quite as though he would shut the latter out of their conversation.

It was partly unconscious and entirely involun-

tary. He did not like to have Rose so near Judith, for he could not forget Rose's conjunction with Laaia in the matter of the lock of hair. Of course, he did not regard the act quite as Puu did in the light of an attempt to kill Judith.

As far as Laaia was concerned, he knew it was an intention to kill; but he could only suppose it had appeared something like a practical joke to Rose, or a humoring of a whim of Laaia's, or at most an experiment.

But what a joke, what a whim, what an experiment! And what a strange being she must be to join in an act so untrue to one who was considered to be her friend, or to be willing to have anything to do with Laaia after she had disclosed her purpose! It was unaccountable, and his very knowledge of kahunas and their methods made the affair seem worse to him than it would to people who knew nothing of them and only regarded them as ethnological curiosities.

Rose understood the movement, though she did not understand the reason, and her face flushed an angry red and her white teeth came together in determination not to be shut out. Perhaps Judith had said something to him that had prejudiced him against her; if so, she too should feel a sting of pain.

She had not addressed him directly since she understood there was a vital change in his manner toward her, but now she said, in a distinct voice:

"You are fond of the natives, are you not, Mr. Harvey?"

There was a pause, distinct enough for it to be seen that he had paused before he answered, but he did not turn toward Rose:

"Yes, for they are well worth affection. They are generous to a fault, they are not revengeful unless there is foreign blood in their veins, and they are loyal to their friends. I would trust untold gold in the hands of the one who has just sung to us; not only gold but my life, and those who are dearer to me than life."

There was something in this answer that made Rose wince. Perhaps it was the reference to being loyal to their friends; perhaps it was the tender tone in which he said, "those who are dearer to me than life."

"In fact," he added, "he did save my life once. I will tell you the story if you promise to believe it," he said to Judith, but before she could answer Rose said lightly, anxious to placate him:

"Of course, we will promise; but why should we? If you say it is true that is enough."

There was the slightest possible stress on "you."

"It ought to be," with a laugh, "but when I have told it before I have been chaffed and even accused of telling a fish story. However, it is not so long as the preamble I am making.

"Several years ago a number of us were

camping on the other side of the island. I was taking my morning swim. He," looking toward Puu, who had drawn his hat down over his eyes, "was with us, and had been catching fish in his bare hands for our breakfast. He was not far from me when I heard a great shout, then saw him dive and come up a little nearer me. He had seen a shark making for me and had dived under, coming up with a bound beside it, and, mounting it in the same movement, he held himself on by his legs and by grasping a fin with one hand, while he was plunging a knife into the astonished and maddened creature with the other hand. I never could make him believe that he had done anything especially wonderful or commendable."

Mr. Morris had been listening to the latter part of the story, and he now said, laughingly:

"I say, Harvey, I suppose you think these girls will believe that, even if we will not, but they can't; it is too much to ask of them."

"I believe it," said Rose, with a show of firmness; "I promised I would, and I'm obliged to keep my promise; but it would be a little easier if I knew where Puu got his knife."

Harvey joined in the laugh at this, but said:

"If you knew the natives as well as I do you would know that there is apt to be a knife in the folds of the maro they wear, even when they are in the sea. I shall never forget the picture of Puu as he clung to the infuriated shark tearing

through the water. It was like something in the old books of mythology. He did not leave the shark until he was satisfied that it would not endanger any life again."

"I can well believe that it was a fine sight," said Judith, with enthusiasm; "I would have liked to see it. It is plain to anyone that he is devoted to you."

Harvey gave her a grateful glance. He was so thankful for little things that it would have been pathetic had he not had so much faith—not in himself, but in the power of his love.

"He divides his devotion, however," said Rose, "and not equally. Laaia receives by far the greatest share."

Harvey glanced nervously at Puu, who gave no sign of understanding. Puu had not spoken of Laaia since the day when he had come to Harvey for comfort in his deep distress.

"You remember Laaia, do you not, Judith?" Rose went on. "We saw her at the luau at the Maternity Home."

"Yes," said Judith; "I remember her."

"But she is as devoted to Mr. Harvey as Puu is to her," said Rose, with daring.

This is what she had been waiting to say since Harvey turned his back to her.

"'Ke alii moi,' she calls him," she added, as no one spoke; "she says it means the biggest and the best. I suppose she meant the greatest, instead of the biggest."

"Indeed?" said Harvey, indifferently; but his brow contracted.

Rose's eyes were on Judith, whose face changed and flushed against her will under the glance, though she was able to say, gently:

"It must be delightful to be so regarded. If I lived here I should like very much to be thought 'the greatest and the best.'"

"Laaia?" said Mr. Morris, inquiringly; "I wonder if she is the Laaia my wife tried so hard to keep in the girls' school and failed. I told her it was no use long before she gave it up. There is a very wide difference between one native girl and another. Some of them well repay time and money spent in educating them, but she was more of the old type and loved roaming about, and could not settle down to study or work."

Harvey sincerely wished they would stop talking of Laaia, for he could see that Puu knew of whom they were talking, even if he did not know what was being said, for he was moving his hands restlessly and had turned quite away.

"Puu," he said, abruptly, "sing us a song; not a mele, but something that will cheer our hearts." Then to Judith,

"There is just time for a song before we reach the bar."

Puu sang his song, but it was sweet and sad, like a lament, and did little to cheer their hearts.

Puu had been much with Harvey since his enlightenment as to the characters of his mother and Laaia, but the new sadness in his tones when singing touched Harvey, and made him resolve to advise Puu to go off on a sea voyage in some merchantman.

Judith understood Rose's motive in mentioning Laaia, but she seemed even a little kinder in her manner to Harvey, who sunned himself in her favor and felt that it only needed time to make her love him even as he loved her.

Belinda was glad to see that they were nearing Pearl Harbor, and glad that there were two naval officers in the party to whom she could refer in any emergency that might arise in her search for information.

The yacht took the top of the swell over the bar like a bird, and then flew up a channel narrow and deep into a quiet landlocked lake. Here following the curve of the land, it came back into the channel, then went on, passing the entrance of a second lake and turned into the third and largest and deepest lake, in the middle of which was an island surrounded by deep water that came quite to its grassy edge, the water of all three lakes being as quiet as though a hundred miles from the ocean.

In her notebook Belinda drew the outline of a three-leaved clover, the three lobes representing the lakes and the stem the channel; then she showed how easily this pearl of harbors in which

the fleets of the world might anchor with safety could be defended in time of war. The channel leading to it was deep enough for the heaviest war vessels. "Though the narrow bar of sand must be removed," she wrote; "but being of sand, and not wide, the removal is a trifling matter compared with the advantages to be derived."

Belinda loved her United States, and her heart thrilled with intense pride as she thought of the day when this harbor might belong to her own country, and so make that country queen of the Pacific. There is no doubt that Belinda may have been considered ultra patriotic; still, she had a sort of instinct in politics, and her power of forecasting political events would have made her able to take a high position had she been a man; as it was, she used her judgment to help others whom she believed would work for the highest good of the nation regardless of party.

The *Helene* had already anchored, and lunch was being prepared when the *Hawaii* arrived.

There was much talk of the two yachts and of the race, in which The Three were not especially interested; but the landing was successfully accomplished, and all were well ready for the lunch brought down on the train by the president's wife and Mrs. Morris and others, who preferred to take their pleasures on land.

The banks whereon the lunch was spread were green and conveniently near the open cottage

of the "father of annexation," who was there to see that all that could add to the comfort of the party should be done. The wind was soft but cheery, and the day went on in the charm peculiar to Hawaiian shores. There were those in the party to whom the milk of the green cocoanuts was as the nectar of the gods, and the yellow papayas were as the golden apples of the Hesperides; there were others who were more interested in the coloring of the sea and sky, comparing it with that of the Mediterranean, to the disadvantage of the latter; and still others who were simply content with the *dolce far niente* of the place, and only hoped the sun would not insist on going down and thus end the perfect day.

Some of the more energetic walked up to Pearl City, which as a city is still somewhat embryonic. Here they found a naval party, which had come down in the private car of the dark-eyed lady.

The "piece of resistance" of the party was the new admiral. He had been sent out to take the place of the admiral who was about to die officially, though still in his prime, by an administration that really wished to know whether the foster-child Hawaii deserved a sugarplum or required a spanking.

The new admiral was keeping an eye open to all the possibilities and the probabilities of the situation. He would not talk except on farming and the best methods of growing pears, though

he was surrounded by people who longed to treat him as they would a rubber doll, squeeze him and make him talk; make him tell the thoughts of which his mind was full; make him give a hint, at least, as to whether or not he would recommend the sugarplum. It remained for Rose to try to enter where others feared to tread. She was only repeating what she had heard others say *sotto voce*, when she exclaimed:

"O! admiral, what a fine ending of the day it would be if you would only hoist the Stars and Stripes here. Then there would be no danger of this charming place falling into the hands of the Celestials."

The weather-eye of the new admiral half-closed, and he viewed his questioner critically as he searched his pockets, while all waited in silence for his answer, which came slowly:

"Don't happen to have a flag about me; but there are two admirals here—might hoist an admiral; there's the pole, ready and waiting. What do you think?" turning gravely to the genial captain, who answered, thinking of promotion: "O that would be all right if you could only hoist the right one!"

The bare pole still is empty, and it still waits the flag that will surely come, sooner or later, either out of the Occident or the Orient to float over and hold these fair islands that form the vantage ground, as well as the paradise, of the Pacific.

The sun did persist in going down, however, so the yachts were forced to return to Honolulu; but it is safe to say that there were not many in all that goodly company that thought it an exaggeration when Judith said, on leaving the president at the wharf, "There was only one mistake in your arrangements—the day should have lasted forever!"

Rose heard it, and concluded that her shot in regard to Laaia's devotion to John Harvey had not been a very telling one after all, though she recalled the fact with some satisfaction that Harvey had been undeniably annoyed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LUAU AT WAIKIKI.

ONE night when Rose felt like doing something unusually extravagant she sent word to Laaia to bring her some fans made of the leaves of the lauhala.

Rose had found that Laaia's frequent appearance at the hotel was causing questions and remarks, so she gave her a little money and told her to buy fans and tapa and sell them to the tourists.

Laaia only half-liked doing it, yet she liked the money, and as Rose suggested that it was only a joke she was willing to keep it up, for a time, at least.

When Laaia came Rose said:

"I hear there is a big luau at Waikiki, and you must take me there. The one where I saw you first was not a genuine kanaka luau, but such as white people have. I want to see a real one."

Laaia hesitated, seemed far from pleased, and finally said:

"I don' think you like—I don' know—I don' think you like any at all. Haole luau more better—for you."

"No, it isn't," answered Rose. "I want to see

a genuine native feast. I can see a haole one any time."

Laaia appeared doubtful, and began walking about the room, looking at things as usual, while Rose transformed herself into a native, but made no more objections. She seemed to-night especially interested in a big trunk, and watched closely as Rose unlocked and opened it and put some things in it.

"I think so," said Laaia; "no one get in when it shut?"

"No," answered Rose, absently.

"S'pose I bring little box and put in there; it stay all time. Kahuna not can get it?"

"No, he could not get it, of course."

"I got it," she said, suddenly, taking from the folds of her dress a little box, such as is used for capsules of medicine, which she had wound round and round with coarse cord tied in many knots, and dropped it in the tray of the trunk just before Rose put down the cover.

"O!" said Rose, in surprise, looking sharply at her.

"It all right," said Laaia, cheerfully; "some day I come get it. I got no place, no tight box; kahuna might get it."

Rose's dark brows contracted, but she said nothing, and Laaia added, persuasively:

"Much pilikia for me I keep box. You not 'fraid. No pilikia you keep it."

Rose concluded it was probably a worthless

amulet or charm connected with some superstition, and thought no more about it, except now and then when she opened her trunk, and then only to wish it were out of her way.

Belinda was dining *en famille* with the chief justice, and Judith was with her aunt and uncle at a big dinner the Corwins were giving at their Waikiki place. John Harvey also was at this dinner, as well as Dr. Jarvis.

Rose felt left out, as she always did when she knew John Harvey was spending the evening where he would see Judith, if she herself was not also invited; and it was this left-out feeling that made her ready for any wild prank. She went gayly down with Laaia and took the car to Waikiki, hardly caring if she should be recognized.

The feast had begun in the afternoon and would extend through the night. New York hours would hardly suit the kanaka, at least for the beginning of his feasts.

Laaia stopped Rose a little at one side but within the inclosure where the feast was held, though far enough away from the mass of people to make the assemblage appear picturesque in the moonlight.

There were sounds of the "taro patch" and "ukulele" and the voices of natives singing.

The people were sitting on the ground, or lounging on mats, or eating poi from calabashes, or drinking awa from gourds and cocoanut shells, or playing cards in sheltered corners by the light of kerosene lamps.

Unaccustomed to the type of amusements popular among natives, it was some little time before Rose understood Laaia's reluctance to bring her, and even then it was only dimly that she saw this was no place for her.

Some were dancing apart in the shade of a widespreading hau tree, and one native came by and took Laaia by the hand and wanted to lead her over there; but she refused. Then a white man came and asked Laaia to go with him and dance. Laaia again refused, and then the man said her friend must come if she did not. So Laaia went, hardly knowing what was best to do. She was now much troubled and kept looking back at Rose, who went close to a clump of trees, where she stood half-afraid, thinking that as soon as Laaia came again they would hurry away.

Then a big kanaka with unsteady step, swinging aimlessly around, came near her, and seeing her quite alone spoke to her in his own language. When he received no answer he said something more and put his hand on her arm.

Quicker than thought she raised her hand, brought it down on his arm in a stinging little blow, and fled back the way she came. She heard his loud, good-natured laugh as she rushed on. Not finding the road which she sought, she came square up against a fence, which she climbed, and then passed quietly and swiftly through patches of bright moonlight from tree

to tree, keeping in the shade as much as possible, and very often stopping to take breath and listen.

Sometimes she heard sounds as of footsteps, which caused her heart to thump, but by waiting found they were made by horses or cows grazing in the vacant lots; so she grew more courageous, and was about to climb another fence, when, hearing voices speaking in undertones, she stopped and dropped close down by a clump of evergreens. Oddly enough, as she did this a vision of herself at a reception the evening before, in a white silk dress with train, came to her. She recalled the grave face of the foreign commissioner who had said to her:

"I suppose you, like most visitors, never meet the natives. They are really interesting."

As he said this she had smiled, thinking of her red holoku and of the natives she had seen, and wondered what he would say if he knew how and where she had seen them.

It always seemed to Rose when in the holoku that she could never wear a handsome dress again with proper dignity, and when in a handsome dress, that she would never dare don a holoku and wander out with Laaia; yet this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde business thoroughly suited her composite nature. To-night, however, her experience was a little too dangerous to be eminently satisfactory.

The voices seemed louder now—or was it be-

cause the throbs of her heart were not so loud?—and she heard some words which she did not understand; then from a voice that she was sure she had heard before:

"Yes, it is bound to carry. As soon as they come—and they have been due five days—the word will go round. Part will be taken to Ewa, part to Leahi, and part to Manoa. Where can you find a better fort than Leahi, or even Punch Bowl? Madam Pele must have made them purposely for us;" and the man laughed.

"Yes, it looks all right; but you know how many times this thing has been tried. Madam Pele may be on our side, but the natives believe Jehovah is against us; and they say that all their gods are nothing if Jehovah is on the side of the Provisional Government people, and I guess they are right."

"The kahunas say we are to succeed," answered the first voice. "At any rate the bombs, if used at the right time, will dispose of the ones we are most afraid of, and then the rest will be an easy matter."

"But," said the other, "it is a lot of pilikia, and what are we to get for it? It looks to me as though we are taking risks only for the head ones to get the bonanza."

"What are we to get? Good salaries and plenty of good times, and none of this bosh about economy and public good. I am sick enough of their talk of 'the future of Hawaii.'"

"The future of Hawaii," said another, "does not interest me half so much as the future of myself. The fact is, I can't keep a horse, and can hardly keep myself. In the old days I kept twenty, and I'll do it again, too."

"Well," said the doubtful one, who had a Hawaiian accent, "I should like my horse back again well enough, but I would rather not risk my head for it. I say, if we are going to get any of Mahua's poi, we will have to be there pretty soon."

They rose and climbed, one after the other, over the fence just about three feet from where Rose was waiting with thumping heart and tightly shut hands; but they went along on the other side of the evergreens in the direction of the luau, and soon passed out of hearing.

Then Rose, over the fence in a flash, sped across the lot and came to another fence, which bounded the road that lay in the moonlight, smooth and yellow and welcome, and on which she was soon walking.

Here she felt secure until she heard carriages and saw two men coming on foot. Forgetting that it was not an uncommon thing for a native woman to be walking alone, fear again took hold of her and she flew across a little ditch and over a low fence into a banana field, and stood, panting with fright, in the shadow of the bananas that branched out before her, shutting her off from the unfriendly moonlight.

The bananas frightened her, for the wind moved them, making them rustle so loud and clamorously that she could not help imagining that people were coming toward her from every point of the field. The rustling leaves sounded exactly to her ears like the starched coats of Chinamen or the silk dresses of women, and the splash of frogs seemed to be native men's feet stepping in one of the dark strips of water which gleamed in the moonlight between the rows of bananas; so she stood still, afraid to go farther into the field, and afraid to go back to the road even after the carriages had passed.

The men on foot, however, she thought she recognized, but was not sure until they had a little more than passed her; then she saw that they were no other than John Harvey and Dr. Jarvis.

Had Harvey been alone she would have called to him. She was even inclined to do so as it was, and trust to their not telling anyone. Then in a flash she thought she might keep up her disguise and pretend to be Laaia, and she called:

"Meesta Olava, Meesta Olava, I like spika to you."

The men both turned, and Harvey came toward her as she climbed over the low fence.

She was trembling visibly, but as she was about to step across the ditch she half-turned her back toward Dr. Jarvis and said to Harvey:

"'Yes, it is I, Rose Tyler,' she said."

"Tell him," nodding her head toward Dr. Jarvis, "to go. I spika to you."

Dr. Jarvis heard and moved on, and then turned to say, laughingly:

"I say, Harvey, this is good, too good to keep."

"O!" answered Harvey, a little annoyed, "don't you come out as gossip-monger at this late day;" and turned to Rose, saying, with less of his kind manner than was usual, "Well, what can I do for you?" but saw even as he spoke that it was not Laaia.

"Ah—er—what is it?" he said, feeling that he must be dreaming.

"Yes, it is I, Rose Tyler!" she said, seeing it was no use to pretend to be Laaia. "I have Laaia's dress on, and I am afraid to go up to the hotel alone. I can't go on the tram, for I gave Laaia the money for the fare, and—and I am afraid." The tears now streamed down her cheeks. "It is so awful," she went on, as he made no answer; "I never was afraid before, and I did not know it was so bad," she said, trying to explain. "I thought you would not mind if I walked with you, it is so far, and I—I never could do it alone."

"Of course not," much bewildered; but he took her hand and, putting it in his arm, said, "Come," and moved on. "You must get home as soon as possible. It will not do for you to stay out any longer"—talking at random as she

still continued to cry. "You will certainly be ill."

A carriage flashed past them, and then another. After the second one passed Harvey said:

"That was Mrs. Morris's carriage. If I had known it sooner I would have asked them to take you in."

"O no!" cried Rose; "O no! I could not have them see me."

This recalled his resentment toward Rose, which he had forgotten in his surprise. This then was a part, a phase of Rose's life of which he had had a hint from Puu. There was something strange—even stranger than appeared on the surface—if Rose did not want Judith and Mrs. Morris to know; but he must wait and not allow himself to add to her distress. His suggestion had made Rose feel still more forlorn and more degraded by her escapade; but even she would have been sorry for Judith could she have known how Judith suffered during the rest of the night after seeing Harvey walking with a girl on his arm who she supposed was Laaia, and bending his face rather anxiously toward her.

Rose tried to tell Harvey how she came to be in such a plight; and almost before she knew it she had told the whole story of her acquaintance with Laaia, of her walks with her, and of their visit to the kahuna; of his words, and then of the men whom she had overheard talking to-

night as she waited in the shadow of the evergreens.

As she talked the childishness of the girl struck Harvey with peculiar force, and his indignation waned. It all seemed like an affair that a romping schoolgirl of fifteen might have got into; and her wrath against the native man, and against the group of white men who were talking, and then her indignant sobbing and tears, were a part of the childishness, especially as she implied that they were at fault for her good time being spoiled, and ended with a remark to the effect that men were always in the way of her having a good time. That she had been playing with fire he well knew, and he could only be thankful that she had escaped with a singe of her eyebrows.

But as she went on to tell of the kahuna's words, and of the plot in regard to the arms and ammunition, he forgot the absurdity, and only thought of the strangeness of this girl stumbling on information that, rightly used, would save the government from serious trouble.

He could not be glad enough that he had happened along at the right time, if one can say "happened" in regard to anything so vital to life and property as this surely was.

Other carriages rolled by filled with people in evening dress. Evidently others at Waikiki, besides the Corwins, had been giving dinners.

Harvey turned and looked at each carriage,

hoping to find an empty one that he might hire. Rose noticed this, and thought he was nervous because the people in the carriage might see that he was walking with a native woman, or one who would appear to them as a native. She wished he would not do so, as it would attract less attention if he kept his back to them.

As a matter of fact, some of his acquaintances besides Judith did recognize him. They told of the matter, and it caused some comment which did not come to his ears, though it reached Judith.

At last came an empty carriage with a native driver, which Harvey engaged at once, previously whispering to Rose to say nothing whatever in the presence of the man.

He made some little explanation to the driver to the effect that this lady was not feeling well, and had asked him to take her to the vicinity of the hotel, where she had a friend; and then talked on about various matters, especially in regard to the suspicious foreigners who had been seen about the city.

Harvey congratulated himself on being in luck to-night, as the driver was a reliable man who had a brother on the police force, and he seemed glad to tell his suspicions of those men, and also of Dane, speaking so low and cautiously that Harvey had to bend his head over quite to the front seat in order to understand, as the kanaka feared the woman who was with Harvey. He

half thought it was Laaia, and, knowing her well, would not have told anything in her hearing which he did not wish the whole town to know.

Harvey, understanding why he spoke so low, assured him that he need not fear; that she would not repeat even if she heard, which was unlikely. The kanaka would have been sure about this girl had he not thought he had seen Laaia dancing at the luau, from which he had just come, having taken a belated party of natives there. At any rate, he would know later, as he was going back at twelve o'clock, and she would still be there if that, and not this, was Laaia. This girl was very quiet, and kept her hat well down over her face, which was not at all Laaia's way.

Harvey helped Rose from the carriage at the corner near the hotel, so that she might go in without attracting attention, and after asking her to say nothing to anyone of what she had heard, and suggesting that she return Laaia's holoku, that she might not be tempted to wear it again, drove away to spend the night in active work to thwart the plotters.

Several expeditions of trusty men, headed by those who were fighting for home and right, set off before morning to the various points in the island that had been mentioned.

One party of men was just in time to receive the first boatload of arms from the ship that had finally arrived. They could not, however, pre-

vent a signal being given, and the ship made sail and sped away to parts unknown.

In the days following, each man about town who could give no authentic account of himself was quietly watched, and when a large ship called on its way to the Coast these men were kindly and politely advised to take passage, which they did without any apparent reluctance.

Dane also was watched, and in consequence clews to several things of interest were found, among them things that seemed to locate the theft of the crown jewels.

But, though the ship fled so quickly, Harvey knew it would return some other night and, in some unwatched bay, land the arms and ammunition and store them in the old caves where the bones of the early natives still lie. Adventure was meat and drink to the men who were in charge of the arms. They had little to fear from a government whose extreme clemency was its weakness and its strength, and as long as the money which was back of them held out they argued that they might as well be doing this as anything else.

CHAPTER X.

AWAY TO HILO.

"ONE of the most interesting things to do," Belinda had remarked to Rose before they sailed from San Francisco, "will be to visit the great living volcano which is on the island of Hawaii;" but as the time approached Belinda began to wish the volcano was not. The climate was having, as is not infrequent when people first arrive in the islands, a curious relaxing influence on her, though she did not mind exerting herself to a slight degree for anything pleasant.

"My working spirit is sleeping or taking a journey," she said to Rose from the depths of her easy chair, "and I feel as though I could be perfectly contented to live here the remainder of my life, in the simple and natural occupation of enjoying myself and my surroundings."

Rose's only answer was a laugh of derision.

"O, it is true, and I am taking a vacation from my conscience, though it is the first time I was ever able to persuade it to let me have a vacation, for it is abnormal and overdeveloped. I do not seem now to be at all weighed down by the feeling that there is any 'ought' in the world, and I may soon begin to tell lies or

to steal, if I find there is anything worth doing either for."

"Your conscience does not seem to have that attitude toward me," said Rose, with a little laugh; "it is as hard on me as ever; but as we are obliged to go we might as well pack our handbags at once."

Standing on the deck of the little interisland steamer *Kinau*, and waving good-byes to friends on the wharf below, The Three agreed they had had a perfectly delightful sojourn in Honolulu.

In agreeing to this Belinda had no mental reservation, though Judith had one and Rose had one and part of another.

Judith's reservation was herself—she, the one discordant element in all the beauty and delight of the place; she, a warped, unhappy woman, who never could be otherwise than a disappointment to her friends and a keen pain to herself.

Rose said it had been a delightful time, but reflected how much more delightful—yes, how perfect—had it not been for that dreadful luau at Waikiki and John Harvey's determined coldness, which, though somewhat abated since that same luau of disagreeable memory, was still definite enough to render her uncomfortable.

The little interisland steamer was full of tourists, and the party, of which The Three were an integral part, consisted of about a dozen of the people they had met, though Dr. Jarvis was the only one they had met often.

The party was satisfactorily chaperoned by a clergyman and his purring little wife, who kept much to themselves, and to whom Dr. Jarvis owed his invitation to take the trip in the company of the one whose presence in these days made his sunshine and whose absence made his cloud.

Dr. Jarvis was an alleviation, Rose thought. She always needed an alleviation if Judith was to be of the party.

Belinda had said that she was glad Mrs. Morris had made the trip so recently as not to wish to go with them, for they could once more have Judith all to themselves. Rose was tempted to reply that she could have borne it had Judith also made the trip so recently as not to wish to go, but she refrained. It was no part of Rose's plan to make herself disagreeable to Belinda. Too much of what rendered her life interesting depended on Belinda's favor.

Just as Mrs. Morris was leaving them on the *Kinau* she had said, hurriedly, keeping her eyes off Judith meanwhile:

"By the way"—Mrs. Morris's "by the ways," like her postscripts, contained the most important items of all—"I hear that John Harvey will join you at Maui, where he has been for a day or two. He has to go to Hilo on business, and if he can get time he will go on up to the volcano with your party. I am sure I hope he will do so, for I have my doubts about letting you go

without some one who has been there before, and who understands the seductions of Madam Pele."

Dr. Jarvis responded that, if he should withstand the fascinations of the various members of the party during the two days of the sea journey, he thought he might be considered safe against those of the goddess of fire.

Mrs. Morris had laughed and looked at Rose. She was glad to see Dr. Jarvis in earnest, and thought Rose would do very well for him, and he for Rose; but she would not have thought of him twice for Judith. O no! There was no one good enough for Judith except John Harvey, and even he ought to be very thankful if he could win her. Mrs. Morris had taken to adoring Judith, just as everybody else had done all her life; and what was the reason?

Rose was ruminating something like this while Judith was wondering why her aunt had not told her before that Harvey intended to join them.

So they sailed away over water so blue that it was difficult to believe it would not stain their hands. Away past purple Diamond Head; away past grim Molokai, grim because of its natural state and because of the people on it doomed to a lonely life of disease and pain; away, away, tossing and rolling, but sailing toward new and fascinating prospects and experiences. Dr. Jarvis, at the first opportunity, sat himself down by Rose.

"Any news, good friend?" she asked, in a

tone that invited conversation. One of the things that rendered Dr. Jarvis interesting to her was his habit of having tidbits of news and gossip to tell her.

"No, I think not. O yes, indeed, a fine bit. They have nipped a new plot against the government. Some one, who was not especially interested, I believe, accidentally heard the whole matter, when the beach combers were talking it over. They were down by a fence or wall, and the fellow was on the other side and naturally listened. You know it is absurd, but plots are always discovered by some one overhearing, for plotters always get down by a hedge or a fence. When I originate a plot I shall take the middle of a bare field and broad daylight."

Rose laughed, and her eyes shone. She could hardly keep from telling him who "the fellow" was. Well, it was something to have broken up a plot. She might even like to remember the luau at Waikiki if it were really true. But why had not Harvey told her?

"What did they do? Did they get the arms?"

"Did I say they had arms? Perhaps I did," as Rose made no answer. "Yes, they got part of them; but the investigation of the plotters led to another important thing, and they have caught the fellow who took the crown jewels."

"Really!" cried Rose, her eyes blazing with excitement. "O, really?"

This was fine. Why had not Harvey told her,

and why did he still dislike her if she had been the cause of so much being discovered?

"Of course, the fellow—he was one of the palace guards at the time—denies it; but they have pretty good proof. Some decorations, what Kipling calls 'open-work, jam-tart jewels,' which were missed at the same time as the stones, were found in a place to which he had access, and he has been selling and giving away some stones, which have been identified, though he says they were given to him by—"

"What is his name?" asked Rose, interrupting him. She was wondering if it could be Laaia's friend or admirer.

"Dane, I believe."

This gave her no light. She had not heard Laaia mention the name of the guard with whom she had seen her talking, but she thought probably it was the same one, and then it occurred to her to wonder if Laaia herself might not have had something to do with the robbery. Following this came another thought that made her heart stop beating:

"What is in the little box that Laaia dropped into my trunk? If Dane, the guard, and Laaia's admirer are one and the same, what more natural than that he should give Laaia some of the stones, even if she has not helped to take them, and what would be more like her than to put the risk of keeping them on some other person's shoulders?"

So the chances were that she had been keeping, and was still keeping, in her trunk, which she had left in Honolulu, some of the lost jewels about which she had so often wondered and dreamed.

Rose's eyes grew bigger as she unconsciously stared at Jarvis in surprise and consternation.

What would happen to her? What would they do to her? How could she get rid of the box without letting anyone know? though—perhaps it was known already! Laaia would surely tell if it would save herself from any trouble in the matter. Unable to sit still without talking of what was in her thoughts, she jumped up from her chair and went quickly down to her stateroom, where she might think over the situation in quiet. When there she remembered that she had not answered Dr. Jarvis when he had asked why she looked so odd—if it was in chagrin at the thought that she, too, had not been one of Dane's friends and shared in the distribution of the jewels.

She half laughed as she thought it was only too probable that she had some of the jewels.

Now she remembered that Laaia mentioned the kahuna when she asked if the trunk was a safe place, and she told herself that she was easily frightened; that she need not think she was to be in all the robberies as well as in the revolutionary plots; and, remembering that Dr. Jarvis must think her movements very strange, she deter-

mined not to be worried unnecessarily, and to wait until she heard more about it before she spoiled the day by forebodings.

So she went back to the deck and said, with partial truth, in answer to Dr. Jarvis's look of curious inquiry:

"I happened to think of something very important just at that moment, and I went to my stateroom to see if it was as I thought. I am afraid I left you rather abruptly."

"Remembered that you had not remembered to lock up your jewels, I suppose. Don't worry; there are no thieves on board."

"There may be some one as good as a thief, however. Isn't the receiver said to be as good as the thief?" she answered, with an audacious laugh; "and if I had received some of the crown jewels I would naturally want to lock them up after hearing from you that the original thief was arrested."

"Rather," and Jarvis joined in her laugh.

He liked Rose's laugh. It was gay and inspiring, and it often lingered with him long after he had left her. Sometimes he thought that the echo of her laugh was all that he should ever have of Rose; but he knew that he should have that until the day of his death.

"For I suppose I too would be arrested," she added, "if it were known that I was fleeing to Hilo with some of them in my possession."

"O yes," assented Jarvis, "and handcuffs put

on you, though I don't believe they have any small enough; and then you would miss seeing the volcano. What bosh!" he broke off, impatiently; "I cannot even in a joke connect such things with you."

"I can," she said; "it's odd, but as long as it is in a joke or a pretense I like it. To have it real, and to have people know it was real, would be what I should not like."

Dr. Jarvis was regarding her closely; she could feel that he was beginning to think she might be a very strange and curious person.

"I like to do odd things," she hastened to say. "I hate doing just the same old thing every day. I like to see how other things seem. When I was a little girl I was taken to see the animals in a menagerie. I disappeared just as my mother was leaving, and she found me in front of the big tiger's cage trying to get near enough to put my hand in the cage. It is a legend in the family that I cried because I was prevented, and said, "I wants to pull his tail and see him growl!"

Dr. Jarvis laughed, but said, with a look of admiring conviction:

"I believe you would have done it, too."

"Yes, of course; that's what I went back for; but I think I should have cried harder if my project had succeeded than I did at its failure. By the way, you did not tell me whether or not they had found all of the lost jewels."

"No; but they have most of them, and are on the track of others. They think a native girl who has been seen with Dane has some."

Rose laughed, though Dr. Jarvis did not see why, and said:

"He must have been a novice at stealing, or he would not have tried to sell or to give them away so soon after taking them. I do not think thieves usually do that way; they keep them a long time, then take them away to other places."

"Yes, it seems a curious way to do; I fancy he had not had much experience."

It was supper time now, and after supper Rose went to her stateroom to think. There was little doubt in her mind now, and she wanted to think of some way by which she might get rid of the little box in her trunk; but though many plans were suggested none seemed feasible, and the night waned before she fell asleep, thinking that if she had not succeeded when a child in putting her hand in a tiger's cage she had done something very like that now; and though she feared, as she had said to Jarvis, the notoriety of it, she liked the danger and the interest and excitement of thinking that she was in a critical position.

Judith had not for one moment forgotten that John Harvey was coming on board during the night, and that she would see him at the breakfast table.

She tried to forget it, and yet she was afraid to

do so. The long days which she had expected to spend without seeing him suddenly shortened their perspective, and now she felt the time would go all too rapidly. It would not matter, she said to herself, it would make no difference if she had the painful delight of his presence for a few more days. Life would be long enough when she had struck the dead level of the stretch of years that were to come, when she could not see him or even hear his name or know of his welfare. It would not be long now, for Belinda meant to return to the States soon after this trip was accomplished.

Separated from him by an ocean and a continent, she would once more return to something like the old calm which had attended her ways when there. So she said she would let herself be glad that he was coming, and greet him kindly, even though she thought he should have asked for the permission, which he knew would not be granted, to join her; as it was to be with her, and her only, that he was coming—of that she was certain.

She slept little, as the steamer was unsteady and there was much noise in landing cattle and produce from Maui, and her thoughts were troublesome.

So she rose early, with the memory pressing on her of that other morning when from the deck of the *Australia* she had watched the sun rise.

The gray dawn changing to rosy-colored morning, viewed from a little steamer winding through channels that separate islands set in southern seas, has a charm unknown to people living in thickly populated districts of northern climates. One gets a hint of the isolation, but not of the beauty, in waking early when crossing the Great American Desert, and watching, from the vestibule of the car, the morning come over the sand and sagebrush. Here, in these warm latitudes, the isolation is made sweet by a comforting beauty of sea and sky and warm tints of islands.

Judith thought of many things while she stood here alone and away from people and associations. She could see that life, even with all the new pain, was better to her than it had been before she came to the islands. She was awake and alive; the old nerveless, hopeless existence was in the past. She began to feel that there was much to do in the world that was worth doing, and that she must find it and do it. Now it seemed strange to her that she had been willing to remain a nonentity, simply concerned in making life pleasant to those about her while it remained tasteless and barren to herself.

This might have shown her that her faith in man, and consequently in God, was awakening—very slowly, it is true; very gently, but very surely. Not that doubt was dead; this could not

be while John Harvey was not understood and while Laaia seemed to hold sway; though it was strange that Judith's intuition, which rarely failed her, seemed to fail her completely here. Perhaps it did not. It may have been that her intuition made it possible for her to love, when the evidence of her senses led her to doubt.

Now that the time approached when she should see him, she tried to think he ought not to have come—at least without asking her; but she could only be glad, glad that he was to be with her soon. She looked at her watch and counted the hours and the minutes which would elapse before breakfast, when she knew she would see him.

But when breakfast time came she could not bring herself to go down and greet him with so many present; so she had her coffee on deck, and sat down with a book in her hand, which she did not read.

Then two or three men came up, and when two or three more came and he did not appear she began to fear that he had not arrived. Now a still more harrowing thought struck her. The landing from the island was a very dangerous undertaking, and people sometimes were drowned. She had heard this spoken of, but had not until this moment thought of it in connection with him.

As though in answer to her thought, a tourist standing not far from her said to his companion:

"Yes; two men went down, and there seemed to be no trouble taken to find them. You must have a good conscience if you slept through the noise and clatter of getting those horses and cattle on board. They were swung up by pulleys on to the deck, and when it was nearly all done the men disappeared. They may have been too tired to keep up, for they had worked hard."

"Kanakas, I suppose."

"Of course; if they had been white men it would have been a different matter."

Judith's heart, which had stopped beating at the first words of the men, throbbed with relief. She smiled at her quick fears, while she wondered if it were possible that in this day and age human life could be so lightly regarded.

During the day she learned that the tourist, after the manner of his kind, had jumped at a conclusion. Seeing the men go under, and not seeing them come up, which they did nearer the shore on their way back to their homes, and not knowing the power of the kanaka to swim under water, he had taken it for granted that they were drowned.

While the men were still talking of the work of the night there was a rush, a fluttering of skirts, men's voices and women's laughter, and the remainder of the passengers poured up from the dining room.

Belinda and Rose, attended by John Harvey

and Dr. Jarvis, came toward Judith, whose face, to Harvey's intense satisfaction, beamed with gladness and genuine welcome.

After greetings were exchanged Harvey said, with something like disappointment in his tone:

"I suppose you have seen Haleakela?"

"No," she said, half in doubt as to what Haleakela was; "I had not thought of it."

"Come around to the stern of the steamer then," he said, quickly.

Following him, they saw a pale blue mountain rising from a bank of creamy clouds that still had a faint pink glow from the morning. It was Haleakela, the dead volcano that lifts itself ten thousand feet above the sapphire sea throbbing at its feet.

The tourist was behind them, saying:

"It is the largest crater in the world. New York city might be hidden in it, at least all below Central Park; and the tallest spires would not begin to reach up to the top of the cones down on the floor of the crater. It is a tremendous sight. I went over to Maui for the especial purpose of seeing it."

"He is right," said Harvey, moving away; "it is tremendous, and you should see it by all means, for it is in some ways more interesting than an active volcano like Kilauea."

"Ki-lau-e-a," repeated Rose; "I never can remember it, I am sure. Ki-lau-e-a; it has a fascinating sound." They were rather crowded by

other people, so they wandered back to their chairs, with the exception of Dr. Jarvis, who had been held by the tourist, who wanted to tell him about his day spent on the Barking Sands of Kauai, averring that they were like, in sound, to dozens of angry puppies. Harvey was about to seat himself beside Judith in great content, when Rose, who had purposely placed her chair farther up the deck, called:

"Mr. Harvey, will you come here for a moment?"

He gave a glance toward the unoccupied chair by Judith, but moved toward Rose. There was a seat beyond her to which she motioned him, but which he did not take until she said:

"I have a very important question to ask you."

"What is it?" sitting down; but there was no eagerness in his tone.

"It is this," seeing she must be businesslike: "I have reason to believe that I have some of the stolen crown jewels in my possession. What will they do with me? They will hardly send me to 'the Reef?'" with a laugh that only half veiled her anxiety.

"No, of course not; but tell me the exact circumstances, and then I can judge of the matter."

He was interested enough now; so Rose told it all, not hurrying, and giving at length her reasons for believing that the little box held

some diamonds, and asking if she could do anything before her return to Honolulu.

At first he said she could not until she knew positively. But, on thinking it over, he could have little doubt himself that the box held at least part of the missing stones.

He knew that Laaia was the native girl suspected of having some of the jewels, and that her grandmother's cottage had been searched, and that Laaia herself was under espionage.

Finally he said:

"If you will allow me, I will send the key of your trunk in a letter to a trusty friend, who will open the trunk, take out and examine the box, and if it contains any jewels will find a way of getting them into the hands of the police at once, without it being known where they came from. Laaia will not tell, so you will be shielded."

"But I could not have anyone but you know about—about my friendship for Laaia, and everything. It would surely get out."

"Puu knows."

"O yes, but he is different; he would not tell."

"He is the friend to whom I wish to send the key."

"O—well, that would do, only my own jewels are in the trunk; do you—he might—take them?"

"No more than I would. You may hold me responsible for everything being all right. I

really do not see any other way; the evidence is needed, and if you are away it justifies me in concealing the source of the information."

"But will he be allowed at the hotel to go to my trunk?"

"A note from you saying you have authorized him to open it will make that all right, though I will also write to the proprietor, saying that you have explained the circumstances to me. I will write the letter at once and leave it at the next landing, on the chance of its being taken soon to Honolulu;" and he went away to his stateroom.

Rose was immensely relieved, for she began to feel that she had been dangerously foolish in being regardless of conventionalities, and for the first time in her life really understood that conventionalities were not arbitrarily formed for restraint and discomfort, but for the actual protection of those not able to protect themselves. All the conventionality she had was an accretion, and no more a part of her than her long-tailed gown, and they, the conventionality and the train, had been in her way.

She shared in the feeling which most people had in regard to Harvey, that if he took hold of a matter it was sure to come out all right; and she was well pleased, for more reasons than one, to have kept him at her side so long, especially as in his interest in the subject under consideration he had quite lost the cold and disagreeable manner she so disliked.

He soon came back to ask her for her key; so she had to get up from her chair and go down with him, where she remained some time. Harvey came back soon after she did, feeling glad to get the letter off his hands and elated at the information he was sending, as it justified him in leaving Honolulu, on his own interest bent, at a time when only a matter of life and death could call him away, for he felt that Judith's love meant more to him than life, and to lose her would mean more than death.

Now he was promising himself a long hour in Judith's company, but she seemed absorbed in her book, did not look up as he approached, and the seat which he had intended to take was occupied.

Belinda, on the other side of Judith, was scribbling in her notebook; so there seemed nothing to do but wait.

The only empty seat on deck was the one by Rose, but he did not want to go there again. However, the steamer was not very steady, and he saw he must sit down, so he went slowly back to this chair, keeping his eyes on the one next to Judith, determined to take it at the first opportunity.

He now tried to make Rose talk of Judith, but she would not, and talked of Laaia, telling him that Laaia had come to her the morning after the luau at Waikiki, in a good deal of anxiety for her welfare, saying that she had hunted

everywhere during the night and had been very frightened; also that Laaia had evinced no surprise when told that she would not go out with her again. It did not occur to Rose, as it did to Harvey, that Laaia was probably much relieved by Rose's decision to take no more rambles at night.

Finally, getting impatient, Harvey rose and walked up and down the deck, but Judith never lifted her eyes from her book. He began to feel, notwithstanding the letter he had written, that the morning was being wasted, and was very glad when the gong sounded for dinner.

"What a disagreeable sound! Only a fiend could have invented a gong for sea voyages," he exclaimed.

"By Jove, you are right," said Jarvis, who had been in his stateroom for the last hour, sulking because Rose had talked so long to Harvey; "I never hear it, even on land, without a qualmish feeling coming over me. What a beastly day it is! Absolutely the stupidest morning I ever spent on board a steamer!"

"Yes, it is stupid, but perhaps the afternoon will be better," answered Harvey, ever hopeful and with confidence in his own power to shape things as he wished when he had no duty on hand to interfere.

Judith came late to the table, smiling, as usual, though there seemed something chilly in her smile as her eyes rested a moment on him, and each cheek had a bright spot of red.

The steamer was rolling more and more, but Harvey hardly noticed it until a plunge sent some of the stone china flying off the table, and then Belinda, followed by Judith and Rose, went out. Harvey followed them as quickly as he could, but they were not on deck. He walked up and down until weary, then went and seated himself among a lot of natives at the extreme end of the steamer and talked to them, drawing them out, learning much of their simple, kindly lives, and in turn telling them of the great world, of its progress and enterprise. It was this habit of making himself at home with the natives, of talking with and to them, that rendered him able to understand them, and in turn made them come to him with their troubles and grievances.

The steamer now brought them along the coast of Hawaii, stretching in golden sweeps of sugar-cane up from the sapphire water, and The Three, catching alluring glimpses from their open ports, came up.

Upon the hillsides, which appeared like beaten gold, were round masses of foliage accented by windmills and roofs of houses, suggesting homes and sweet home influences amid which people could live in stillness and pastoral content away from the big commercial world. Up beyond these golden slopes were wooded hills, and beyond these lay long lines of purple mountains, and beyond these, back and above the banks of yellow-white cumulus clouds which rim each and

every island, Moana Kea lifted his snow-capped head up into the deep, thick blue of the sky.

Passing on, the soft and peaceful landscape was broken suddenly by a deep chasm, beyond which were beautiful bold cliffs rising perpendicularly from the sea in dark shades, their tops covered with sulphur-green velvet, and down the long faces of which fell scores of waterfalls gleaming on their dark-red and golden-brown background like diamond spikes.

The night fell softly. Jarvis went down to supper, but Harvey remained with The Three when he found they were not going. Rose and Jarvis had chattered, while Belinda had been expressing her surprise at the size and extent of the sugar plantations and getting estimates of values and exports and dividends from Harvey. Judith rather remotely had kept up her side of the conversation, but that peculiar way she had of putting herself out of everything had returned to her, though she did not in the least make those about her feel discomfort—a sort of smiling, veiled reserve and a talking in platitudes, which was simply offered as the exchange of the courtesies of life without giving out one iota of herself.

Her manner to Rose was exactly what it always had been; Rose could not detect the slightest difference; but there was an added warmth in her attitude to Belinda, growing out of her feeling that at least here was one person on whom she could rely.

Still, Harvey was not to be set aside in this manner. Putting away suggestions of subterfuges and excuses by which he might get a few minutes of her individual attention, he went straight to her as the night began to come in thick, soft darkness with gleams of light from stars and waves and apparently out of nowhere.

She seemed to know what he was going to do, and whispered to Belinda, "Come, let us walk; I can stand this no longer," just before he bent toward her saying, in a low tone, so full of deep feeling that it startled Rose and Belinda, but not Judith:

"Come and walk with me. I have some things I wish to explain to you."

"O, thank you!" said Judith, with indifferent kindness; "but Belinda and I were just about to walk. Another time;" and, taking Belinda's arm, walked away, leaving Harvey astonished and hurt.

He thought, from very shyness, she would have gone with him when he made this bold move, and he took a half step as though to go to her and make her yield to his wish. His eyes followed her, while Rose looked at him, her cheek flushing. She could not see a man cut up because of another woman's indifference without feeling it a slight to herself.

"I will walk with you," she said, boldly and sweetly, as she saw Dr. Jarvis coming toward her.

Harvey could do no less than offer his arm with a kind of relief, yet he could not talk.

Rose talked, and now and then her laugh reached the others. Judith had said to Belinda, when she saw Harvey walking with Rose:

"Please talk to me, but do not pay any attention to my answers nor make me talk."

So Belinda talked on—of sugar-cane fields, how they were cultivated; of the old days, when sandalwood was the only export; of the new days to come, when the mountain sides would be terraced for olive orchards and grapes, when the forests would be transformed into coffee plantations, and when every inch of soil would be worth its measure in dollars—while Judith, as best she could, quelled the tumult in her heart caused by Harvey's demand and by the pained look of astonishment at her refusal to accede to it, and by his apparent quick turning to Rose.

He had meant as much as a man could mean. Two of The Three knew it, and they knew, too, that Judith knew what it meant to him when she refused to walk with him.

When the *Kinau* anchored in Hilo Bay a little after midnight, and was met by boatloads of kanakas talking loudly and all at once, two of the passengers did not have to be awakened, and another, Rose, had just fallen asleep.

It was interesting, this landing under the starlit sky in the soft, moist atmosphere, surrounded

and helped by big, strong, good-natured natives. The Three were distributed about among friends of Mrs. Morris's, who took them in, with a hospitality that savored of the millennium, to keep them from the trials of a hotel which was in a betwixt-and-between stage, precluding comfort.

CHAPTER XI.

ON TO KILAUEA.

THEY awoke to a morning made interesting by chattering of mynas and gurgling of water in the beautiful gardens under their windows.

It was like a June morning in its bright beauty, but unlike it in seeming a little old or faded or tired. Possibly, however, it may have been that their eyes were tired of opening each morning to bright, sunshiny days, and tired of glittering blue seas rimmed by banks of ivory-white clouds; for the eyes of those born under gray clouds and leaden skies ache from too much sunshine, even as those inured to sorrow turn from long-continued joy.

But even if tired of much brightness they liked the fascinating little town, with its air of having strayed away from some New England hillside, and, having stopped to rest among cocoanut palms and Chinese washhouses, and forgotten to get up and go on. Showers came and went; but as they came out of a sunshiny sky and left a few rainbows scattered about, they, like tears on the face of a beautiful woman, only deepened the attraction; or, like the tears of a woman who weeps too often, passed unnoticed.

The stages came around early with cheery toot of horn. The one which started last and well behind the others had Belinda and Rose on the front seat, the kanaka driver sandwiched between them, Judith and the Baroness von Something—a stranded tourist—on the middle, and John Harvey, Dr. Jarvis, and a wandering Scot on the rear seat.

Dr. Jarvis was cross because he was not a kanaka stage driver, John Harvey was in a frame of mind that was far from cheerful, and Judith was in the repentant mood that always came to her after any forced coldness or harshness toward Harvey.

Rose was in the neutral state which belongs to people who have carried their point but gained nothing by so doing. She had kept Harvey at her side during most of the preceding day, but he was no nearer her to-day than ever before.

Belinda was happy because she had a good view and because she had the driver at hand, from whom she began to squeeze information, which came in broken bits and pieces, as though he were reluctant to let her know what he knew.

However, it was only his English that was reluctant; he himself, like all Hawaiians, was too generous to withhold anything in his power to give.

Going up out of Hilo by the volcano road, they got a sensation of there still being something fresh and new in the world, something out

of which the feet of people have not trod all the sweetness, and out of which the eyes of people have not stared all vigor, and which tongues of people have not made hackneyed and characterless.

Back of them was the beautiful bay, its curve broken by little points of black volcanic rocks, with Cocoanut Island, dear to many hearts, in its midst; and before them the fascinating roadway that leads through fields of waving cane, past little ancient craters, over lava beds covered with thin soil, and through beautiful luxuriant spicy woods, with the freshness of the early years of the world still lingering about them, and then past miles and miles of pandanus or louhala trees, whose fantastic roots were often covered by a luxuriant growth of ferns of richest color.

Passing a cluster of houses and a huge sugar mill, which sent out a sweetish odor into the air all about, Rose became conscious that Belinda was talking to her instead of to the kanaka.

"You know you must understand sugar if you really wish to understand the islands."

"Well, what should I know?" asked Rose, absently.

"You should know that while there are thousands of acres in a plantation, a part always lies fallow that it may recover its strength. Of that under cultivation, a part is in what is called "plant," a part is in its first "ratoun" crop, and another part is in second "ratoun" crop.

The volcano road.

"The laborers are Japanese chiefly, though some are Chinese and some are Portuguese. The lunas or sub-overseers are either German, Scotch, or American; but the managers are apt to be American or Hawaiian-born Americans.

"The plantations are managed by companies, whose stocks in the old days paid, in good years, a dividend of forty per cent, and they called it a poor year when they could only pay twenty-five per cent. Think of it, when I am thankful to get five per cent!"

"Isn't that as good?" asked Rose, absently, straining her ears to hear what Harvey was saying.

Belinda's lips were pressed down into a thin line, which denoted a firm determination to be patient whatever happened.

But the idea of anyone in possession of her five senses asking if five per cent was not so good as forty! Ah, but there was where Belinda felt the shoe pinch, though she hated to own it. Rose was not in possession of all her senses; some perverse spirit held her and was leading her wheresoever it willed. Either this was true or else Belinda had been mistaken in Rose, and she was only a selfish, self-seeking, disagreeable girl. Many things to which Rose had thought her oblivious strengthened this suspicion.

Belinda sighed, then put Rose out of her thoughts, for she could not waste time while she was passing so much that was interesting.

The coach now stopped a moment for Harvey to spring out and cut off the crown of pulu fern and to break a branch or two from some indefinite, characterless trees.

He came around to Judith to show her the amber-colored silk, used by natives for making pillows, which covered the curled-up fronds as big as a baby's fists, and then cut open the stalk, showing the white pith, which the natives cook and eat when taro is scarce. Putting his hand on the seat preparatory to climbing up, he said to Jarvis, who had been sitting immediately behind Judith, and who had also got out:

"I'll change seats with you, if you do not mind."

"Not in the least," answered Jarvis, gayly.

Mind? Of course he did not mind. In fact, he felt much relieved as he laughed to himself over Harvey's coolness. He had blamed Harvey for the miserable day he had had on the *Kinau*, thinking that Harvey had found out that Rose was, as he had always known, a thousand times more attractive than Judith; and he also had not been blind to Rose's satisfaction.

Harvey had broken a bit of the island mulberry tree, and now, leaning over so that Belinda could also hear, explained that when the bark and woody fiber with the pith were pounded and soaked and put through a certain process they were transformed into a thick paper called tapa or kapa; and this paper had been for uncounted

years the material used by natives for bedding and for clothes.

Of course, they all knew what tapa was; they had seen it used as wall drapery in Washington, and had intentions of buying some to take back with them, but they had found it difficult to get.

Now they were passing through the ohia forest, its curling leaves of polished green throwing the rays of sunlight into their eyes. Later in the season the trees would be loaded with crimson apples of a refreshing juiciness.

Climbing over these trees, in a wild, riotous way, was the iia vine, its clusters of spiny leaves so like those of the pandanus that one could almost believe the latter, tired of being a stiff tree, had lapsed into a vine; or, having fallen in love with the ohia, had been unable to keep its branches from winding about and clasping its sweetheart.

Some such fancy was passing through Judith's mind; and she thought that had it been so, had the pandanus actually been transformed from a tree to a vine, it would not have been so great a miracle as had been wrought in her since coming to the islands.

The thought brought the color to her face with a rush, and it spread to her neck and ears, the latter glowing like pink shells as she involuntarily glanced at Harvey, who still was talking of the branch in his hand.

He saw that enchanting wave of color, and

unreasonably felt that it meant something which at least was not despair for him, and he half reached out his hand in an impulse to clasp her and shield her from herself, but drew it back quickly.

"What a perfect day!" he said, exultingly, unable to be silent. "It has been so long since I came over this road I had forgotten what a paradise it leads through; in fact," lowering his tone so that Judith alone heard, "I never before knew what paradise might be."

Another wave of color went over Judith's face, and then it was so pale that he thought her ill for a moment; but her face changed again and resumed its usual appearance.

Now they were passing little houses on stilts set down in the midst of ferns and vines, and white, or yellow, or brown babies were running about in front of them, their blue, or dark round, or dark oblique eyes telling something of their parentage.

At each of these places the kanaka driver blew his horn and gave into the hands of the several women who came out a letter, a newspaper, a fish done up in leaves, a piece of beef tied up in brown paper, or a bucket of dried fish.

Now and then a house showed that the people who spent their lives in it also made a home of the place, and thought of more than simply to supply the wants of the body.

Finally there was a stop made in order to change horses, and the ladies walked on. When they were overtaken a change had been made. The kanaka lay full length in comfort on the top of the stage, and Jarvis, smiling and triumphant, had his place, and was driving.

He looked so self-satisfied and confident that it made Rose feel wicked. She had been wishing he was beside her, for he was amusing, and his devotion comforted her for the absence of devotion from another direction but he looked too confident, and Harvey was too near Judith's seat, so she said:

"It's not fair, Judith, for me to have the best view all the way. Belinda must sit on the driver's seat, because it is necessary that she should see everything. I wish it was necessary for me to see everything, but it is not, and so I will change seats with you now."

Judith did not care for the view, and she did care to sit where Harvey could bend toward her and talk of the trees and ferns they passed, even though she made no sign to him that she liked it. She had her usual lapse into greater kindness after her repulse of the day before. She seemed to use up her strength in repulsing him, and to have none left to keep up the cool manner which naturally should have followed.

But she made no objection to taking Rose's seat, even though she understood Rose's tactics thoroughly; even though she felt Dr. Jarvis's

disappointment, felt Harvey's disappointment as he helped her up, and felt her own the most of all.

It is safe to say that her dislike to Rose was not lessened by this move, and that Belinda's patience was worn rather thin, and that Harvey went back to his first opinion of Rose, if he had ever left it.

A silence settled over all, and Rose had to turn her head and lean far out, looking down into lava holes to cover the laugh she could not suppress at the general gloom. There was some desultory talk by the baroness and the Scot of the coffee plantations, and of the strangeness of the growth of vegetation in the thin coating of soil on the lava beds; but there was little interest shown.

This depression lasted until they came to what the Scotchman, who had been in India, called a "confounded dak bungalow," to the mystification of the others, who concluded that it must mean something very dreadful indeed. They had luncheon on the wide veranda, within view of the blue distance over the straight road on which they had come and the straight road over which they would go.

The path leading from the main road to the "dak bungalow" was planked by spongy red-brown slabs, cut from the trunk of the tree fern; from the ends and sides of the slabs tender green tufts of ferns were growing. There were many

tree ferns and ohias about, in which were the big bird's-nest fern, and over which the iia climbed in wild extravagance. There was much that made them wish to linger here, but the driver's motto seemed to be "Excelsior," and so on they went, after a two hour's rest, up the mountain side.

This time John Harvey and Judith were on the back seat, the baroness and the Scotchman in front of them, Rose, Belinda, and Dr. Jarvis on the front seat, and the kanaka on the roof of the stage. If there was a malcontent among them it surely was not the kanaka.

They rolled past many coffee plantations, where the young coffee trees seemed only a part of the jungle: past lava beds left by the great overflow of earlier years, that had as yet no covering by mother nature; and past open fields of ferns, their red upper leaves and silvery-gray under leaves and green middle leaves making a beautiful iridescence of color in the yellow sunlight.

Suddenly the air became cool, and then sharp, and all the wraps were brought out. The shadows among the ferns were deeper, the sun was behind Mauna Loa; the Scotchman was talking in loud tones to the baroness to make up for her indistinct knowledge of English, as Harvey, with tender little touches, helped Judith on with her wrap; touches that brought the color to her cheeks and started an answering throb in his heart.

"Judith," he murmured, in a low, pleading tone. If the whole world had heard he could not have helped it. The coach swayed into a rut, and Judith's hand was in his for an instant; only an instant, yet long enough to make up to him for many of the empty days he had passed since he had held her hand thus on the morning they had entered Honolulu.

He now said to himself that he had imagined her coldness, that he was too much in love to be courageous, and had built up his own difficulties out of nothing. He resolved to be more sensible in the future.

As for Judith, she dared not think. She was conscious that she was glad, glad, glad that he still cared for her after her dreadful speech to him on the day of the drive to the Pali, glad that he did not mind the rebuff of the day before, glad that he did not care for Rose, and glad that he was beside her. The deep emotion expressed in his tone and in his trembling handclasp precluded the possibility of his caring for another, and this filled her with joy; yet under this joy was a dim consciousness that there would come an hour of reckoning with herself, a consciousness of not living up to her ideals, even of being on the downward grade, if she could be so glad of the regard of a man who was not single-hearted and true, or who might even resemble the one that was responsible for her unhappy life.

"But he is different. I would not have loved him else."

Ah, it was all over now when she began on this line.

"Yes," she said, stoutly, in answer to the mocking laughter of the other part of her nature, the part which stands on guard—"yes, I love him in a way, but he *is* different." What then of Laaia and her coarse lips?

She could not explain, she could only cry out to this guard:

"He is different—he is—he is," with the woman necessity strong upon her for loving up and not down. "I am not a child, to be deceived," she said, in vain protest, trying to drive away the fear of seeing another idol turn to clay before her eyes. But still in the misty background of her mind were the dark eyes of Laaia, full of jealous pain, watching her from the shade of a tamarind tree.

A little later the hotel shed forth a spirit of warmth and cheer which was grateful to these tired and chilled people. A breath of perfume came to them from a mass of heliotrope in the corner of the veranda, pansies nodded a bright welcome, and a savory whiff from the kitchen had a comforting effect. In a few moments they were all in the long parlor, where there was a blazing fire which cast shadows in the room that was already taking on the twilight of evening, and where the landlord came to say that a party was

just departing for the burning lake, and there were more horses if any of them wished to go.

The men answered quickly that they were ready, and Rose wanted to go, but Belinda said firmly that she must not; that a mountain ride of thirty miles was all that Rose or any other woman should undertake in one day.

Rose acquiesced with reluctance, for she was restless and eager and, perhaps, a little unhappy, and went to her room very soon after dinner; but Belinda and Judith sat long by the fire, though not talking much, and only retiring when they thought it time for the men to come in from the descent to the crater.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE CRATER.

DOWN the deep sides of the great crater by a precipitous path which cut through ferns and shrubs and vines, down from a golden sunset and from fresh, flower-scented air into a region of gloom and twilight, went the party the next evening on sure-footed ponies, led by one guide and followed by another.

The day had been spent in walks and little excursions to various small extinct craters near and to the Sulphur Banks, which were still nearer; and in all this the ladies of the party had kept much to themselves.

During the day there had hung over the black-rimmed lake of fire a gray cloud whose under side was rose-red from the reflection of the hot lava below. As the day waned the red deepened, and little fountains could be seen even from the hotel. Now the fountains seemed larger and brighter as the party descended the sides of the crater and began to move over the inky path which led across the lava beds, which were wrinkled and corrugated as though demons had stirred porridge or mixed poi which had petrified under their hands. Did they—the demons—not yet live in the cool, dark caves formed by the

sweep of the waves of lava, and still come out between daylight and dusk into this infinite stillness and dance weird dances?

All the influence of the old fairy tales of Rose's childhood returned to her now, and it seemed quite possible that out of the inky waves gnomes and kobolds might come, though she could lift her eyes up and away to the hotel in the rear where the windows still blazed with the reflected glow of the sun that had gone out of sight, and the sky was still pale and clear with a delicious afterglow at the horizon.

Now there came into their faces a wave of heated, sulphur-laden air from a yawning crack, and the twilight deepened, the twisted lava seemed to gleam with a light from unknown sources, and the stiffened waves almost moved, and there was a little scurrying of rats, perpetual denizens of these isolated blacknesses.

The guide ahead on his white horse went on silently, wrapped in gloom, over the path where numberless other tourists had trod, this path seeming to be all that shut them off from unknown horrors.

Those following him called to each other now and then, but gradually also subsided into silence, and all finally drew up, without a word being said, to the little black corral made from blocks of lava and which was full of dark shadows.

Judith was off her pony before anyone could help her, and taking her stick glided quietly

outside and stood waiting for the guide. When he came she walked on with him over more curves and waves and serpentine sweeps of blackness. Soon there was no path, and they stepped from wave to wave, sometimes over red-lipped cracks whence the hot air poured up with a comforting warmth; and now and then they passed little pink-tipped cones from which blue and white smoke came; then over more unbroken surges of the black sea, there being little sound except the planting of sticks and the crunching of feet on the hard and brittle lava. They moved on like disembodied spirits wandering in purgatory, and as the guide and Belinda ascended the great cone containing the lake of fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, their figures showed black against the glow that came up at their feet, and more than one thought of Dante and Beatrice.

Judith, who had fallen back, came up in time to hear Belinda murmur solemnly, "It looks like hell itself," and did not think it a profane or unwarranted expression.

Jarvis came last, and, not having heard Belinda's remark, said, with more lightness of tone than the others could muster:

"If I were Milton I would have a proper vocabulary for describing this; but being only a common mortal, and in polite society, I am debarred from using the right words; hence I shall say nothing."

Now the guide warned them to be careful to go no farther than he did, and not to forget where they were; then he moved nearer the edge of the shore of this lake. Following, they stepped over cracks by which their sticks were caught and charred in an instant, and then stood still and looked at the fire which was about five feet below the rim of the great black tank formed by cooled lava, and which sent up a glow and heat that burned their cheeks and foreheads, and even the balls of their eyes.

The fountains had subsided, and there was only a sea of lava whose creamy surface was broken by cracks shooting across it like wriggling fiery serpents.

Belinda, standing on the edge of the lake, had as usual a train of thought quite different from that which Rose and Judith pursued; for Belinda could not be accused by anyone of being fanciful and full of whims, nor had she a lover near.

What was before her she saw and thought of in a sensible and practical way.

She was wondering what fed this lake, if the bottom would ever fall out, if the fire would finally die and Kilauea be added to the list of dead craters; and also she thought it was far from strange that the natives had feared the power that lay in this lake of fire and made propitiatory offerings to Pele, the goddess of the place. Then she recalled the old days when no native dared even to pass the volcano without

making an offering; and then the later days when the missionaries ate of the ohelo berries which had been kept sacred to the worship of Pele; and of a still later time when the majestic old Kapiolani had herself entered the crater and defied Pele and her priests, and told the people with her that the fires were under the control of Jehovah and it was absurd to suppose there was a power other than his; and of their wonder because the crater did not open and swallow them all, and the consequent turning of many to Jehovah because they saw he must be a greater power than any of their own gods.

It was like Elijah and the priests of Baal, and Belinda could well believe that the royal old lady had not been above taunting her people because their goddess had failed them.

The creamy surface which had simply cracked in places now quivered like jelly for an instant; then, as if it were impossible to refrain, sent up a gorgeous blazing fountain of red and pink lava, lava a malignantly beautiful mass which was soon

> "Leaping higher, higher, higher,
> With a desperate desire
> And a resolute endeavor
> Now—now to sit, or never,
> By the side of the palefaced moon."

Then out to the left by the other shore, where the black lava cliffs seemed like a dense forest of evergreens making a strong, soft background, another mouth opened and threw up another fiery

mass more irregular, more broken, but with the same desperate desire as the first fountain to reach the palefaced moon that hung as if fascinated over this pit of hell, yet with a cloud of mist about as if she could not look unveiled on the terrors beneath her.

Ah! there opens another terrible mouth, and another, and another, and much of the surface near the shore is well broken by fountains, and across the smooth center shoot irregular cracks that are like fiery serpents darting swiftly toward the shore on all sides; and there is a crunching noise as the cakes of quickly cooling lava break and slowly move toward the lower shore, giving place to more hot lava, that, cooling, breaks and moves off in the wake of the first.

All watched with deep fascination, some in silence and others chattering and using many adjectives to express their emotion.

Rose was, for the first time in her life, filled with genuine and even terrible awe. There had never been much that she could not manage or dare or defy, but this was too great, too awful, to cause aught but humble and abject, even if fascinated, fear. As she looked the crust was rent by a long, wriggling seam, which showed a a pit of fresh fire beneath. To Rose it seemed a huge fiery serpent that crept swiftly toward her, its big head almost at her feet, a serpent with flattened head that beckoned her to come and live in its molten golden home.

"Rose reached out her hands wildly, crying, 'Yes, I will come!'"

"All other life," it seemed to say, "is mere dull existence, for here we have the essence of what is worth having. All people say so. Is love good, they say it is warm; is passion strong, it is said to be fiery; even affection is naught if it is without warmth. Genius, ardor, zeal, if good, all must have something of our fiery life in them. Come. Pele, our mistress, will welcome you, for you, too, have fire in your heart and belong with us."

Rose, carried beyond herself by the sight and made dizzy by the heat and sulphur fumes, reached out her hands wildly, crying, "Yes, I will come!" and walked toward the edge of the lake.

"Go back!" shouted the guide; and Jarvis, who never was very far from her, jumped and caught her as the crust under her was beginning to crumble and break, and carried her back from the heat and vapor, and, taking off his mackintosh, folded it and, placing it on the hard lava, seated her on it.

It was done so quickly that Belinda, watching a tourist throw in his stick to create another fountain, and listening impatiently to the baroness as she compared the new fountain to an omelet, had not seen Rose's exploit. Judith had, however, and it roused her from her own absorbed fascination in the terrors before her. She went and sat down by Rose, and put her strong, calm arm about the trembling girl, who

gradually grew quieter and leaned in comfort against Judith, while a vague thought crossed her mind that she, too, as well as all the rest, had yielded to Judith's power.

The native guide who had warned Rose, fearing his beloved volcano would be blamed for Rose's nervousness, said with scorn to John Harvey:

"Sometimes come that way; some lady get off her head—er—a—not got too much sensa."

Jarvis stood quietly before Rose with his stick in his hand, looking down on her in a professional way. He understood that it was a sort of hysteria, and knew that Judith, with her calm strength, would soon restore Rose's equilibrium.

There was a little gray-lipped seam in the black lava just in front of them, and a red tongue between the lips. Jarvis thrust his stick idly at it; the little tongue lapped around the end of the stick, which was in full blaze an instant after. At this Rose's mood changed. A dim sense of what she had escaped came to her, and she rose to her feet and grasped Jarvis's arm, crying:

"Come away from this horrid place! Come, I shall die if I stay here!"

Jarvis took her arm, and, calling to the guide to come with them, hurried away, lifting her quickly over the seams in the lava, and keeping between her and the little cones that were here and there sending forth sulphurous steam.

When they arrived at the corral he put her on her pony, mounted his own horse, and told the guide to go back.

The moon lighted the path, but the ponies would have traveled as easily without it, or without the lantern which the guide had thrust into Dr. Jarvis's hand, on this Stygian path, which is as familiar to them as our own doorway is to us.

After they had gone Harvey and Judith together watched the change and glow, the plunge and rise of the fountains, and the fleeing of the fiery serpents, listened to the grinding of the broken cakes of less heated lava, and felt the wind bringing Pele's hair against their faces as it took it away over the lava beds to the birds who depend on it for their nests.

The fumes of sulphur and the heat finally began to affect Judith. Harvey, seeing her lean leavily on her stick, took her hand and put it within his arm, where he held it against his side with strong, gentle pressure. His time was coming, and he felt it with joyful premonition."

"My darling shall know," he said to himself, "that there is a lasting quality in man's love even as in woman's, and she shall know it soon."

He had thought much of her and of what she had said that day of the drive to the Pali. He had studied her with the desperation of a physician who feels the success or failure of his whole life may depend on a correct diagnosis of the

case before him. It was even more than this, for he knew that the very life of his life depended on his understanding her, and consequently being able to lift the cloud of her unfaith. As the days had gone by he had seen that he was more to her, but that he brought her little happiness, and day by day he had set himself anew the task of patience; but it was not an easy task to talk lightly of indifferent and commonplace things when he longed so fiercely to take her in his arms and compel her to believe in him and his love.

Each day he said to his hungry heart, "Wait, wait;" but when he had clasped her hand in the stage, and she had not rebuffed him, a tumult was created that made him say that the end must come soon—must, else he would not be able to keep up a show of calm patience. He, the man who had had a justifiable pleasure in his self-control and in his ability to be stronger than any emotion that could come to him, now saw that if the strain was not soon ended he would fail.

Belinda, who had been talking with the guide about the curious substance called "Pele's hair," formed from the froth of the lava—which is nearly pure silica—came to Judith and said:

"I find that Rose is gone, but I am not ready to go; so do not wait for me. I have arranged with a guide to remain here as long as I wish to to stay, and he will take me back and around to the cliffs on the opposite side from the hotel."

She turned away, thinking that if Judith was ever to find out that she was in love she might as well do so to-night, and was soon absorbed in watching the fountains.

By common consent the two that she left walked away toward the corral followed by a guide, who, at Belinda's suggestion, went after them and saw them enter the corral before he returned to his dear volcano, of which he speaks as one might of a favorite but very spirited horse, or as of an uncertain-tempered sweetheart whom he shields from the aspersions of the uncomprehending world at large, and between whom and the world he stands as mediator.

Harvey lifted Judith on to her horse, and then, standing closely by her before she settled herself in her saddle, said softly, with infinite tenderness, "Judith, I love you. Will you tell me that you love me?"

"No," she said, with bitter emphasis, "I have not descended so low as that."

"So low?" he cried, in incredulous pain, as he might were he stabbed to the heart by the knife of a friend.

"Yes," she said, steadily, "so low."

He stepped back, or rather staggered back and leaned against the wall of black lava, and the shadows came closely about him and shut him off from her.

"Let it be so," she thought; "the more surely he is separated from me the better. It must

not be prolonged, or I shall become as weak as other women have been."

"But he must have expected a different answer, since you let him take your hand in the stage," said the guard that was ever ready to mock her.

"Yes, I know; I knew then that I should repent it, but I have lost my hold on myself; it will come back when I am once away. I must go quickly, for it will soon be unbearable;" then out loud, "Can we not go?"

"No; I must know what you mean before we go, or I shall die."

"Must I repeat what I said, that the cruelest thing ever done was the creation of woman?" she answered.

"Tell me exactly what you mean," he interrupted; but his voice was less strong and his intonation dead.

"I mean," she said, and the scorn in her voice was partially or wholly for herself—ah, she knew what he did not—"that women love with a love that is lasting, yes, that is undying; men love one woman to-day and another to-morrow. You take my hand to express your love to-day; to-morrow your impulse will be as strong to take some other woman's hand and hold it in yours as if she were the only woman in the world; and I, created without the will or power to love again, may eat my heart out until the impulse comes back to you to turn to me; or if it never comes—"

"Stop," he said, in a low, stern voice, "I will not hear it. I have never loved any woman before; I have never held any woman's hand as I held yours yesterday, and I shall never wish to hold any other in that way. I have never held any woman as I hold you now;" and his arms were around her, clasping her and drawing her toward him; "and I have never kissed a woman's lips as I kiss yours now."

Where was she? Off the saddle and close in his arms, and he was saying:

"You are mine; you love me, and I have the right to love you; for the purity of my life and the constancy of my love will match yours, though I am not and never can be fully worthy of you. My only plea is that I have all my life tried to live in a way that would help to make me worthy of the woman who should give me her love."

Judith believed him. She knew that his word was even as his bond among those who knew him; she felt the truth in his voice; and as confidence suddenly came to her that what he said was true a radiance of happiness broke over her that made her, as in a dream, look about to see what had happened; but there was no change except that the moon at this moment had come out from a thick cloud and flooded the place with soft, silver light.

She was silent, and he began to fear that he had held her against her will, and his arms fell

to his side. Then Judith's hands came slowly and timidly up and rested on his shoulders, and her eyes were lifted to his in almost adoration. She was filled with a thought something like this:

"If he can give me as true a love as I give him, then God is good; and though I am his unworthy, doubting child, yet in all the days to come I will serve him faithfully."

Harvey's arms came around her again, and he kissed her as though he had no other purpose in life.

A little later he said,

"Speak."

"What shall I say?" was the answer, in tender shyness.

"Say that you love me, that to-morrow you will love me as you do to-day, that you believe in my love even as you do in your own."

"I do."

"Say that you will be my wife."

"I will." She said it with the solemnity of an altar service, and he was satisfied.

Soon he put her on her horse, and mounting his own led out toward the cliffs. He could talk little, but his thoughts were filled with the beautiful home they would have in Honolulu, of friends that would come and go, of children's faces that might come out of the shadowy future, and he thanked God for the beautiful life opening before him.

Her thoughts were as solemnly joyful, but different.

"God is not cruel; he loves us and cares for us, and gives us human love, which is only an incarnation of the divine love, to help us up to him. We will journey on together, and life will soon have lost its blackness; for he will help me to regain all my old childish faith."

His love was the love of a man, true and strong, but with its feet on the earth. Her love was the love of a woman, also true and strong, but it soared aloft above the clouds.

The black path that led them across the lava beds and up the cliffs seemed to both the path that led toward heaven; but if his was a material heaven and hers a spiritual heaven, the good God, he made them both, and knows all things, and only requires that each be true to the highest in them—

"As much as in you lies."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SULPHUR BANKS.

IT was rather early the next morning when Dr. Jarvis planted himself where he could see all who came down stairs, but he had not been there long when Rose appeared, going, as she told him, to the Sulphur Banks.

Dr. Jarvis's dark face was somewhat haggard in the morning light, and he did not look happy. He had, from the day he first met Rose, up to the time he had boarded the *Kinau*, been sure of one thing and nearly sure of another. The first was his regard for her, and the second was her regard for him. Now, if possible, he was still more sure of his regard for her, but since he had seen her pleasure in Harvey's society he doubted whether she cared a pin for himself.

When he had brought her home the night before and seated her by the fire, and she, when the reaction came on, cried and sobbed, he thought she must love him, else she would not weep in his presence, and he felt satisfied to wait until she had recovered from her nervousness for the confirmation of his belief.

But she gave him a very indifferent "Good night" and left him abruptly. Being in a state

in which little means much, he was instantly cast down again.

Dr. Jarvis had been popular with women, and he thought he understood them, though Rose seemed likely to prove the exception. Nine men out of ten think they understand women; the tenth thinks he knows nothing about them, which may show that he has more knowledge of them than the other nine put together.

The sky was gray and the heavy silvery dew was making the landscape cold, and as Rose gathered a bunch of pansies her hands shook from the chill in the air, even though she had on her winter coat.

"Come in to the fire," said Dr. Jarvis, "and we can go to the Sulphur Banks after you are warm. It is fortunate that there is a doctor in the party, otherwise you would make yourself really ill."

The fire blazed cheerily and took the morning grayness and chill from the room, and Rose spread her hands before it as a child might have done, while she ruminated.

There was something in Dr. Jarvis's face this morning which made her a little afraid, though it fascinated her and caused a flutter in the region where her heart should have been; but it was not her intention to let him express it in words.

"The fire is delightful," she said, seeing he was watching her. "I missed grates and fire-

places and chimneys in Honolulu, though I did not know what it was I missed until I came here. Their lack would always keep one's life from being an ideal one."

"I could find Honolulu ideal without fireplaces if I knew you were to be there permanently," he said, bluntly.

"O thanks—so kind; but I am not always to be there," in her conventional tone, and then hurrying on: "Judith says a home without a fireplace is like a woman without heart. There are a good many women like that, and I think I am one of them. I am warm now, so let us go out, else we will be late at breakfast."

Dr. Jarvis scowled. He saw, as she meant he should, that she did not want to listen to sentiment.

Turning the corner of the hotel, they came to the foot of high perpendicular gray cliffs hung with a riotous mass of nasturtiums and wild roses, a sight to fill a colorist among artists with joy.

Rose had a barbaric love of color, and she rushed forward and broke clusters and branches until her arms were full, and then threw them onto the ground.

Tearing the pansies from her coat and throwing them down, she put a cluster of nasturtiums in their place.

Dr. Jarvis was regarding her curiously. He now and then seemed to catch a glimpse of the hardness of her nature.

"I'll get them when I come back," she said, apologetically.

"There was something in the way you did that which reminded me of the native women. You might have been gathering them in great haste to throw to old Madam Pele to appease her for not getting you last night."

Rose shuddered and looked about her vaguely.

"I had almost forgotten my last night's experiences, it is so cool and gray and quiet here. It was like a nightmare."

"The guide tells me," said Dr. Jarvis, "that now and then people come here who are affected as you were, and that even some men become frightened and rush away. Good heavens! it was enough to frighten anyone. It reminded me of an old Campbellite preacher that we boys used to go to hear on Sunday afternoon—unknown to our parents—whose favorite theme was hell-fire and brimstone. 'Hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the bottomless pit,' he used to say we were. I could not help thinking that it would have given him new unction could he have seen this lake of fire—and we are coming to the brimstone now," kicking a bit of the yellow flour with which the banks were covered.

There were little jets of steam escaping here and there through the nearly pure sulphur with which the ground was thickly covered, and little nests of yellow crystals sparkled in the sun, now just coming up from behind the mountains.

Holding his hand over one of these nestlike deposits, Dr. Jarvis drew it quickly back, showing a red spot on his palm.

"That is hot enough to satisfy the old preacher. Don't you try it," as Rose put out her hand.

"I shall try it, of course," she said, gravely; but her hand came back quickly, and, satisfied, she looked about her with interest at the paraphernalia for hot sulphur baths, at the steam coming from various open holes and wide fissures, floating off over ferns and ohia trees, which were covered with yellow powder, the accumulation of many days.

Rose sat down and began to dig up some of the crystals, while Dr. Jarvis watched her.

"The pale yellow of the banks suits you, Rose; it brings out your dark hair and your black eyes and the rich color in your lips and cheeks. I would advise you always to arrange sulphur banks for your background when you wish to be entirely charming."

There was a recklessness in his remarks and tone that was bordering on impertinence, but Rose did not mind, except that he must not call her Rose, though she was a little afraid to speak of it. It might be like when the guide last night, threw his stick into one of the fountains, which resented it and tossed back clots of fiery stuff that clung to and ate into whatever they touched.

Still, even if he resented it, she must speak of it, for it would not do.

"You must know, Dr. Jarvis," she began, gently, "I have never been called 'Rose' except by those who knew me when a child. Of course, I understand it was a mere slip of the tongue—and—er—you would not—"

This was just what he wanted. "It was not a slip of the tongue at all. I think of you as Rose; you are a rose—a sweet, wild rose—a rose with thorns, too, but I shall dare the thorns and gather my rose," coming nearer to her; but she stepped back, giving a glance up at the hotel, which loomed tall and gray and full of windows that gleamed as if watching them.

"No, no!" she gasped; "I do not like to hear things like that. I like people to be pleasant, but not—serious and—and horrid."

Dr. Jarvis looked at her steadily an instant, and then said, bitterly:

"So all these weeks, when I have been letting you and everybody else see that I was in deadly earnest, you have found me 'pleasant.'"

"O, more than that," she said; "you have been really—I have really liked you."

"O—really—how grateful I should be," he said with sarcasm; "and I suppose you thought that quite return enough for all my devotion?"

Rose made no answer, and trying to speak calmly he said:

"I cannot understand a woman like you. I

heard you say once you would like to have people try, for one week, to say exactly what was in their minds. Try it now; whatever it is I will hear it, but I must know. I have a right to know. What has been in your mind while I have been dangling about you?"

Rose's smile was bright and hard as she answered:

"I thought you were good-looking, and that you liked me; that probably you had 'dangled,' as you call it, about many other girls and been surprised if they or their mothers showed any indication of taking your attention seriously; and I thought it might at least be a change if you happened to be surprised in another way."

"And you mean you deliberately led me on," in a low, angry tone.

"O no," she answered, in cheerful surprise, "not any more than these other girls did, when you meant nothing."

Dr. Jarvis lifted a bit of yellow crystal which was on the ground before him with the toe of his shoe and kicked it savagely.

"You have no more heart than that. It is women like you that drive men—"

Rose interrupted him, saying, calmly:

"What is a woman to do? Supposing you had only meant to help me to have a pleasant time while I was here, and I had thought you were in earnest and had said to you, 'Don't think I am in love with you; I do not mean to marry,' you

would have said I was an imbecile. O no; a girl must keep her heart in a sealed box until some man comes along and asks for it; if she does not give it, then he says she has none, which seems to be a black crime. How is she to have one if she has not been endowed with one? And if she has a heart in the box, why should she give it simply because a man wants it? Bah!"—now she was angry, but not at Jarvis—"I hate the whole race of men, and would not marry one of them if I were starving;" and she started off toward the hotel.

He caught up with her when she stopped to gather up the flowers she had thrown down, and walked up to the hotel with her, but he said nothing. He was staggered by what seemed cool heartlessness, shown more in tone and face even than in her words; and yet there was reason in her words, and he knew it.

John Harvey and Judith were standing out toward the edge of the terrace watching the fountains in the distant lake, which were now having a morning frolic.

There was something in their attitude that made Rose catch her breath quickly. Perhaps it was their nearness to each other, or the way Harvey turned to look into Judith's eyes and the way she received the look. At any rate, Rose went straight to her room and remained there until long after the others had breakfasted, and it was not of Dr. Jarvis she was thinking. She

had thought she was telling the truth when she said she hated the whole race of men; but it is probable that she would not have said it had John Harvey, instead of Dr. Jarvis, been asking for her love in return for his own.

Somewhat later, seeing Belinda starting for a walk, she ran down and joined her, saying:

"Can we not keep together to-day, Belinda?"

Belinda turned and looked closely at her, asking, in an unsympathetic tone:

"Has *he* also proposed?"

Rose looked at her with an "*Et tu, Brute!*" expression which was quite lost. The glamour about Rose had vanished forever, so far as Belinda was concerned.

"Well, you know," said Rose, lamely, "I never see much of you during these latter days."

"O, then he *has* proposed, and you have, for some reason known only to yourself, refused him, after giving him cause to think that it would be otherwise."

Rose's lip quivered and her face flushed, and she turned and went back and joined the clergyman and his wife, the nominal chaperones of the party, whom she had ignored heretofore; and Belinda was left to be sorry, just as Rose knew she would be, that she had spoken so plainly.

It was a day which will never be forgotten by Harvey and Judith—a day that when all else fades and grows dim will still remain bright and clear—a day of pure joy spent in walks across

fields of waving ferns, in bright sunshine, listening to the songs of birds and the voices of Portuguese laborers, or hand in hand, as two happy children out for a holiday might have done, wandering off to points of interest in the neighborhood, forgetting all the doubt and mistrust of the past and just taking thankfully the happiness of the present.

The next day was spent in going back to Hilo to take the steamer, and was to them another perfect day, and there were two more of the same kind of days on the steamer, which sailed in quietude over the beautiful waters to Honolulu, as if trying to give the lovers a foretaste of heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE REEF.

BELINDA and Rose, on the Sunday afternoon succeeding their return from the volcano, sat in great physical comfort on the little lanai off of Belinda's room. They were not reading or even thinking, but just enjoying the exquisite day.

Rose had found that she was correct in her surmise as to the little box, for it had held two good-sized diamonds. When called upon, Laaia had testified that they were given to her by Dane, and her testimony had been the concluding link which had committed him to prison to await his trial.

Laaia had considered herself lucky to get off without much cross-questioning, and Rose considered herself equally lucky to escape without being openly connected with the affair.

Judith's engagement had been announced, but created no surprise, as it had been expected.

Rose had explained to Belinda her position toward Dr. Jarvis, and gained her sympathy somewhat for herself; but it was clear to Rose that she had not regained Belinda's full confidence.

Rose was on the point of remarking that she

was glad they were not obliged to go out, when the maid came and said that Mr. Morris and Miss Melrose were below in their carriage and would like Miss Mays and Miss Tyler to go out with them.

"They are going to the prison," said Belinda. "Mr. Morris told me they would call for us, but I had forgotten it."

Rose would have been glad to refuse, as her discomfort in Judith's presence had increased since their trip to the volcano; but, on the other hand, she liked being seen with Belinda and Judith; for though they were still sometimes spoken of as "The Three," yet Rose was not often with the other two. It seemed to be accident, yet she well knew that if it were an accident it was one to which Judith was easily reconciled.

Then, too, Rose had not forgotten that Dane was in prison. She was interested in him because of her own connection with his arrest and conviction, and because of Laaia's interest in him—or, rather, his interest in Laaia. She did not know whether or not Laaia had ever spoken of her to Dane, but she thought not.

Belinda hated to leave her easy-chair, but she was glad of the chance to see still another phase of Honolulu life.

The way to the prison led through the Chinese quarter, where the streets were full of the dark browns of smoky shanties lightened by scarlet

and gold signboards, and also by the brilliant colors worn by smooth-haired women and squirming babies; but there were many dark-faced, wrinkled, shriveled old men who seemed to shade into the browns of the houses. Leaving Chinatown, they crossed the bridge and went along a smooth road to where the yellow battlemented walls of the prison stood clear-cut against the deep blue of the sky, below which at one side was the deeper blue of the sea.

Nothing in the islands was more satisfactory to Belinda than the matter-of-fact altruism of the residents of Honolulu.

The "boom" principle has not as yet been applied in the islands either in the way of business or charity or religion, but men prominent in business or political circles, in judicial or executive departments, and merchants, architects, clerks, men from all phases of active life, are found Sunday after Sunday with some especial and apparently pleasant work on hand.

It seemed to Belinda that they used in this work the same tact and judgment which made them successful in their regular occupations, and also that they showed the same pleasure they did in their business during the week, and even more; for as they went about their Master's work they had an air of being on a holiday and of taking recreation. This was good and comforting to Belinda, for she believed that thus the world was to be uplifted, and not by people paying cler-

gymen to do work which the people should do themselves.

They were met at the gate by the jailer and conducted to an open court, in the center of which was a huge banyan tree; encircling its trunk was a seat filled with prisoners, and long benches, also filled with prisoners, formed a square around the tree.

There were Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Portuguese, and Americans in the group; only two of the latter, however, and Rose soon identified Dane, though she could not be quite sure, as she had not seen his face distinctly the night she had been with Laaia.

Dane—if it were he—sat with folded arms and flushed face, biting his lips to keep back the tears. He looked so boyish that Rose decided that it must be his very first offense.

While Judith played a hymn tune on a little organ, and all the kanakas joined with Mr. Morris in singing it, Rose resolved the feasibility of talking with Dane.

After the hymn Mr. Morris talked to the kanakas for a few minutes in their own language. By the time he had finished Rose had determined to ask for an opportunity to speak to Dane. But Mr. Morris was followed by a Portuguese gentleman, and he was followed by a Japanese, and he by a Chinese gentleman, each speaking in his own language, so, though the addresses were very short, the afternoon was well along

when all was done. There was but little time left, yet Rose, as the jailer came near, attracted by her bright face, said to him that she had an especial reason for wishing to speak to Dane.

The jailer hesitated, but Mr. Morris called to him and he gave a hasty permission. Telling Dane he might remain a few moments, and ordering one of the native guards to remain near, he went with Mr. Morris to see a Portuguese prisoner, whose family he was befriending.

Belinda went with Mr. Morris, but Judith sat down, glad to see the prisoners marched off to their quarters. It was her first view of a mass of men who were on the side opposed to law and order, and she studied their faces carefully, but with a curious feeling that made her long to go away out into the fresh air.

Dane, in his striped prison suit—if one could forget what the stripes meant—appeared like a young gentleman ready for a baseball game or rowing match, and his face did not belie the impression his figure gave. There was an air of elegance about him that would not have been out of place in a group of Harvard or Yale students.

Rose was delighted at her request being granted, for she wished intensely to know why Dane had stolen the jewels—if Laaia had made him do it; and she wanted to see whether Dane knew that Laaia had put the diamonds in her possession; if so, whether he resented her giving them up.

She laughed as she thought of Belinda's surprise and Judith's disgust could they know that she was acquainted with Dane's sweetheart, and that there had been a chance of her own name being mixed up in the affair which had brought him there.

Rose walked over to Dane, who stood calmly eyeing her, as any young man might look at a pretty girl.

She began, a little eagerly:

"The jailer said I might talk to you a little."

Dane bowed as if he were in a drawing-room, and drew down his face gravely. It was Sunday, and he expected a religious lecture, and no doubt the jailer also thought that religious zeal animated Rose in her desire to converse with Dane.

"I always had a desire," Rose went on, "to know how people feel who do things—a—that the law pronounces wrong"—Rose thought that was rather a neat way of evading the word "steal" —"and I thought you would not mind telling me."

"Well, I don't suppose they feel very comfortable, especially in such a place as this, if that is what you mean," was the quick answer.

"No," said Rose, "that was not just what I meant."

"O, now comes the religion," thought Dane.

"It is odd," Rose went on, "but while I should like to have lots of things which I have

not got, I would not want them if they were not my own. That is the reason I love my rings and brooches, because they are mine; but if anyone takes what is not his own he can't feel that way. Now, I suppose, when you saw the crowns, a sudden temptation came over you—you just could not resist it."

A smile, part sneer, was on his face as he twisted the book he had in his hand and said, coldly:

"You are mistaken; I did not take the jewels; it was all a plot against me, as I told them in court, though they would not believe me."

"O," said Rose, in deep disappointment, her face falling, "I thought you really did take them. Then you can't tell me how it feels to steal."

Dane laughed; this was not the religious kind, evidently, and she was sorry he had not taken them!

"Well," he said, laughing again a little, "I rather think I can tell you how it seems, if that's what you want. I don't mind telling you that I really did take them"—Rose brightened—"but it was no sudden temptation; it was simply that I wanted some money and I knew these things were kept in the palace and I meant to have them." This last was said with a little grimness. "It is all bosh to talk about being overcome with sudden temptation. A fellow knows what he wants to do generally

and he does it if he can, but he's got to be in the way of it, in thinking about it, or hearing talk about it, or in doing it. There ain't anything sudden about much that goes on," he said, smiling sweetly.

"Now that sounds reasonable," said Rose; "but I never could understand how people can get used to it and be comfortable afterward. I should be tormented night and day thinking that what I had belonged to some one else. Don't you think that is generally the case?"

"No," said Dane, "it isn't. That's what the books say, and I tell you confidentially I could write a book if I only had more education, but all I have I have picked up. I read a good many books. I've read all in this library over and over again, but I hardly ever read a book that talks about shady things in the right way. It takes the fellows that do it to tell about what they do. I've never seen a fellow yet that felt sorry or ashamed, except when he failed."

"But the first time," persisted Rose—"the very first time they took anything that was not their own, didn't they feel it? Didn't you?"

Dane thought, winking a little meditatively as he thought.

"Well, I began on the road when I was eleven, and maybe I did, but I can hardly tell."

"You?" cried Rose. "You look as if you had been born and bred a gentleman."

Dane smiled, as though flattered.

"Yes, I know, and there are times when I have been in good society and worn a claw-hammer coat, and I tell you I can just do it like a book; but a fellow can't stand it too long—there isn't variety enough. I have had a good deal of variety myself, and I have seen a good many men who have had more years of it than I have, and I never knew a man to be unhappy about taking things or doing things."

"But, of course," said Rose, "if a man were to kill another that would be different."

"Don't you believe it," he said, emphatically. "I was in a cell six months, night and day, with a man who had killed another, and I guess I would have known if he had been haunted or felt remorse, as the saying is. He didn't care a continental, and only laughed when the women sent him flowers and tracts; he didn't want their flowers. He said it made him sick to see what fools women made of themselves with their flowers and sympathy. He would have killed one of them that sent him flowers as quick as any other. It's just the difference in people. Do you think you could make a wishy-washy dude out of me? Not much, at least only while the fun of pretending lasted. But I do not believe in killing, unless in self-defense," he ended, cheerfully, "though I would do it then. That's all right."

Judith, who was near enough to hear, felt herself turning faint and sick at the sight of Rose-

standing there and probing and bringing to light the evil in this man's nature and enjoying the spectacle, as she would have put a strangely colored butterfly on a pin and watched him flutter his wings in pain. The worst phase of it was in the man's posing and boasting and telling all this to Rose as though proud of his prowess.

Rose was really feeling a little shivery, but the face was so innocent-looking, so handsome and boyish, that she only half believed what he said. Then, too, he used rather good English. She could not imagine a genuine thief using such English and reading books.

"But you would not kill a man?" said Rose, feeling more and more shivery, but liking the feeling.

"Wouldn't I? You just bet I am not going to stay here my term out. I got out once up in Oregon, and I can do it again and; the man that stops me—just let him look out. It's fearful staying here:"—there was genuine feeling in his tone now—"that old fellow," nodding toward the guard, "is just too utterly utter, and I will not stand his browbeating much longer."

"I wanted to ask—er—that is, I hope you do not mind my asking, but perhaps you took the diamonds to give to—a—some girl—or sweetheart?"

Dane's face stiffened.

"No," he said, coldly; "I have no sweethearts. I never had; it don't pay."

Rose stared at him in surprise. Then she remembered that he did not know that she knew about Laaia, and, seeing him tell this so glibly, she took what else he had told her with less faith, and only said:

"This is all very strange to me."

"Yes, I suppose so," flushing a little, "but you would not mind it if you had as little conscience as I have," with a laugh a baby might have had on waking from a morning's nap, and which showed his beautiful white teeth, "though I am not so bad as some, for I do not like killing people; it would really only be in self-defense. But, look here, I have done you a favor; now will you do me one?" His voice was lower. "If you will drop your handkerchief I will pick it up and give it to you."

Rose dropped it, wondering if he wished to steal it.

He bent gracefully and picked it up and handed it to her with a bow, saying, in a tone too low for Judith or the guard to hear:

"What you find in it give to a native called Kapai, and tell him it is a token from me to the girl who used to come and talk with me when I was on guard, and I want him to give it to her; but don't let anyone else know it."

"Rose," said Judith, rising from her seat, "it is time to go; my uncle is coming."

Mr. Morris looked a little surprised at seeing Rose talking with Dane, but asked no questions,

for he, in common with other people in Hawaii, kept an especial stock of patience on tap for tourists and their vagaries. He remarked, however, as they passed out, that Dane was a sea lawyer, and about the hardest case he had ever known.

"He does not look so," said Judith.

"No," asserted Rose, "I could not keep it in my mind that I was really talking with a thief, for he looked so like a gentleman."

"Looks do not go for much," said Mr. Morris, shortly. He was not pleased that Rose should have talked with a criminal.

Rose felt a hard substance in her handkerchief as she put it in her pocket. She said little on her way home. She was sure that the present was for Laaia, and she wondered whether or not she would better give it to her, herself, or try to find Kapai.

But find him she did that night, and she gave him the present, a beautifully polished kukui nut which Rose half wished for herself that she might have it set as a brooch. It was not until long after, that she remembered that it was odd for Dane to send a present to a girl by her, as he had told her he had no sweethearts.

Kapai took it to Laaia, who knew what it was, and after Kapai had gone she threw it sharply on the ground; when it burst open she took out a scrap of paper. This had some printed words, which she read, and then she lay down on her

mat again, where she spent most of her time now.

Later, when Kapai came again, she gave him some directions in a listless voice, and told him, if the plan succeeded, he should have money. Laaia did not care much whether he did what she told him to do or not, but she was too good-natured not to give Kapai a chance to get some money and also give Dane a chance to escape. She would not have liked being in prison, and it struck her as a useless proceeding any way. Keeping Dane shut up would not put the jewels back in the crown all right again. But it did not much matter; in fact, nothing seemed to matter very much any more or seemed worth having any pilikia about.

The arrangements made through the agency of the scrap of paper in the kukui nut were all that could be desired. In consequence Dane was, by means of the rope got to him, climbing over the prison wall. A canoe was waiting for him to take him around Diamond Head to a cave where he could remain until the ship should be successful in landing the arms that had not been captured, and until the scheme should be ripe for the overthrow of the government.

The arrangements were perfect, the jailer had gone to town and the guard seemed stupid; perhaps Dane knew why—at least he felt sure the stupidity would last until he was out of reach.

Dane's heart was already exultant. It was

"A great burst of light covered and blinded him."

not a very daring or risky thing to do; yet, with embellishment, it would make a good tale to his friends when they were recounting their deeds of valor, and so he went gayly over the wall.

Ah, but what was this? The Southern Cross, which had ever been to him an evil omen, met his eyes as he swung down, not gently shining, but glaring, and then, as though coming straight from the Cross, a great burst of light covered and blinded him, and as his feet struck the ground in the center of this terrible radiance iron hands gripped him, and the well-known and dreaded voice of the jailer said,

"Not yet, my man! I am just in time to save myself and you!"

Dane did not resist, though his boast to Rose might not have proved so empty had he not been stricken with terror.

The memory and influence of that time away to the south when starving and helpless and hopeless, and when the Southern Cross had nightly mocked his sufferings, which were no less because self-brought, would never leave him. Now, after a few moments, he found himself in solitary confinement, and the Cross, wavering and uncertain, kept coming out of the darkness of the cell toward him. He rose up, he sat down, he opened his eyes, he shut them, and still those stars, like menacing eyes, threatened him hour after hour, until, more than half crazed, he braced himself and rose up and cried:

"Come on, if you like. Do what you can," with a great oath, "I have never been afraid of anything before either from heaven or hell." And then it seemed to come closer and wrap itself about him, and he fell on the floor of the prison.

There are in every plan unknown forces in attendance of which the one planning can take no account.

Dane had planned well, but he could not be cognizant of the fact that the captain over on the war-ship *Brotherly Love* should be giving a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Morris and The Three; he could not know that the orderly would bring a request at dinner for permission to try the great searchlight which the captain granted; nor could he know that Rose would exclaim that it would be fine to go out and see it, and the captain would then send word to delay the trial of the light until later, that his guests might view the process.

So, while Rose and the others looked on, the great light, like the eye of Providence, swept the sky, then all the shore, then the sea, and struck the side of the prison just in time to make Dane think it came from the Southern Cross, and just in time for the jailer, returning from town, to see the dark spot made by Dane's body, in the midst of the blaze of light, scaling the wall.

Thus Rose, in blindness, helped and hindered,

as we all, in unconsciousness, make and mar. The sadness of it is that we often mar where we would make, could we know all the plans in which we are involved; but one cannot help regretting that Rose missed the enjoyment of knowing how she had defeated a plot which she had promoted.

CHAPTER XV.

A KAHUNA'S WORK.

WHEN she heard of the failure of Dane's attempt to escape, Laaia turned on her mat and lay with her face toward the low wall on which the house stood. Turning her face from all she had loved to look upon, was the only sign she gave in these days that anything disturbed her, for she had fallen into the way of lying on a mat most of the time.

"No use," she said, using the term of finality common with kanakas.

Kauhila, who had told her, went away and sat down by the little stream where she washed her clothes. She had never liked Laaia very well. Puu had been treated too badly by the girl, who, to her mind, was unfeeling and selfish and loved to be with white people too much; a little would do, but not too much—it was not good.

But now her kind old heart was wrung by the spectacle of Laaia caring so little for the failure of a plot, especially of a plot that was to free one of her own friends.

This was even worse and more unnatural than refusing poi or never making a lei, nor even putting on one when the very prettiest made

from the coral flower or the golden-brown marigolds were brought to her.

Life had gone sadly awry with Laaia of late. Dane was on the Reef. Puu had not forgiven her, and had gone away as a deckhand on a voyage to Samoa.

Rose, since her return from Hilo, had quite ignored her, not even seeming to want to see her when she went once to the hotel, and "Olava" was engaged to Judith and absorbed in her. She had watched them walking together under the palm trees or sitting on the lanai in the moonlight, and had come away and taken her mat and put it under Kauhila's little house, which, like most native houses, was built well up from the ground; there was space there and dark coolness, and Laaia now thought more of being cool than almost anything else. She had heretofore rather put up her nose at women who would lie under houses.

Most of her other friends had disappeared, and there was little poi in any calabash for her except in Kauhila's house.

Everything had changed so quickly! She was doomed to die—to die, and soon.

Had she not known it ever since the day she met the kahuna, Kaalohapauoli, who, with a malicious grin, had held up a little braided strand of black hair and told her to examine her own crown if she did not know whose it was?

She had taken the pins out of her big knot of

hair at once and let the roll fall down about her shoulders and searched until she found where a lock had been cut, and turned ashy under the golden brown of her face as the kahuna grinned again and went his way.

Since then she had dwindled and grown weaker each day. She knew there was no escape, and before she died she must be forgiven by all she had injured, and she must forgive all who had injured her. The latter was easy enough; there was only the kahuna that had done her any harm, and he could not help it—he was a kahuna.

A white woman, had she been in Laaia's place, would have found many whom she must forgive —Judith for winning Harvey's love, Harvey for loving Judith, Rose for taking her up and dropping her when she had no more use for her, Dane for getting himself disgraced and in prison, Puu for being too hard on her and for deserting her just when all others did; but the native nature, sweet and loving, rarely harbors revenge, and looks for no personal injuries and blames no one but fate or angry gods for misfortunes.

The little strain of white blood in Laaia, as trouble came upon her, had subsided, and the influence, which had not been strong of white associations, vanished. She was a native only, and viewed life and death and herself from the standpoint of a native. Even the thought of forgiving and being forgiven came through

her memory from a fear of Jehovah, whom she believed to be more powerful than all the native gods; fearing him, she wished to placate him, and thus escape more pilikia.

This God of the white people seemed very strange and curious, for while he made the white people work and did not let them have so very good times, he seemed to make them happy, and they liked to do what he told them, and they never were afraid. Kauhila had told her that many times.

Kauhila always went to church, and she sang the meles of the white people's God, and when she talked to her, Laaia always felt as though something came from Kauhila and settled around her heart and comforted her; but this time Kauhila could not talk. She was frightened. She was sure Laaia was being "anaanaed." The old superstitious fear inherited from untold generations, nourished by her mother's milk, and kept alive by much superstition around her, was strong, hence before the power of a kahuna she was silent and afraid.

Cast no stones at her for this. She was a Christian even though she feared the kahuna; nay, when you take a pinch of salt from the overturned salt-cellar and throw it into the fire, when the new moon, seen over your left shoulder, brings a thought of bad luck, give her a sympathetic, friendly thought, and thank God that you have centuries of Christianity back of you, where she had nothing.

This was why Kauhila left Laaia and went out and sat on the stones by the little stream of water.

The suspicion that Laaia was being prayed to death had been growing among the natives, but no one had mentioned it to Kauhila until this morning, because she was not a believer in kahunas to the extent of the others; in fact, she was considered a heretic. Perhaps she did not really believe but only feared; women's fears are sometimes, even among white people, stronger than their beliefs.

Kauhila sat long looking at the bright-colored fish in the water, but remembering that Jehovah was greater than all, prayed a little prayer to him, a prayer which might not have been considered orthodox by a syndicate, yet may have been none the less effectual or acceptable, and recalling another matter that had come to her ears, rose and went down the lane that led to the house and dropped beside Laaia's mat. She had been down in the fish market in the early morning and learned much. Laaia turned over and looked at her in a dull way, wondering why she had come back to trouble her, though she did not care enough to ask.

"Yes," said Kauhila, in Hawaiian, as though continuing a conversation, "he said they all must go. If the Peresidena put a constitution in the queen's chair, then even the Peresidena must go."

"Eh?" said Laaia, dimly—Kauhila did not pronounce constitution, for which there is no Hawaiian word, as Dane and even Puu did, for the Hawaiian tongue ever falters and fails on English consonants—"I do not understand."

"All the new government people are making something that is to be put in the queen's chair, and then she can never sit there any more. I don't know—something, and it is to be finished and set up on the fourth day of next month, the great day of all the white people, when the flags are out and there is much noise."

Laaia nodded her head. She now knew what this was that Kauhila thought of as some sort of image to be dressed up and put on the throne.

"It is likely that it will not be finished," added Kauhila; "all kahunas say it will never be done. Kapai say the signs are such; early of that morning a red dog will lie dead with no wound on the steps of a public building. The doors of that building will be wide open without the use of hands. If this come true, then a bullet will come of itself, singing out of the crowd that will be around the face of the palace and will strike the heart of the Peresidena, and he will shake and fall like the ripe mango; then the image they are making to take the queen's place will disappear, and the queen will once again be able to sit in her chair, and once more the hula and the luau and all gay times will come to the palace."

Laaia shook her head. "It can't be done. The Peresidena is loved of Jehovah for his own great love to all, and he is taboo. Haven't the kahunas been saying all these months since hehas been Peresidena that he would die, that they would anaana him, and is not he still tall and strong, and like a royal palm?" This was said with a flash of her old spirit, and she added: "I told them this, and that they all were frauds and—" she faltered and stopped and sank back on her mat. Ah, they were not all frauds, else why was she dying like a miserable rat?

Yes, they could do it for her—she was not beloved of Jehovah; but the great chief, with his beautiful smile, they could not make one hair of his head fall. But Olava—would they think of trying to kill him also?

Raising her head up she was about to ask in regard to him when Kauhila bent toward her and whispered:

"But you, Laaia, they are all saying that Kaalohapauoli has anaanaed you. Is this true?"

"Never mind: it may be; but what will they do with the others? If a bullet should come to the Peresidena, then my Olava would be put in his place and things would still go on."

It was force of habit that made Laaia speak of Harvey as "my Olava," though she never said "Ke Alii Moi" to Kauhila, who said no one but Jehovah should be called that.

"Kahaha, but they know that, and he also is to go, and Ali Puki and Kakina, and all the others."

"It cannot be done. It is not possible—all these great men!" said Laaia, aroused to new strength.

"It is likely it can. Six men for every one of them the moment the Peresidena goes down, and then their heads will be taken from their bodies."

"They cannot touch my Olava, for he too, as well as the Peresidena, was made taboo by the gods for his great aloha to all, and then he is a kahuna himself in a way; but his friends, perhaps he could not save his friends as well as himself, and then what grief to him and the cold-faced haole girl!"

O no, it would not do at all; and perhaps when it came to knives and axes tabu would not amount to anything, and even the best white kahunas could do nothing, and she must not risk having him come to grief. But what could she do now—her friends gone, her power gone, and without money or strength of body? There was nothing, nothing.

"Too much trouble," she murmured.

"Yes," assented Kauhila, "that is the way things go. It will be a good day that takes us to the better world, where all is rest and peace. But there is no reason for you to have aught but peace now. There is poi for you, and if you die

it will not matter to you what passes here, and Jehovah must take care of his own."

"Yes," said Laaia, wearily; "but perhaps Jehovah does not understand all the tricks of the native kahunas, though he probably knows white kahunas well."

She added this last clause to save Kauhila's feelings, and then turned her face to the wall; and Kauhila, thinking she wanted to be alone, rose and went away, murmuring a sympathetic "Au-e-e-e."

Laaia's head was dull with the slow fever that was consuming her body; she could feel, even if she could not think, but feeling, never acute with her, was now dull. But she could feel enough to regret her vanished friends—her vanished powers, to regret that there was nothing she could do.

Though she had said stoutly that the Peresidena and Olava were taboo and could not be hurt, yet she did not believe it, and Kauhila knew she did not. She knew they, the people who were trying for their own purposes to put the queen back, would dare do any thing which they thought they could do with safety to themselves, and she could do nothing unless she could warn Olava and persuade him to go to Maui or some of the other islands; but then if he knew what was planned he would not go—his courage was such that nothing could persuade him, especially if he knew the Peresidena, for whom he had much

love, was also in danger and there was no help, he must stay and be beheaded—au-e-e, it could not be, that beautiful head should be cut from the fine, strong body. How full of terror was the thought! How pitiful the eyes would look at her from the bodyless head. She could almost see them now, and she sat up quickly to free herself from the thought. But it would not go; there was the handsome head and the sad blue eyes; now she got on to her feet and still there was that bodyless head, but now the lips were smiling, and she started down the lane, going unsteadily and holding on to the low fence and the trees.

There was one thing she could do—she could go and tell him, and he could do something; and even if all the plotters knew that she had told, they could not do more than was being done. She would die anyway.

The way seemed very long, and she had the feeling that probably she would never get to Olava's office. It was too far, and the sun was giving out much heat and the shaded houses back from the street looked so cool and beautiful. Passing some restaurants she heard the rattle of ice in glasses and pitchers, which made her head seem hotter and her lips drier and more parched; then she thought of the cool valleys up toward the peak of Tantalus, with running water in them and mists hanging over them. How she wished she were there! She could lay her head on the dripping banana leaves gleaming

in the mists or the cool wet grass. If Puu were here he would take her. Puu—he was good and kind; ah, if he would only come he might keep her from being prayed to death, he might even get the lock of hair away from Kaalohapauoli; but no, no use, he was gone, and she must die.

Though it was difficult for her to go up stairs she finally reached Harvey's office, went in, and sat down on the floor, leaning her head on a chair.

There were several others of the government officials there, and they were discussing something that seemed very important in regard to the new constitution that was being formed, and Laaia had come in so quietly that Harvey did not at first see her.

When he came to her, he was vaguely conscious of a change in her appearance, but was annoyed at her sitting down on the floor and also at being interrupted, and said:

"What is it, Laaia? I am very busy now; what can I do for you?"

She spoke low in answer:

"Tell them"—looking toward the men—"to go. I tell something you—a—get—dead. I tell you something very bad."

Harvey turned to his friends and said something which she did not hear, but they all left quickly and quietly. These were troublesome times, and information from whatever source was carefully noted.

Now Harvey saw something was wrong.

"Are you sick, Laaia? Can I give you anything?"

"No, not sick. I tell you that they goin' keela you, and the Peresidena—take off your heads; when the red dog dead then they keela you, and put the queen back." And then she went on to tell of the places which she knew were centers for the plotters and of men she knew were in the plot. Though told in a broken way, first in imperfect English, and then dropping into her native tongue, and with confusion resulting from fever that abated somewhat under the stimulus of what she had to do, yet Harvey comprehended.

He was startled, yet partly because her story confirmed suspicions and pointed to men who had ever been dangerous to peace and prosperity, but against whom they had no evidence that would authorize them to proceed.

There must be no delay, and, filled with the importance of this and because Laaia brightened as she talked, he forgot his first impression of her, and proceeded to make plans for thwarting the plot as soon as she said there was no more to tell, and, murmuring an aloha, passed out.

She turned to look at him as he stood at his telephone, powerful, handsome, and fully alive, and already forgetting her in the importance of what she had brought.

Something of the contrast between them

pressed on her—something of the strength and permanency of him and his kind, and the weakness and lack of power of her own kind—and made her heart heavy and full of pain; but she still looked, while she heard him requesting some man to come at once and bring others with him, for he had work for them.

It was a long look—sad, futile, but affectionate—as a dog might look that has done his master service and, having been ordered away to his kennel, obeys reluctantly, preferring to stay with the one he has served.

She finally turned away, as though for the last time, and went down and out into the street, which seemed hotter by contrast with the cool offices.

She hated to cross the hot street, and stood a moment watching a dog lap the water dripping from a leaking hydrant, and could have gone and imitated him had the water been as cool as it looked. Now she went on up the street, and, passing the ice cream parlors, she recalled dimly, and with a pang, the night she had been here with Rose and Puu.

Struck by a sudden thought she went in, and, taking a little plain ring that Dane had given her from her finger, she put it on the counter and told the clerk to bring her much ice cream, all that he could give her for that, and some ice water also.

He looked at her sharply, thinking that she

had probably been drinking awa, but brought two heaping dishes of ice cream and a small pitcher of ice water. When she had eaten every spoonful of the cream and drank every drop of the ice water she went out into the street, and back to her mat under the house, and lay down in much the same unreflecting misery that the dog who lapped the water might have felt had his friends deserted him. She was conscious of relief from being watched by eyes in a bodyless head, but in its place was the bright cold face of Judith. She tried to forget it and to think of how cool and delicious the ice water and the ice cream had been, how handsome Olava looked, and how closely he listened to everything; but still the face of Judith was before her.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAAIA.

ONE night not long after her attempt to help Harvey, Laaia, whose strength was still gradually being sapped by fear and slow fever, asked Kauhila to go to the hotel and tell the housemaid to ask Rose to come to see her and bring her friend, describing Rose in such a way that Kauhila need make no mistake.

Rose had just finished dressing for the reception that was being given on board the *Naniwa*, and was feeling much satisfaction in her appearance. The message that a native girl wanted her to go to her house, came as a reminder of all the trouble and annoyance she had had through her acquaintance with Laaia, and she answered somewhat impatiently that she could not go; then, as though she did not know, she asked:

"Who is it that wants me?"

"The wahine, you know. She wear red holoku and always laugh; always too much smart; not so smart now. She sick—s'pose you go when you come back to-night. S'pose mamma go 'long. I think so she want mamma."

Rose laughed. She always laughed at the

maid's way of speaking of Belinda, then she said:

"Is she very sick?"

"I think so. I think so that she die," said the girl, dropping her voice.

"O no, that can't be; I saw her not long ago, and she was well as ever; but I will go;" and then, asking where Laaia could be found, she hurried away to Belinda, who was waiting.

The *Naniwa*, with its funny but confident little officers, its beautiful and artistic decorations, its elaborate menu, its brilliantly dressed assemblage of society people of Honolulu, gave Rose an evening long to be remembered. The charm of it was its newness to her, and the surprise of seeing so beautiful and dignified a reception given by people belonging to a race from whom she had expected little added much to its effect. But while all this charmed Rose, she thought no further than to admire the cleverness of the Japanese. But it made Belinda reflect very seriously, and she concluded to send a letter to her journal that week, urging more strongly than ever that her own country should keep a tighter grip of some kind or other on the key of the Pacific.

Though Rose spent what she called a perfect evening she had not felt entirely at ease, for she could not forget Laaia, and was willing to leave early that Belinda might not have any excuse for not going with her. She was not quite de-

cided to take Belinda into her confidence; this also troubled her and made it impossible for her to be comfortable, for she was sure Belinda would not approve of the escapades she had had before they went to the volcano, and, in fact, she herself did not approve of them, and more than once wondered, when thinking of the disastrous luau at Waikiki, how she could have dared do such a harum-scarum thing. It was notable, too, that since that evening Rose had expressed no interest in having the natives back in power. A court would not, if that was the kind of entertainment it would give, even though it were a court with a real queen, have any attractions for Rose; still, she was not quite sure she wanted the islands annexed to the United States. They would not be so foreign if they were a part of the United States. It would be a very commonplace thing then to visit the islands.

They left early with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who had chaperoned them, and Rose had not been long in her room before she had exchanged her evening dress for the red holoku and the sailor hat which she fished out from the bottom of her trunk. She went directly to Belinda, who laughed when she saw her, saying:

"You make a very good wahine, but I would think you tired enough without masquerading at this time of night."

Rose laughed and ran back to her room, got a straw hat, came back, and put it on Belinda's head.

Belinda had on a gray dressing gown of the Mother Hubbard type.

"Now," said Rose, laughing, "you make another fairly good wahine;" then she went to Belinda's closet and brought a pair of walking shoes and sat down and attempted to replace Belinda's slippers with them.

"What is it now?" asked Belinda, staying Rose's proceedings.

"Material," answered Rose, briefly.

"For whom?"

"Both of us."

"You want no material."

"Do I not? Well, at least you do, and I can show you a phase of native life you should have seen long ago, only I was not ready to give it to you. Please come," she added, coaxingly.

Belinda was in doubt. It did not seem quite proper, and Belinda was eminently proper, but she put on the shoes slowly, looking at Rose as she did so. Finally she said, suddenly,

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"Seen me before!" cried Rose, mockingly, though she guessed what Belinda meant; "you might make it stronger and say you know you have seen me before. You are not losing your mind, are you? Or perhaps the Japanese lemonade had something in it we did not count upon!"

"Don't talk too much nonsense," remarked Belinda, dryly; "that is, if you can help doing

so. Who is it that I think of when I look at you in that dress?"

Rose laughed.

"I am not a mind reader that you should ask me a question like that, but let us go;" and it was not until they were passing down the little lane lined with bananas that it occurred to Belinda that she had not really meant to yield to Rose's persuasions.

Rose looked about her curiously. The glamour from all this life was gone completely. Only its bare wretched side struck her now, though the cottage was better than most native cottages.

Rose led the way with confidence up the steps and into the room where Laaia lay on a tolerably comfortable bed, gasping a little for breath, but smiling at the sight of Rose, of whom she was fond.

Rose bent over her, talking low, as she was not sure she wanted Belinda to know how well she was acquainted with Laaia, but as the girl answered Rose's questions her eyes kept turning to where Belinda stood just outside of the door.

Rose finally straightened up, and said, gently:

"Do you want to see Miss Mays? It is she that is standing by the door."

"Mees Maya, never, no. It is the other, the beautiful one who looks like flowers, I want to see."

"It is Judith you want."

"Yes, he call her that. He say, 'Judith, you are like one flower—the flower I wear always.' He took some flower from the tree and put one leetle one in her hair, one leetle one in his coat. She not care, she like. He go 'way, then she take flower from her hair and kiss it, and she like it much. I by the tree—I see. He very happy too. I come away."

This was said in short efforts, with drawn breaths between, and she seemed tired from the effort of speaking, and her English, which is only given approximately, was more broken than usual.

Rose took her hand in quick sympathy. She felt a curious surprise to find her heart aching for Laaia; it may have been the first unselfish heartache she had ever known.

"Laaia, do you want to see Judith? I will go and bring her."

"Yes, yes, I want to see—I want to look close to her. It more better on the mat there—makai—but I come here and I tell Kauhila give me white holoku all same white women wear in bed. I think she come, she see that I all same as her, and I ask her to forgeeve me giving the kahuna hair; then she tell me what for he like her too much, and not like Laaia none at all. S'pose she tell me how she make him like her—why—what it is—what make it."

"Laaia, no one can tell, no one knows; Judith herself could not tell you." Rose said this as

though it was wrung from her, and her voice was full of sympathy, thinking that Laaia was not the first heartbroken woman who had asked this question and found no answer.

"Mees Maya—she look like she know everything," turning her eyes toward Belinda, who shook her head, hearing a faint echo of Laaia's why in her own heart. "All folks say Mees Maya—she know very—much. What good you know much if you can't tell why one man he like one woman and he not like 'nother. What she do—what?

"She very nice—that so; I very nice too. Look at my hands," holding them up; "they very pretty; Dane say so. I bigger than she. I got *eyes*, she got spots of water for eyes; she not tall big like me. *Why* he like her, why he look at me like I mis'ble pake" (Chinaman) "who never laugh, who work all day, work all night?"

Belinda shook her head. There were tears in her eyes—tears for the universal "why" of womanhood that was expressed by this poor child.

She might give her a glimmer of what seemed to her the only answer, if answer there could be.

"Laaia," she said, coming near and putting her hand in tender compassion on the girl's hot forehead, "you are not the only woman who has asked this. There is more difference than in being beautiful or being ugly. It is in something unseen and spiritual, something that has to do

with the part of us that does not die when we die—the soul."

Laaia, to Rose's surprise, listened as though she comprehended. Her time in school had not all been lost, and now that her body was wasting the faint, weak, spiritual part of her—O, how faint and weak it was!—seemed to have room and even to grow a little; and then the soul is comprehended as a distinct personality by the native, though not understood.

"Mr. Harvey loves Judith because she is just and true; because she knows what is right and will do it; because she is noble; and because if she loves him once she will love him always, and will not care what other men think of her if he is pleased," said Belinda, groping a little in her own mind for reasons.

"That all? That not very much; I could do—no," with a half smile, "no, I not can do. I like all men see me fine; I like all men smile at me."

Belinda began again, stopped, and then went on:

"But you must remember, Laaia, that I said that is not all—there is something else—she is attractive besides all this, and there is something, I suppose it is the spirit—the other part—that matches the spiritual part of him." Here she stopped short, perhaps because she came up against the solid wall of the mysterious.

But Laaia had turned to Rose, not heeding Belinda, saying in a weary, lifeless tone:

"It make no difference; I got to die anyway. The kahuna got lock of my hair instead of *her* hair, and"—her voice became low and full of horror—"he anaana me."

"What?" whispered Rose, her hand gripping Laaia's hand.

"He pray me dead; I die to-morrow or next week. He say wicky wicky"—she shook as with a chill, and her voice ended in a whisper—"I too much 'fraid."

"But you got him to pray Judith to death," said Rose, hardly knowing what she said.

Belinda started as though she had received a blow.

"Yes, yes; I give him the hair you got; he say all right he can do, but he not do. Puu give him money, he give the hair to Puu for Olava. He hear about it, I don' know—I think Olava he kahuna too.

"Long time ago the kahuna very hoo hoo" (angry) "with me. He not forget; I s'pose he forget. He part white man; all natives all time forget; part white man not never forget. All know he going pray me dead; he tell them look and see. When I see him he look very like devil; he smile, he say, 'How feel?' 'Most ready to die?' Every time he see me he say, 'How feel?' Then I know I got to die.

"I tell him he big frode—he take my money. I tell him, 'Where is red hair?' He grin. He show me lock hair in paper I give him. It black

like mine. He say he don' know, he not open paper; he anaana the wahine that hair belong to. He ask me if I give him black hair or red hair; I say, 'You know well I give you red hair; I tell you so; I tell you it the red hair of the woman Olava like.' I say, 'You very much hoo hoo at Harvey; you not forget.' He say he don' know, he not look in paper first time; he anaana the wahine that got hair in paper, but when he see the woman of the red hair very well, very strong, not die, then he open paper and see hair black like Laaia's hair; then he think he come and ask me how I feel, if I sick.

"I tell him I all right, I very well; then he grin, and say look in my hair. I look in my hair, and one place there where one big piece gone." Her voice sunk low in terror as she said this, but she went on: "He grin very much, and he say, 'You don' look like you very well; you soon very sick, and you die.' He say, 'Old Lono—that is one god—angry—he always angry when folks jealous. He kill his wife when he jealous, and he very sorry. Now he never help anyone when jealous, he make pilikia for all people get jealous, so you die wicky wicky."

She was exhausted; her eyes half closed and her breathing was rapid. Kauhila came in with some food she had been preparing, and Rose, looking as though she had seen a ghost, rushed out, filled with a blind terror.

She was as superstitious and illogical as a child,

and as senseless also when confronted by the unknown and mysterious. She seemed to be mixed up with all this, and half felt as though she would be held responsible for Laaia's death if she died.

Belinda caught up with her as she hurried down the lane, and said, putting her hand on Rose's shoulder:

"We cannot leave her this way; we must do something."

"Not to-night, not now. Come, I cannot stay here!" she said, wildly, and away she raced, followed by Belinda.

Not until they were in the corridor of the hotel was another word spoken, and then Belinda said, sternly:

"To-morrow we must see what can be done for the girl. Evidently the kahuna is frightening her to death, and I must know more about that lock of hair."

Rose made no answer; she simply went into her own room and locked the door.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUDITH AND LAAIA.

ABOUT an hour later Belinda slipped out of bed, put on a dressing-gown, and went to Rose's door and knocked. Rose knew her knock, got up and turned up the electric light, unlocked her door, lay down on her bed again, and then asked Belinda to come in.

Belinda came and said:

"Rose, it is useless for me to try to sleep until I understand this matter. Of course, you are not obliged to tell me, but I think it would be better to do so."

Rose lay back on her pillow, her hands clasped under her head, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright, but her lips were trembling, and she made one or two attempts to speak before she succeeded.

Belinda thought she had never seen her look so pretty, and imperceptibly her heart softened toward her.

"Rose," she said, in a gentler voice, "I do not think you meant it. I know you must have got into it without knowing what you were doing."

"I don't know," she said, half resentfully; "I can tell you the whole story, and you can judge for yourself."

And then she told it, from the time of noticing the likeness of Laaia to herself; of the night walks; of Laaia's request for the hair, and her motive, but of her own lack of intention to get it; of Laaia's reminding her of her promise, which she must have given in an absent-minded moment, as she had not known she had promised; her lack of intention even then to try to fulfill her promise until the day they were at Mrs. Morris's, when she thought it would please Judith to know that a native girl admired her hair and wanted some of it; that she did not at all know what Laaia wanted it for, though she knew Laaia was, in a way, jealous of Judith, and knew, too, that probably Judith would not want her to have the hair if she knew of Laaia's jealousy. Then she told of the visit to the kahuna, and that she guessed then what Laaia had wanted to do with the hair, but, on thinking it over, it seemed like a joke to her, though she well knew it was not the kind of joke Judith would like; but it never really seemed to be anything but funny, that is, not exactly funny, but a curious phase of life, until to-night, when she saw Laaia dying from a kahuna's prayers.

"Now you have it all," she ended, with a sigh of relief. "Judith cannot be harmed by it, as Mr. Harvey has the hair. He probably knows I gave it to Laaia, so I am the only one that is likely to suffer by it. He will, if he has not already told her, tell Judith, and you can im-

agine the opinion they have of me, and always will have."

There was something that jarred on Belinda in this coming straight back to herself—in the lack of thought for the condition of Laaia and of regret for her own foolishness. She had an impression, too, that Rose had not told her all; for there was a hesitation, a slurring over of details, and a peculiarity in the way that she spoke of John Harvey and Judith that puzzled her.

She wondered if Judith knew of Laaia and her fondness for Harvey, and she wondered, too, if there was in it any explanation of Judith's former attitude to him. At any rate, she saw that there was a something in the situation that might bring unhappiness if it were ever misunderstood, and she resolved to take Judith to see Laaia.

"The girl wants to see Judith, and I think Judith would go if she knew it," said Belinda.

"O yes, especially if she did not want to go but thought it her duty to do so," answered Rose, bitterly.

Belinda looked an inquiry.

"I hate people who are so fearfully correct, and so fortunate, and so much admired as Judith!" she said, with less fierceness in her manner than in her words.

"O," said Belinda, simply, but she sat quite still with her eyes on Rose for a few minutes.

She was reviewing Rose's proceedings since they had started on their journey, and she got at least a little light on Rose's character and on her motives, but whether or not she understood everything Rose never knew.

In the morning Belinda telephoned to Dr. Jarvis to visit Laaia at her expense, first ascertaining from Rose how to advise him to reach the little cottage, and later she telephoned to the cheery little Hawaiian missionary, who will die young because she cannot grow old, having springs of perennial youth in her heart, asking her to visit Laaia. Then in the evening, after dinner, she purposely left Rose behind and went up the valley road to the Morris home and asked for Judith, who came out at once and said she would go, and only stepped back to tell Mrs. Morris where she was going.

As they walked on, Belinda told briefly of the visit the night before, of Laaia's wish to see Judith, but not of the reason for the wish. She did not mention the lock of hair incident, but only said Laaia was ill because she believed a kahuna was praying her to death.

Judith was startled, and more agitated than Belinda had expected, and walked so rapidly that it was not many minutes before they stood by Laaia's bed in the little room. The room was brilliantly lighted by a big kerosene lamp, and Kauhila lay on a mat on the floor, evidently to be within call if anything was wanted.

She slept on, however, undisturbed by the visitors.

"Laaia, I have brought Judith; you wanted to see her, you know," said Belinda, bending over the bed.

Laaia looked up brightly; the doctor was evidently trying tonic treatment. Her eyes sought Judith and rested on her with pleasure, and with reason.

Judith wore a creamy, glistening gauze, and no ornaments except strings of Roman pearls around her neck, and that spiritual quality which made her appear superior to others had never been more apparent.

This seemed to impress Laaia, and gradually to steal the brightness out of her face.

"It is a—spirit, it is a—spirit," she murmured, recalling Belinda's words, which she had repeated over and over again.

"What is it, Laaia?" asked Judith; "it is hard to be sick; what can I do?"

"I don' know—I want see you—I don' know what for. I like a see you. I very sorry—I think you forgeeve me."

The color vanished from Judith's face. She was thinking of Harvey.

"Yes," said Judith, standing quite still and her voice cold, "I forgive you, even as I wish to be dealt with mercifully."

"I very sorry I give the pretty hair to kahuna; but it didn't hurt—he take my hair. He give

your hair to Puu, and Puu give it to Meesta Olava; so it not bad. See, you strong and well —you not dead—it not hurt." This was said persuasively, as though to wring a warmer word of forgiveness.

Judith looked at Belinda as much as to say, "She is wandering, and does not know what she is saying;" but something in Belinda's face contradicted this and warned her to listen carefully.

"Puu very hoo hoo—he say I bad girl—savage —to ask Mees Rosa to get your hair. I don' think I savage. I sorry, I *not* savage. I think you not here, Meesta Olava like me. Long time before you come I like him. I every day think sometime he like me. When you come I see how he do, when he like, so I think you not here he like me, but I think not. It different. It is a—spirit he like. He all time look at me like he not see me."

Judith comprehended in a rush, all, even Rose's part, and that Harvey had not cared for Laaia, nor ever given her reason to think he did.

The room reeled, and she nearly fell. Belinda started toward her, but she regained her balance, though the little room and the bed still spun around.

Then they settled, and she put her white hand on the large brown one as shapely as her own, that lay on the sheet, and said, gently smiling into the girl's eyes:

"Laaia, do not think of it for a moment. Let it be just as though it never had been."

A quick smile came in response, and a whispered "Aloha," and Laaia was ready to do as Judith said.

"Laaia," said Judith, firmly, for she knew they must go soon, "the kahuna cannot hurt you. A good doctor and good food and care will make you well. I shall come to-morrow and take you to my aunt's if she will let me, and I know she will, for she takes care of everybody; and I am a better kahuna than those to whom you give money," she added, smilingly, "and you are sure to get well if you are with me."

Laaia's eyes, which were half shut, opened quickly. Ah, that was it; Judith was a kahuna, and of course Harvey could not help loving her if she so willed; but her eyes dropped again, and Judith said good night softly and turned away.

Belinda roused Kauhila and told her to give Laaia some food that stood ready on the table, gave her some money to use for Laaia, and took Judith away.

Judith sat long on the lanai that night after returning.

She had had uneven days since yielding to her love for Harvey, though she would say to herself that he was worthy, that his love was enduring and true; and though she said it stoutly and firmly, still she had to say it, for she otherwise would have had no justification for her love; but

underneath all was the fear that her love was the only foundation she had for her belief in him, and there was the consequent fear that she was part and parcel of the untruth of life. This fear poisoned the hours spent away from Harvey. When with him, the truth and loyalty of his nature asserted its power, as they ever will, and convinced her.

Now that was all past and done. She was justified; her nature had not stooped; it had not proved weak in time of trial. There was even a more solemn joy in this thought than in the thought of Harvey's love, or else it was a part and outcome of it, for the divine love must ever rest on a base of human love, and be comprehended through experiencing human love.

But what was this shadow of evil waiting in the background of her mind to be considered when she had tasted the joy that had come to her in fully knowing as well as believing in John Harvey's uprightness ?

Ah! it was Laaia's wish to kill her! A creeping horror went over her, and, worse still—how much worse—Rose had some interest in the plot —she had even helped. It seemed incredible. The only thing that made it believable was that she knew it was true. She remembered Rose's asking for a lock of her hair to give a native girl. Laaia had told her the rest; and now she recalled Belinda's face, and she knew that the stern emotion on it had its origin in her knowl-

edge of the truth of Laaia's story and of the part Rose had had in it.

She now recalled Rose's remark on the steamer on their way out, and also the effect it had on her. That remark, curiously enough, seemed as much a liberty as this affair. That had had to do with herself, what she was or was not; this with her physical life, which seemed in a way far less sacred to her than that inner life with which, she had felt at the time, Rose, and even Belinda, was intermeddling. In thinking it over she did not for a moment suppose that Rose really had believed the kahuna could have any power over her. It was only the impertinence of it, and the degradation to Rose in being mixed up with any such plot and the degradation to herself in having it planned that made her indignant.

Remembering the expression in Laaia's eyes when she had seen Harvey near herself, Judith could believe that Laaia had planned it in full confidence that it would be executed and she be removed from her path.

It was a shock to her, but it did not and could not make her long forget the joy of the previous moments.

Later she was glad to remember Harvey's promptness in getting the lock of hair, and she also had a feeling of relief in the thought that the kahuna had not still possession of it.

Laaia took the food Kauhila gave her after Judith and Belinda had gone, and then said she

would go back to her mat under the house, as it was cooler there. She spoke more easily to Kauhila than she had to her visitors, for her own language came more readily to her lips.

Kauhila made no objection and helped her down, but when once there Laaia seemed more restless than before. The trade wind was sweeping through the trees with a stronger movement than usual, reminding her of the sea; finally she believed it was the sea, and it sounded so near that she thought she could go to it easily.

"Kauhila," she cried, "let us go down to the sea. When it is all around me I shall be cool again and well;" but Kauhila objected.

"You are without strength for the long road over which we must go. When you are with the red-haired lady she will take you in her carriage down to Waikiki, and you will be grand and like a rich woman yourself when with her."

"No, that will be good in its place, but without pleasure such as there is in the way to which I am accustomed. There is money that Mecs Maya left. You can help me to the street; there I will wait, and you can find a carriage."

It was a long lane to Laaia, and she found difficulty in getting into the carriage, the movement of which gave her pain and made her head feel as though it must burst; but she bore it, for she was going to the sea.

On leaving the carriage she found it difficult, even with Kauhila's help, to drag herself to the

edge of the water, where she sat down; but it was delicious to have the incoming waves splash over her. It gave her strength, and with a gay laugh she plunged in, breaking the force of one, then of another and of the third wave; but, suddenly spent, she could not resist the following one, and it took her quickly but lovingly up and placed her on the soft wet sand, where she lay, cool and comfortable, though exhausted, and with a wish to sleep.

Kauhila's voice saying something to her sounded far away, as though beyond the waves. She would go to sleep now and talk with Kauhila after she had awakened, and she could go with Judith then, too; but sleep was better than all else. The sand was soft, like the white beds at the school. Now she seemed to be there and to see all the girls kneeling and to hear them say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"Down a-sleep," she murmured.

Kauhila, now much frightened, begged Laaia to wake up and go home, saying the carriage was waiting, and she would do better to sleep at home than here; but Laaia's sleep was becoming too deep for hearing, and her face was growing cold, and when her heart was sought by Kauhila's old hand it showed no movement.

"Awau—awau, the poor sweet wahine!" wailed Kauhila as she fled to the driver and told him. He found a man to help him, and they went quickly over and took up the body, which was

rapidly stiffening, and placed it as best they could in the carriage, and with Kauhila beside it weeping and wailing the driver took up the reins and drove slowly back to the little cottage.

After breakfast the next day the housemaid came and told Rose of Laaia's death. She told it with no comment, and went away to hide her tears that would come. There were many who had tears for Laaia, now that she was beyond the reach of all sympathy.

Rose hurried over to Kauhila's cottage, hoping there had been a mistake, and that she might find Laaia still alive. She could not imagine Laaia dead.

Dr. Jarvis was there, and, struck by the intense seriousness of her face, he began telling her the circumstances of the death; but Rose left him abruptly and went in and stood by the little bed and looked down on the still face and form which seemed imbued with majesty and power—majesty to command reverence, and power to rebuke those who looked at her for all things left undone that might have been done.

An evolutionist looking on, and knowing the life of each in minute detail, might have said that it was the pagan of the nineteenth century looking at all that was left of a pagan of an earlier date. Even if this would have been a just estimate, still the centuries had told, and Rose suffered far more keenly than Laaia could have done under reversed circumstances.

She stood so long without movement that Dr. Jarvis, becoming uneasy, came and touched her on the shoulder, saying it would be better for her to come away. She acceded quickly and left the cottage with him. He began to hope he had misjudged her in thinking, as he had done since that morning at the Sulphur Banks, that she was utterly heartless; but he walked in silence by her side, and lifted his hat and bowed without a word as he left her at her door.

When he was gone she went quickly out to the street-car line and took a car which left her near the beach. Here she walked about until she found the place where, so Dr. Jarvis had told her, Laaia had met her death, and then sat down on a bit of driftwood. Hour after hour passed until it was nearly sunset, and still she sat there looking at nothing in particular. Finally she got up and went slowly back to the road and took the car to town.

Belinda came a few moments after Rose arrived, but Rose could not tell her what had happened. She seemed to be beyond the power of speech for the time being.

There was something in Rose's face thereafter which had never been a part of it before. Perhaps a glimmer came to her that the resemblance between herself and Laaia had been too great, that she herself was responsible for the likeness that existed when there should have been none, and not to be praised for the differ-

ence, which was due to environment. Perhaps she envied Laaia, and revolved the thought of trying a quick ending to her own puzzling, unhappy days.

Discarding this, she may have submitted to conditions that had made it possible for John Harvey to love Judith, and not possible to love herself. Perhaps she saw herself clearly, and not liking her character made a beginning of a life on a worthier plane. Whatever it was, something seemed to have been developed in or added to her character.

Judith saw it first, and thought that Rose's soul was beginning to grow.

When Judith, after leaving Laaia, went to her aunt and asked permission to bring the sick girl to her own room and nurse her, Mrs. Morris consented readily.

If Judith had suggested bringing half the native population to the premises Mrs. Morris would not have thought of objecting; she was so happy in Judith's engagement and in the prospect of having her for a near neighbor that she could have refused her nothing. Still, she knew the natives well, and told Judith that Laaia would be happier in another room on the ground floor, which opened directly into the garden. This room needed a little work done on it, which could be finished the next day while they were out at the Kamehameha schools, where Mrs. Morris was going to spend the day, showing

Judith the rich museum of relics of the early days of the islands, and the workshops where native boys are taught handicraft, and the lecture rooms where their minds are developed, all through the wise gift of a woman who loved the natives because their own blood ran in her veins.

"One day will not matter, Judith, and she will get well so much more quickly there," Mrs. Morris said.

The room was all in order and very satisfactory when they returned just at dinner time, and Judith wanted to go at once to bring Laaia; but Mrs. Morris said a sick person was best moved in the morning, so once more it was postponed. While at dinner one of their friends sent word that he was coming to take them for a moonlight drive. When he came his carriage proved to be a street car, which he had engaged for the evening, and which he was proceeding to fill to overflowing with laughing people delighted with the novel idea.

They were headed toward the plains when he finally, after much importuning, told them what had inspired him.

"It is the hedge at Punahou," he said, "which is in full bloom, and I assure you it is a sight of a lifetime."

A sight of a lifetime, indeed! One long side of the college park was bounded by a wall which stood higher than a man's head. This was covered by a heavy mat of night-blooming cereus,

on which thousands and thousands of big thick-petaled white cups full of golden stamens hung at the ends of long, stiff stems, the flowers gleaming whiter because of the moonlight that seemed to radiate from them. The sky above was the usual deep blue, broken by white clouds, and the trees were moved by the steady but gentle sweep of the trade wind that came down through Manoa valley. It was an evening of ineffable beauty. Judith felt it to the inmost center of her being, for the world had taken on a new light and joyousness. Her face was radiant, and her white dress and the silky gauze about her head intensified its appearance.

Harvey himself, freed from the strain of work for the government and from doubt of his success with Judith, seemed as much affected by her radiance as she was by the night. They were apart from the others but together, saying little and feeling much.

Some began breaking the flowers and carrying off armfuls of them, but Judith protested. It seemed desecration, but Harvey told her that the flowers would be gone by the next evening, as Chinamen would come and gather them in the morning and take them away to cook for food and to use as medicine. So she said no more, and allowed him to break some for her, thinking she would take them to Belinda, and, too, she also thought Laaia might like to see them when she came up in the morning.

When they were once home, and Harvey had gone, she began to decorate the wall of the lanai with the flowers, for Mrs. Morris said it would not do to put them in her room, as the odor was oppressive, and the pollen from the stamens was irritating to the eyelids. While occupied thus a note came from the native pastor telling of Laaia's death, saying it had occurred down on the seashore, and making some requests for various things needed at the funeral, which was to be held the following day.

For a moment Judith felt she must be dreaming, and sat down suddenly, as though stricken. There was a thought that even if the news were true she could not have it so—that power must be given her whereby she could bring Laaia back.

The evening had been so perfect, life had looked so sweet, so grand, in all its joy and all its opportunities, and she had thought of so much she could do to make Laaia happier and better. She had been sure that it was not a lasting feeling that Laaia had for John Harvey, and now—O, now—what did it mean? Was there more which she did not know? Was she or John Harvey responsible for this girl's death? It came like a swift, blinding blow, shutting out all the beauty of the night, nay, even of life for a time.

"Could we not go there?" she asked, piteously, of Mrs. Morris.

"Yes, of course," soothingly; "but you must not blame yourself nor me, Judith. It was after you were there last night that it happened. The pastor wrote me that the fever went to her head and made her wish for the water. It is their way—I have known it to happen many times—they seek the water as naturally as a bird its nest."

They went, Judith still carrying some of the big, heavy flowers, which she placed at Laaia's feet. Bending over, she put her hand on Laaia's, as she had done the night before, and was startled to find it so cold. It had been so hot the last time she touched it.

The poor, pretty child—the child of wave and wind, of wood and flower! Why should she herself be alive and happy and beloved, and this child die through misdirected impulse and superstition? Why should one go down in the strife, and the other have everything? Why could she not have been permitted to save the child, to help her to happiness? Why?

She knelt by the bed and sobbed for the shipwreck, for the sorrow, for the failure of this life, and for her own success in contrast, as she had never done for the pain and hurt that had come in days past to herself.

The native people about began to wail, as is their custom. It touched them to see the white lady that was to marry Ke alii moi so loving and so sympathetic with their sorrow; for they had

sorrow at the death, even though of late they had not cared much for Laaia, and even though they believed she had met her death for laughing at a kahuna and making him angry.

No one remembered, in connection with Judith's weeping, that Laaia had called John Harvey "My Olava." The two were not at all associated in their minds.

It was simply that Judith, "the red-haired lady," was full of aloha to all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PENANCE.

ON the day of the burial of Laaia, Belinda and Rose appeared in one of the many carriages following the one with black plumes, which erst had been an object of admiration to the dead girl, as it led from Kauhila's little cottage to the native church known as Kawaiahou.

"The funeral is such as would have given her great pleasure," murmured Kauhila, in pathetic regret that Laaia was missing a display in which she would have taken delight; for a normal native loves a fine funeral, and enjoys sorrow when it is stately and solemn and black in its last rites.

Kauhila was honored with the place of chief mourner, not as nearest of kin, for that she was not, but because she had given home and care and love in Laaia's last days, which the nearest of kin had denied. Relationship among Hawaiians is surrounded by a mist which cannot be easily penetrated, and Laaia had had her home when a child in half a dozen different houses, none of which had been available in her last sickness, but no one recalled this, except to give Kauhila the honored place, though all mourned,

and all recalled, with tears, the pretty face and the generosity of the girl who had gone.

Rose was surprised at the grief displayed, and she may have been surprised at the sympathetic ache in her own heart, which had not often been pained by other people's sorrow. Her thoughts ran out toward Puu, away in Samoa, and she wondered if he would mourn, and she thought, too, of Dane, and asked herself if he would care—would they both be as other men, white and black, mourn for a day and forget for an age?

Absorbed in her thoughts, she did not notice that the line of carriages had turned aside from the regular road until she saw that it was because the road was being repaired by a prison gang, and at the same instant Dane's eyes, full of tears, met hers across the back of a man in front of him who was bending to his shovel. His flushed face was working convulsively, as in an effort to keep back sobs, though she saw him only an instant, and then the side of the carriage shut him from her view.

Belinda had felt Rose start, and turned inquiringly to her, but Rose said nothing. She was reflecting on the probability that Dane had not known of Laaia's death until he saw the hearse. It was a blow to him, but how much of one it would be impossible for anyone to determine—perhaps even he himself could not tell. But at any rate he probably would not be so eager to

get out, and might stay quietly behind prison bars until his sentence should expire.

She had almost thought he was going to speak to her; it seemed that she was never to be done with the results of her foolish pranks, and she said, impatiently, to Belinda:

"Do good deeds pursue one like silly or bad ones? You ought to know, for you have done so many—of the former, I mean."

"I don't know," was the answer. "I have never thought of it in that way; but you can be sure of one thing, one's mistakes always dog one's steps, like well-paid detectives."

"O, I know that well; if I could be as sure of the reverse, if I could be as sure of seeing one half as many reminders of good acts as I do of foolish ones, I would be willing to devote my life to doing good."

This was said with less feeling than was in her heart. It had occurred to her many times in the last two days that if she had used her influence over Laaia to persuade her to have some steady object in life besides merely "a good time," and had tried to show her that the kahuna could have no supernatural power such as he claimed, and that her fondness for Mr. Harvey was useless and that it must be overcome—that white girls were often obliged to overcome such mistaken affection, and native girls could do so as well—if she had done all this, instead of countenancing the kahuna by visiting him and giv-

ing him money, and had not treated Laaia as if she were a girl in a spectacular scene with whose joys or sorrows she had nothing to do, dropping her as soon as tired of her, Laaia might have lived and eventually been the wife of Puu, and they might have had a happy little home up the valley surrounded by taro and shaded by bananas.

It would have been better—ah, how much better! She wondered if she might not still try to help others and so make up for this. She might go out day by day with Miss Spring, the little missionary, and read to the native women who could understand English; and she might help take care of the sick; and she might even come to be willing to spend her life, as so many women do, for others.

These thoughts gave her comfort. Through one thing and another she had been sorely hurt, and, being unaccustomed to pain, felt the necessity of escaping it in some way; and a proof, if such were needed, of the normal quality of Christ's teaching might have been found in the fact that Rose's first feeble thought for others, even though generated by selfishness, brought a certain ease to the pain of her heart.

By the time all the sad services were over and she was back at the hotel, having repassed Dane, who did not look up, on the way, Rose had determined to do what she could for the Hawaiians, or at least that she would see if there was any-

thing she could do; so she went to the telephone and arranged to go out the next morning with Miss Spring on her usual rounds.

Having done this, the weakness of her character appeared in discounting her credit account, by reflecting that John Harvey would find that there was something in her character, after all, worth respecting; that Dr. Jarvis would see that she was not utterly heartless and frivolous; and Judith—well, Judith would probably think that she had taken up the work in a passing impulse from a sort of "My doll is stuffed with sawdust and I want to go and be a nun" feeling; but Belinda would know, she, at least, would see that she really meant to live up to her better nature, though in her heart she knew that Judith would be right.

This latter thought remained with her as she lay awake during the long night listening to the wind as it moved the trees, and thinking of herself and her shortcomings, and when morning dawned she had so true an estimate of herself that she did not more than half believe it to be correct, and grew more cheerful consequently, even though she still told herself that she was no better than Laaia had been, and considering the advantage she had of ancestry and training not half so good. It made her feel better to tell herself this.

Just as she was about to start forth to meet Miss Spring she was informed that a native

woman was waiting to see her. Rose was reminded of Laaia, and was half startled and quite surprised when she found that the native woman was Kauhila, who came in and sat down, fanning herself with her black-bordered handkerchief and sighing heavily. Rose waited in silence until out of a capacious pocket in her holoku Kauhila drew a little paper parcel and unrolled it, and displayed a polished kukui nut, which Rose thought she had seen before.

"Laaia send," murmured Kauhila, tears coming quickly to her eyes as she opened it and told Rose by many gestures and words and broken phrases that Laaia wanted Rose to have it because Rose had been kind in bringing it from Dane in order to let her have the letter inside, so that Dane might escape from a place in which he was not pleased; that it had been all well ar-arranged and he would have got away if some big thing had not come out of the war ship and seized him.

Rose's eyes grew large with surprise mixed with fear as she saw what she had done. She eagerly tried to explain to Kauhila that she had not known of the letter—that she would not knowingly have helped a prisoner to escape justice; but her eagerness made her remarks incoherent, though had her meaning been clearer Kauhila would not have understood, for Kauhila was Christianized only in spots.

This piebald Christianity has its drawbacks, for

it is not easy for people who are unaccustomed to dealing with those a thousand years behind themselves in the line of development to locate the spots or to be considerate when they cannot locate them.

It is a help, however, to remember that even those with the thousand or more years of advantage are not exactly perfect—that there is still room even in them for development.

So to Kauhila it was not a thing to trouble one, this helping a man to escape from staying in one place, which, to her, would have been very tiresome. Under the old chiefs Dane would have been put to death, and possibly cooked afterward; but this government was different, and gave people who plotted against it a comfortable home, without any trouble as to food and clothes, and did not insist on too much work; still, if the people themselves did not like it there seemed no reason to her why they should remain if they could get away.

It was not until Rose had nearly reached Queen Emma Hall, where she was to Meet Miss Spring and her native Bible women, that it occurred to her what it was that had come out of the war ship and prevented Dane's escape. Rose laughed at Kauhila's representation, but she stopped laughing when she remembered that the throwing of the searchlight had been delayed a little because she herself had asked to see it done.

Then she was appalled to find how far-reaching

her apparently simple acts had been; she half felt for a moment as though she would never do anything again—never even venture out of her room while in the islands; for every move she had made seemed to have had such important consequences. Then she laughed as she thought how neatly Dane had been repaid for making a tool of her, and reflected that, if she had tried, she could not have planned so good a punishment.

Then this thought seemed almost irreverent to her. It was God who was back of all this. He was planning, and it would be well for her to see that her plans coincided with his, and she prayed a little prayer for protection and guidance, which was sincere, for she began to be afraid.

She was welcomed by ready smiles and alohas from the native women and Miss Spring, the latter dropping the Hawaiian tongue, in which she had been talking, as they understood English, so that Rose might understand the instruction she was giving to the women. But Rose was absent-minded and listened with only a part of her mind; the rest was absorbed in what she had just heard; yet long afterward she had a distinct recollection of hearing of people who were ill and needing love and sympathy, of others who had been turned aside from the Christian life because of the disturbed political situation; of still others who were coming out into the full light of the knowledge of the love of God.

However, she noticed distinctly the expression of the faces of these women. It reminded her of Kauhila—a soft, glad intelligence lending an attraction to the broad, strong features, and an absence of the wild, untamed look that met her eyes across the gulf of race from many native women she had seen in the streets.

"I know what you mean," said the little missionary when Rose tried to express what was in her mind as they passed out and up the street, after the women had gone their several ways, "for it is one of the indications of a genuine comprehension of the meaning of Christ's teachings. When I see it often on the faces of native people, I know at once that the bar of race has been lifted; for it means that we belong to the same family in that we acknowledge one Father. I see it sometimes in white people as well, who are strangers to me." Then, as Rose made no answer, Miss Spring added: "I met your friend, who is to marry Mr. Harvey, the other day for the first time. I had seen her before, and had not been attracted especially to her; but when she took my hand and looked into my eyes I saw, without a word, that the foundation of the joy in her face is an abiding peace which is enduring, and whatever may come to her will not fade away."

Rose made no answer. She could not but know that while Judith's face had conveyed one impression hers must have conveyed the oppo-

site, for she had no abiding peace, and that this opposite expression may have been one element of the resemblance between herself and Laaia.

Leaving the broad street, they took to a lane that led them between a field of bananas on one side and of rice on the other, to a new and respectable-looking one-storied cottage, around which seemed an unusual stir.

Both were startled to find that during the night the grandfather of the house had passed quietly away from a world which, as his daughter said, he had been long willing to leave.

"He was ripe," said the daughter, "and no place but heaven was suited to his nature."

He lay in majestic stillness, with the expression of a conqueror on his face, as though he had just finished saying what his daughter said had been his answer when told that he must die:

"There is no sting in death for me, because I go to God the Father."

Miss Spring talked with various ones among those gathered about, but Rose sat quietly in a chair by the door and thought, while the influences of the place did their work on her receptive nature.

Yesterday this clay was alive, she thought; today it is cold; in a few months it would be gone, and where was what had made it other than clay? Was it with Laaia, and did they talk of what had happened in this world? Ah, but if he went to God the Father, Laaia might not be there!

Rose had seen little of sickness and death, and this fact might partially explain the deep impression Laaia's death had made on her.

Later, as they passed out, Miss Spring said that the family was one of the most intelligent, and had never been under the influence of the kahunas; that the latter had been the greatest obstacle Christian people found in their efforts to uplift the natives, and that the weakness of the native rule in its later years had been partially due to the fact that the rulers had encouraged kahunaism and superstition. "It is not strange, however," she added, "that even the most intelligent natives are somewhat superstitious when so much superstition still remains among white people, who have a hundred times more intelligence in themselves and in their ancestry; but, at any rate, if we are superior to them in this respect, I often think that when it comes to simple acts of faith or quick generosity they are our superiors."

They next entered a smaller house, where a handsome woman sat on the floor, her bare feet stretched out in comfort. She was scraping little strips of something, unfamiliar to Rose, which were spread on a board in front of her. There were more of these strips in a pan of water at her side.

After Hawaiian greetings were exchanged Rose asked what the woman was doing.

"She is scraping the pulp from the leaf stalks

of the squash vine. Nothing is left, as you see, but a strong, silky fiber. This, when it is dried, will be made into flowers, like many you have seen on native hats." And then Miss Spring said something to the woman, who brought some of the dried strips, which were stiff like straw, but satiny, and of a cream white. There was no more time for questions, for the woman talked eagerly to them, forgetting that Rose could not understand; but it was a tale of woe, evidently, from the tears in the narrator's eyes and the sympathy in Miss Spring's face. Rose thought she caught the names of Puu and Laaia, but she could not be certain, as the woman talked in such rapid and unmitigated Hawaiian.

"I never interrupt their work if I can help it," said Miss Spring, as they passed out, "for they need encouragement when they are trying to earn an honest livelihood, as this woman is doing. She is the sister of Puu, a big, fine kanaka, who has just returned from Samoa this morning. She was telling me of his grief at the death of Laaia, at whose funeral I saw you yesterday. He had not known of her illness, and did not know of her death until he came up here. He was very fond of her, though her sister said that one thing that made him weep was because he had been estranged from her before he went away, and had spoken harshly to her for something she had tried to do."

"Yes, when it is too late," said Rose, bitterly,

"we are all ready to be sorry for what we have done; but if it were not too late I don't believe people would ever be sorry for being unkind."

They were entering another little home, around which were some beds of flowers, and there was no time for an answer. A young man, smaller than the usual size, met them, saying that all were away but himself.

Miss Spring asked him to show them some flowers of his own making. Acquiescing, he brought out a salmon-colored wreath for a hat and some little clusters of red and yellow flowers, all of which he had made from the fiber of the squash vine, though it seemed incredible to Rose that they could be so pretty when made from so peculiar a substance.

She was reminded of Laaia by the salmon-colored wreath. This she bought, determining to keep it in remembrance of the girl who was influencing her far more in death than she had in life.

Passing on, they saw some women sitting on the ground in the shade of a hut pounding taro, an edible variety of aurum, which is, as the Irish might 'say, "mate, drink, and lodgin'" to the Hawaiians.

There were long boards, on which were the taro roots, that had been previously cooked. These were being pounded with wooden mallets. Later the resulting flour would be mixed with water and left to ferment, when it would form

poi, the staple food for natives and also used by white residents of the islands.

After talking a few moments they passed on to the other side of the hut, where a woman sat alone, barefooted, and with only a holoku on, under the shade of a clump of low-growing guavas.

They were welcomed with smiles, and here Miss Spring opened her Hawaiian translation of the Bible and read to ears which received the words gladly, and then the old lady herself offered a most fervent prayer.

Though not one word of it was plain to Rose she knew it came from the woman's heart, for the joy that passeth understanding was in her face and in her voice, and even seemed to envelop her like an atmosphere.

On leaving her they passed through the back part of some private grounds and came upon an empty wooden cottage, around which were flying many huge bees, resembling the bumblebee of America. As they came nearer Rose saw that the house was perforated, and these bees were crawling in and out of the holes evidently made by themselves.

"They are the carpenter bees; don't you hear them sawing?"—indicating a slight sound as of the breaking of fiber that came from the little posts which upheld the veranda, and in fact from all parts of the house which were nearest them.

"They ruin everything which they attack, and the only way people have protected their property when these creatures came about—for they appear only in certain localities—was to kill them in the beginning of their attack, one by one. I heard yesterday of a new way which is being tried. Empty beer bottles are placed upright on fences and about houses and the bees fly in and cannot get out. They buzz and hum, and try to warn their friends not to follow their example; but each bee wants to try the bottle for himself, and soon the bottles are full, and people profit by their silliness. A beer bottle is a beer bottle to the end of the chapter, for whenever it leads its victims into harm other people profit by it."

Rose laughed, saying:

"You seem to think there is some human nature in bees, or some bee nature in humanity."

"Yes, indeed; now these black, fierce-looking bees are not at all dangerous, but when you see a soft, downy, golden fellow, keep away from him, or you will regret it."

Rose laughed again; this was very interesting. She had thought of people who gave their lives up to mission work as having a very dull time—"deadly dull," she had said—and she thought of doing it herself as a sort of penance; yet she had not had a dull moment since she started out.

"You find many interesting things in going about, after all; and your life cannot really be so dull as though you spent it shut up in a house

darning socks and looking after the details of housekeeping," she said.

"Dull?" And the little woman looked at her questioner in surprise. "I? Why, I am more than thankful that I can spend my days this way, that I am permitted to do so for my own pleasure, leaving out what little good I am helped to do. It is so much more interesting to me than many things which women are obliged to spend all their lives in doing. Let us sit down here and rest, for you look tired," seating herself under the shade of a widespreading algeroba tree. "I want to tell you more about this side of the question."

Rose sat down where she could watch the bees, in case she should not be interested.

"Perhaps you know that the women whom you have met here in society, all or nearly all, have some especial mission work which they do when they can get time, or which they help others to do when they cannot get time. They have families and houses, besides social duties, so that they have to plan their time carefully or they can not get an opportunity to do what they wish to do; but I have all my time untrammeled by such things. And, again, they have to plan their household expenses carefully that they may have the money which all this work costs; for you must know this is all home mission work and all supported by the people here, who, I am told by outsiders, are the most generous givers they have known. I, of course, have no way of judging,

for I was born here and have come up with them. But I started to say that many of these women would like to spend more time, but cannot because of other duties, while I have my whole time and strength simply to do the things that are most pleasant and most interesting to myself, and in such comfort, too. When I think of the early days when the first missionaries, with their highly educated and refined wives, landed here among naked savages, when the people knew so little that they could not distinguish between the virtues of their Christian teachers and the vices of adventurers from Christian lands—when I think of them and all their privations, I feel as though I am living in the lap of luxury."

"Well, yes," said Rose, in disgust, "I think so too."

"The years of privation and hardship were long," Miss Spring continued, "though they were well rewarded when idol worship was banished. I often think I should not have had the courage to do what they did in the way of giving up all the comforts which we have; for the islands were barren, communication with the continent was very uncertain, and these gentlewomen lived here, bore their children without nurse or physician, and as the years went on sent these same children away from debasing influences in sailing vessels, knowing they would not hear of their fate for eighteen months; nor

could I easily have done what they did in acting as teachers and seamstresses and almost as servants to the chiefesses when their various whims seized them; yet I dare say the necessity would have brought the will and God would have given me the strength." As she ended she got up, saying that she must go home, as she had some other things on hand for the afternoon.

Rose was loath to leave the sunshine and the bees and go back to her room, and did so only because there was no other way.

The next morning she awakened with a feeling of having a pleasure in life which she had not had for many days. Life must be interesting, otherwise it was not worth much to this girl of moods and impulses; but when after breakfast she began to think of what she might do during the day in the way of calls and an afternoon tea everything seemed flat and stale, and as Belinda was in her room writing she concluded to see if Miss Spring would take her with her again.

Rose usually went to the telephone with interest, for so many wires were always in use that there was often a babble of sound, and many amusing things came to her ears. Nearly all the principal houses in Honolulu are connected with the central office, and the life of the people may be told by the telephone. "Central," the brooding power, the universal intelligence, is an unfailing fountain of kindness and patience and knowledge, and answers questions as to the time of day,

as to the sighting of a mail steamer, as to whether anybody is giving a tea party, as to the truth of a rumored engagement, or as to the best remedy for croup, and gives orders to butcher and baker if the housewife has not time to give them.

Rose stood a moment with the receiver at her ear and a smile on her face before she called her number. She had, an instant before, been in her room, and as much alone as on a desert island, for the hotel was nearly empty, tourists having turned their footsteps to other tramping grounds as the weather had grown somewhat warmer; but now the world of Honolulu was close beside her. Out of the confused babble of words came many sentences like these: "Sick all night." "What did you give him?" "Three members of the committee on kindergartens." "Too bad! I hope he is better." "Worse still, I have two other committees which I must—" "Central, please tell the butcher to send me a leg of mutton." "Sorry I missed you." "Bring the pattern with you." Then a man's voice, the first: "The President has left the Executive Building." Another man's voice: "Jane, come for me at eleven to-day; an official meeting;" "That bill of goods is full of mistakes." Then a woman's voice: "I have tickets for the concert; come and go with us." "O, Central, where can I get tickets for to-night?" "O, Central, is the *Australia* sighted yet?" And so on *ad infinitum*. Rose liked it, for it was as though she looked

into the back door of people's lives; but she could not listen forever, and in a few moments she had arranged to go with Miss Spring again. She had hardly reached her room when the maid came, saying that she was wanted at the telephone. She went back, and a voice said:

"I have just heard that you are interested in seeing the work among the natives. I shall be jealous if you are not also interested in the free kindergarten work, as it is for all nationalities. Will you not come with me to-morrow and see some of the little tots?"

Rose assented, and then another voice:

"Is that you, Miss Tyler? Will you not go out with me on next Monday to see my Chinese mission work? I will call for you at nine o'clock if that will suit you."

And when that was arranged another voice made another request like the other two for the Japanese. During the two days following several more invitations came, and Rose kept all of her engagements to visit various missions, besides going often to the Hawaiian homes and churches. So it came to pass that in the latter days of her stay in Honolulu she was occupied by very different interests from those which had absorbed her when she first arrived.

Judith formed much the conclusion in regard to Rose's motive that Rose had predicted she would, yet she was glad. Belinda was delighted, and said she knew it was in Rose to do almost

anything she might choose to do. Perhaps both were right; at any rate, human nature as evinced by girls is too complicated to permit anyone to state definitely of what it is or is not capable.

Two or three days she spent in visiting the free kindergartens, where in their several rooms in various localities she saw funny little Japanese and Chinese, grave little Portuguese and laughing Hawaiian children, among whom were many white ones interspersed, working and playing and singing. She almost thought she would be willing to turn herself into a kindergarten teacher if she could have taught the fascinating little Japanese girls in their bright kimonos, or the little Chinese girls in equally dazzling costumes.

Another day she spent in the Chinese quarter, sitting down in dusky little rooms talking through an interpreter to quaint little women who seemed to her to be in masquerade costume and playing a part; for she could not make herself realize that they were women, even as she was a woman, and that they were really living in such homes and in such clothes. Another day she went here and there visiting Japanese homes, where they are scattered through the city, as they do not, like the Chinese, keep to one quarter. Then there was the Portuguese mission, the results of which she saw in the well-filled little church on Sunday, and she also went to the churches connected with the other missions, and to their schools as well. She carried her notebook everywhere, and made

notes of the number of pupils, of the cost, and of the way work is developed, and took the notes to Belinda, who put them in shape for her and sent them all to several papers in America, that printed them eagerly, glad to get anything which could throw light on the Hawaiian situation or on the life lived by the Hawaiian people.

The hope and enthusiasm seen in Miss Spring were duplicated in the other people who had charge of these various branches of work, and this fact was something of a surprise. These people liked this work better than she had ever liked anything except novelty, and they were people able to shine in any position of life; and she saw with more surprise that a perfect network of charities and schools and missions is spread out over the islands, all organized and supported by the people she had met in society. This made doing good seem to her a charming occupation for the time being, and helped to give her a little of the leaven of "otherism" which often grows and expands against one's will, and often without one's knowledge. So that sometimes she had serious thoughts of carrying out her first impulse of spending her life here working to benefit the Hawaiians; but there were too many things in the way, and Rose had not as yet the "enthusiasm for humanity" which will overcome obstacles, and so no plans were made other than to return to America.

Perhaps she received one of the most lasting

impressions one day when she went to a little chapel for Hawaiians up the valley, where instead of a regular service a Bible lesson was in progress, in which all seemed deeply interested. The kindly missionary who had taken her to the chapel seated her by the door, where he could translate what was being said without disturbing the assemblage.

"Natives," he said, "love a controversy in which they can ask and answer their own questions; they call it 'asking conundrums.' Now there is Nalepa, who has asked a question as though he were firing a twenty-four pounder and expected to lay everybody flat, and Puu is going to answer."

Rose looked quickly toward the big kanaka, who rose with his back toward them.

"I have seen Puu before," she said; "he has been away."

"Yes. He is one of the best fellows in the world, and is improving in a wonderful way and will be a help to his own people that cannot be estimated. The 'conundrum' asked by Nalepa is this: 'As God is all-powerful, why does he not keep us from sinning and thus graciously save us from the annoyance (pilikia) that comes to us from our sins?"

Rose's eyes flashed with humor at this; it was like what she had had unconsciously in her own mind at various times in her life, though she would not, even had it been a conscious thought, have dared express it so frankly.

"Puu is answering that the great bane of kanakas is their never-failing desire to have some person bear their own trouble and annoyance, but that the man who takes their 'pilikia' ties their hands—'No pilikia, no power;' and the reason that their power as a nation has passed into other hands is because, while they were willing to reap the benefits of other people's industry, they were not themselves willing to take the trouble to have commerce and good government. So, in the same way, they will never attain the kingdom of heaven while they are unwilling to take the trouble of even their own sins, and that they are dying out as a race because they are not willing to make the effort needed to live sober, hard-working, moral lives."

Nalepa interrupted:

"But the white people are comfortable, and they have money and land and fine houses, and we have nothing."

"Yes," answered Puu; "and we had the same opportunities that they had, but we were busy sleeping and riding the surf and making wreaths of flowers while they dug and planted, and saved their earnings. And there is a worse time coming. The Chinaman plants our poi and we sleep; then when we are playing games he brings it to us, for we cannot leave our amusements. Later, perhaps, we may have to ask him to eat it for us, when we find we cannot take the trouble."

There was a laugh at this, but Puu went on:

"Ah, but we will not need to ask him. He will do it without any asking, and we cannot help it, unless we play less and sleep less and stop listening to such nonsense as men like old Kaalohapauoli pour into our ears."

Rose turned quickly at this name.

"He is referring to a man who was committed yesterday for practicing witchcraft, or pretending to practice it, and thereby partially frightening to death a poor girl whom Puu had hoped to marry. Probably there were other reasons for her ill health, and the man, seeing that she was not well, took advantage of it, and let it appear that he was praying her to death. However, she took a chill by going into the sea, which was the immediate cause of her death. Many natives really believe that he was responsible, and there were plenty of witnesses against him.

"Now he is telling them that striving against dislike of work and trouble is the only way for them; that sacrifice is necessary to fit them for this world and for heaven; and he just quoted the words of General Armstrong, of Hampton, who was born and bred here; do you remember them? They are found in the memoranda he left to be read to his family after he was dead:

"'A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the happiest use of one's self and one's resources, the best investment of time and strength and means. He

who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen because he knows not God.' "

Puu said that General Armstrong had written these words with his life before he wrote them with the pen, and that Armstrong's mother, and many other mothers like her, had written them here in the islands with their lives before the author had been born; that until they (the natives) could sacrifice in some measure as they had done they must, though nominally Christians, be heathen because they would not have known God.

"I am surprised," the missionary said, as they passed out, having to go elsewhere, "at the strides Puu is making, but he has been much with Harvey, who is helping to fit him to be eventually either a teacher or a preacher."

Rose wondered if, according to the classification quoted by Puu, she could be other than a heathen and one who knew not God; for what had she ever sacrificed?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

THE long, hard work on the new constitution was over, and the day was at hand when it was to be promulgated and the republic proclaimed. Island-born white men side by side with kanakas, American-born white men and half-whites, all had worked in a common effort to evolve a form of government necessarily more or less an oligarchy, which should cover every distinct element of the varied communities of the various islands. It had been difficult to do this and also to provide for every exigency of a little nation liable any moment to be taken under the protection of its foster-mother, or to fall into the maw of the power which, like the grave, is not satisfied, but ever cries, "Give, give," or to be overpowered by an influx of orientals and sink quickly into an Asiatic colony.

They had found it difficult, and many had concluded that only the wisdom of all the ages could handle such a problem satisfactorily, and daily, yea, hourly, while the constitution was in the process of formation, had prayers gone up to the Source of all wisdom, invoking help to arrive at just and righteous conclusions.

Now the work was finished, and, true to the

The Government House, Honolulu.

conserved spirit of "'76" in these hardy and stanch people, the old Independence Day was chosen for its adoption.

The morning dawned in gladness to many, in anxious fear to some, and in depression to others. But the morning itself, all joyous, came flinging rich color, bright sunshine, and fresh odors down upon the islands. The waves murmured a glad orison on the Reef, the trade winds sounded a solemn anthem down the valleys and through all the trees, and the banks of white clouds which ever rest above the horizon seemed to have washed and made themselves new in the ocean spray, so white they gleamed in the sun; and the golden shower tree swung its long sprays of solidified sunshine in the wind as though ringing golden bells of joy for the pleasure of existence and in honor of the day.

The passing observer would have said there was not a hint of anything save absolute joyousness in all the island; but there were shadows; the very presence of all this light and joy told this.

Among the people who had stood fearlessly for right and truth there were women who feared for their husbands and sons, and those who feared for their lovers, but not one who would have held back an instant, even though she had thought a bullet would come out of the crowd and find the heart of the man she loved.

It was a tense, terrible time, and yet it was

borne with sweet smiles and kindly courtesy from Republican to Royalist and from Royalist to Republican.

Notwithstanding the kahuna's prophecy of death and the fact that there were men who had sworn to take his life before the republic was born, the president had slept well.

He had not sought the high office; he belonged to the people; and if for the rights of the people it became necessary that his life be ended, it would make no difference.

The red dog, as the kahuna had foretold, was found dead at daybreak on the steps of the church. There was no mark on him by which the manner of his death could be told, and the doors of the church stood wide open; but the sun shone bravely over the town, which was literally covered and hidden by red, white, and blue bunting, and on Washington's portrait, a little more wooden than ever, which looked down from a large building on the crowd that was beginning to throng the streets. The wind flapped the bunting on stores and houses and on the men of war, decorated not for the independence of Hawaii but for the independence of the mother States, and brought faint snatches of music from scattered bands here and there through the town. At eight o'clock the people were massed in front of the palace, where the president's gray head, towering above the crowd on the steps, was the center of all interest as he

read the constitution and proclaimed the republic, which for good and sufficient reasons had been chosen by the people as the form of government for the future.

The strong, clear voice carried the message down on the waiting air into the hearts of the people, who, whether white or olive or brown or darker brown, had only one attitude toward the one who stood before them, the attitude of reverence for the man, reverence for his message, and belief in the new republic which he was proclaiming. Later doubt and fear might come, but in his presence there was naught of them.

Ah, now is the time for the bullet to come out of the crowd, or soon it will be too late, and the republic will exist. Does the hand falter, or is the bullet only one of the many vagaries of the kahunas?

But it comes not, and the handsome, open-faced native member of the convention repeats in Hawaiian what has been read in English; then with uplifted hand the strong voice of the president calls: "God save the Republic!" and then comes a cheer from the crowd as of one voice; not a wild cheer of triumph, not a threatening, vindictive cheer, but a solemn ring of voices as in a fervent and great amen to an invocation. Now there is a salute of twenty-one guns and the playing by the band of the national air of Hawaii.

After the oath of office was administered by the chief justice the people thronged up the steps to give their hands in friendship and sympathy to the man who stood as their chosen ruler.

There were tears in many eyes—in the eyes of men whose hands had been in the breast of their coats as the proclamation had been given, ready to avenge the bullet if it came; in the eyes of women who were as ready as their husbands to defend the republic; gentle men and gentle women, quiet, meek-eyed, God-fearing and neighbor-loving, but made of the same stern stuff that fought out their rights in the days of '76.

"New occasions teach new duties;" they had learned them well, though in pain and sorrow.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide."

It had come, this moment, and their homes, their lives, their honor, all were at stake; they had chosen, and by their choice they would abide, ay, even unto death.

That hour the former queen, sitting quietly in her house, knew that the bullet had not come and the republic was born and lived; knew that the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" of the old monarchy had been written, the monarchy of which she still, had she had nineteenth-century instincts, would have been constitutional queen. More, she knew it was indelibly written, and not

to be erased by new plans in accordance with the age, and, hardest of all to bear, she knew that it had been written by herself.

The throng, having grasped the hand that was in future to lead them, poured into the palace that they might take the oath not to do anything calculated to overthrow the new order.

When white and dark had thus declared their loyalty, all dispersed as quietly as from a morning service at church. Some drove through the streets and along the water front for a prolonged view of the decorations, which Rose said were "more Fourth of Julyish than anything she had ever seen before, for there was a perfect delirium of stars and stripes." Others went quickly to the wharf, where launches waited to take them to the American man of war from whence they were to view boat and swimming races. Still others hurried away to a draped pavilion in the park where the American minister, assisted by Americans and Hawaiians, was to celebrate the day as became the envoy of his country.

There were orations and music, and all was bright and gay; and the American atmosphere, always the breath of life to Belinda, made her glad. It was refreshing to her to be in a place where it was good form to celebrate the old worn-out Fourth. It was refreshing and comforting, after the Anglomania in America itself, to be in a place where America was a name to conjure with; to be where no nation on earth was

thought to be so fine, so grand, so true, so right as America, and where people lived in hopes, if not eventually of being a part of the greatest big nation, at least of making their own the greatest little nation on the globe.

It occurred to Belinda, who loved the American flag and firmly believed it would bring the millennium to any country over which it floated, that if anarchists and iconoclasts were to increase in numbers and power in America that nation might in future times be forced to refer to this little Hawaii in order to learn what her original principles were, to see what the rock was like on which Columbia had built.

The orators of the day were all that could be asked; there were free lunches inside a tent for dignitaries, and outside for the crowd, where the kanaka drank lemonade with as much satisfaction as though he was under the old *régime*. Adventurers were there, too, and ate sandwiches and drank lemonade, thinking it was a pretty good government to be against.

The Portuguese husband was also there with his numerous family, and bought candies in moderation for them of the Chinese sweet vender, and let his daughter take a turn in the dance on the platform, and thanked God for comfort and peace.

Here, too, was the Jap, in his best coat and smiles, taking his saki later, as the German did his beer, down town.

Rose, down on the warship, was thinking of many things.

Puu was one of the contestants in the swimming race; she had seen him standing on the wharf just as she had stepped into the launch. He did not wait for her to recognize him, but pulled off his hat quickly, though there was no smile on his face, and there was an oxlike patience and pathos in his big dark eyes.

As Rose watched the white sailor outdistance Puu, and saw the latter give up quickly, she wondered if he would have given up so quickly had Laaia been standing on shore waiting to hear of his success.

Then she wondered where Laaia was now—if it were possible for her to look out from behind the mystery of death and see that the Peresidena and Olava were safe; she wondered if Laaia knew that she was mourned by Puu and Dane and Judith and herself; yes, herself, for she did mourn for Laaia, and wish she could be alive once more and know how kind everybody would be to her. She had seen Puu once before since his return from Samoa, and the sight now, as then, brought back many things. The new expression on her face made her more attractive, even though the vivacity had in a measure left her conversation and the confidence had left her manner. People felt there was more sympathy and more of the woman in her, more of the mother quality, without which a woman

is not a woman but an abnormal production of the age.

Dr. Jarvis was near her, but had only circled around in her vicinity without addressing her.

As she watched Puu she had moved away from the others and was standing quite alone, and Dr. Jarvis saw that her face was grave and sad. Taking a quick and to himself an unaccountable resolution, he went to her, and, bending over her, murmured "Sweetheart."

The tender tone made her lips quiver. It seemed so long since anyone had spoken to her as though they cared for her that she could not help taking the comfort, for a moment at least, of the genuine regard of one person.

Seeing this Dr. Jarvis, with a quick catch of his breath asked:

"Can a woman think one way, and want to speak in that way, while she says exactly the opposite? I have heard that a woman's 'no' sometimes means 'yes.'"

His tone was gentle, and reached her emotion, if not her heart; her face flushed and she looked at him appealingly. His eyes gladdened, and he asked:

"Do you mean it—mean what your eyes say to me?"

"I do not mean anything," she answered, quickly; "but I have not been very happy since we—a—we were not friends. Don't you think we might be just friends and nothing more?"

Her tone was humble and sad, and, noting this, he was reduced to pulp by it, but made a frantic effort and kept his balance and said, with firmness:

"Never; we can never be 'just friends and nothing more,' but you shall be my wife."

Rose could not refrain from raising her eyebrows at this assumption, even though she was cheered by the thought that he still loved her.

"I mean it," he said, shutting his lips so tight that his mustache bristled, "and I will dare you to marry any other man."

Rose laughed, for she saw the admiral and the captain coming, and knew that Dr. Jarvis, whose back was toward them, would have to change his subject of conversation.

The captain remarked in an undertone that he would be glad to see Dr. Jarvis married, as it was the only thing lacking to make him a fine man and a good citizen. He was answered by the admiral to the effect that the captain, who was eminently a bachelor, should take his own prescription if he wished it to have force when recommended.

The captain smiled his clear, sweet smile tinged with humor, and said, joining Rose:

"The admiral recommends marriage because he is happily married; I recommend it because I am, unhappily, unmarried. Now, Miss Tyler, which should have more weight? I leave it to you."

Rose laughed and answered:

"I give it up; but I was just thinking of you, and thinking how easy it has been all these years for newspaper men to paragraph you, 'The Puritan captain.' Nothing more need ever be said, and it is almost as well as being an admiral. The reporters only say, 'The Admiral' goes, or, 'The Admiral' comes; he is a finished article, and needs no descriptive adjectives."

"Yes," laughed the admiral, pleased at her audacity, "a finished article, especially when he retires. No one wants to describe him then, even if he should need it," ending a little acridly.

"Ah," said Rose, looking at him in surprise, "so even admirals have their pin pricks."

"Sword thrusts, you mean. Nothing so small as pins would be considered by them," said the captain.

Dr. Jarvis stood scowling and tugging at his mustache. He would have liked to throw both officers into the sea for interrupting him just when he thought he had touched Rose's heart. He made a movement of impatience, and the officers, remembering their own youth, passed on.

"We must follow," said Rose, with cold sweetness; "I have remained here too long already, for I am going with Belinda to the reception given by the American minister and his wife, and I shall have to dress."

Dr. Jarvis looked vaguely at her suit of white duck, and did not see why she would have to

dress for a reception, as nothing could possibly be more charming than that, and he was afraid it was an excuse; and he felt miserable, but less so than before he had spoken to her.

The afternoon was well over before Belinda and Rose appeared at the reception, where the legation, whose animating influence was one bright, dark-browed little lady, collectively stood, and smiled by the inch and shook hands by the yard, stanchly determined to uphold the honor of the country they represented. They were assisted by the wives and daughters of Republicans and Royalists, who were as amicable, if appearances go for anything, as though no monarchy had that day got a notification of the *congé* given it over a year before.

Royalist and Republican and tourist and visitor poured in and out, chatting and eating salads and ices much the same as they would had it not been a day to make or mar the fortunes of many present.

Many naval officers had been witnesses to the early morning function, but they had had a distant, noncommittal air, as though they had no responsibility.

Belinda had noticed their "not-in-it" air, and when they came near enough to congratulate her on being an American, and wish her many happy returns of the day, said:

"There seemed to be a blue haze of distance between the naval officers and the rest of the

people this morning. In fact, you had so remote an air I was not quite certain you were there until I heard the sound of your voices."

They laughed, but it was a noncommittal laugh, and one answered:

"Officially we were not there, though personally we were. Now we are units again and are here both officially and personally; so you must not remember it against us if we were a little remote, and it must not prevent you from keeping your engagement to dine on board the *Brotherly Love* this evening, and I think it is about time to go off now."

The bay was never more beautiful than when the party, which included Mr. Morris and his wife and Judith and Belinda and Rose, pushed off from the wharf. The sun was down, but sunset tints from a bright afterglow were on ships and decorations, in water and sky, and on the spires and hills, and even on purple Tantalus and rosy Diamond Head.

They were all well tired by the day's functions, and some by the day's emotions, and were glad to sit on the upper deck and let the cool air touch them gently and let the quiet scene give them a part of its own tranquillity; but the orderly came saying that the mail steamer was sighted and would soon be in, and so there was no more tranquillity, for all were eager to see her enter, and still more eager for news of the outside world. It had been days since they had

heard anything but island news or had home mail, and though the steamer entered the channel quickly and came up to the wharf rapidly, with an indescribably proud and beautiful movement, it was none too soon. They were down in in the cabin with dinner well under way when the captain's papers and letters were brought; but dinner waited until the papers were run over hastily. Now came a message from the admiral asking the captain to note that the paper of latest date contained the news of the assassination of the president of a European republic.

A cry of surprise and pain came from the group at the table—pain for the man who, serving his people, who had gone to his death; pain mingled with fear for the other man in their midst who to-day had taken risks—yes, and who was still taking risks—of a like tragedy. But the face of Mr. Morris was no sterner than it had been all day. He had known well that any moment might plunge the baby republic into sorrow and disgrace and ignominy.

Belinda and Rose were to go with the executive party to view the fireworks in the evening from the upper balcony of the palace, and as they drove slowly to the cottage of the president there was a hush on them, because of their fear that even now all might not be well.

They were a little late, and alighted just as the president and his wife came out of the gate with two native ladies, their only escort. Joining

them, Belinda walked with the president, who led the way, while Rose joined the others, and all went down the street and soon struck the great and cosmopolitan crowd which surged about and filled the streets leading to the palace.

Belinda, womanlike, had pains as of bullets entering her arms and her back, and fancied that the faces of the people peering out of the crowd, attracted by the tall form by which she walked, were full of evil and intention to kill. She comforted herself with the thought that she was tall and that no bullet could reach the man on whom so much depended from the side where she walked, or, at least, not below her head. Every little movement, every little hurry among the moving mass, seemed to portend evil and death; but they passed on without harm. Then when they ascended the steps, which were lighted by myriads of lanterns festooned over the face of the palace, and by electric lights and by blazing rockets, Belinda wondered why the assassin was missing his best opportunity.

Soon they were up the broad stairs and out on the balcony, and still no harm had come.

Belinda sat down quickly. She seemed not to have breathed before, from the time they had entered the crowd.

Rose, too, had had her emotions. She, even better than Belinda, had known of plots that had been concocted, and as well understood the danger; but she liked the excitement of going through

the crowd and the thought that it was a momentous occasion, and that she, a very unimportant person, was mixed up with events that might prove to be historical. John Harvey had, as she put it, condescended one evening at a reception to tell her of Laaia's coming to him when she must have been too feeble to do so, and giving information of a character of which it was impossible to estimate the value; that it had not occurred to him until afterward that she must have been ill; that he remembered thinking something was wrong with her when she first came, but, absorbed in what she was telling him, it had passed from his mind; "Judith," he said, "had she had time, or known earlier of Laaia's illness, would have made up for his oversight by taking good care of Laaia."

Rose winced a little at his proud, happy manner of speaking of Judith, though she was pleased that he should tell her of Laaia's act.

Rose was thinking of this, and of the probability that there would be more plots and no Laaia to give information, while she looked at the president standing in the full blaze of light, yes, even leaning far out in boyish interest in a rocket which had burst and was sending down a brilliantly colored umbrella, and another which was scattering fans in the sky. Not one in all the crowd below that looked toward him could fail to recognize the face and the full silvered beard as it showed in the light.

Rose gasped as she thought of this, and went to Dr. Jarvis, who with Harvey and some of the officials of the government had just come, and begged him to go and warn the man who might any moment be a target for some adventurer seeking notoriety, to say nothing of the determined men who wanted him out of the way. But Dr. Jarvis shook his head.

"No, you must let him take his way; it is sure to be the best way. No," he added, gravely, as she still pleaded, and she knew that he, too, feared, "it will not do. He must not be trammeled by our fears."

They had all decided not to speak of the assassination in Europe until the day was over —it was too suggestive. But now the man who blunders came eagerly to the wife of the president, standing near her husband, and told it as though he thought they would be glad to hear it.

"O," whispered Rose to Dr. Jarvis, "could not some one slay that creature? Why did he do it?"

And some held their breath, while Belinda groaned out loud; but all were calmed by the calmness of the man who knew that the report of a like ending for himself might follow quickly on the heel of this other around the world. He spoke of sympathy for the shocked and outraged nation, of sympathy for the family, but there was not a quiver of the eyelid to show that it suggested anything more to him than to others.

The wife shivered a little, yet she took the news with far less emotion than the ladies at the dining table on the man of war had shown. She and her husband were in the midst of danger, but not because of their own personal wish, and they could leave the issue to a higher Power, which they believed was guiding the little ship of state through stormy waters to a safe and quiet haven.

The bursting of the bombs and the glare of rockets now began to tire Rose, who had never been robust. The emotions and excitements of the past months were telling on her, and remembering all that had passed she felt that life was hard, and she wished she could go away and cry quietly by herself. Everything seemed so unsatisfactory. There were so few good people, and they might any time fall a prey to the bad ones. She herself was not very good, but how often since she had been in the islands had she had narrow escapes from getting mixed up with the schemes or plans of bad people; and the whole world looked sad and hopeless. This meant she was overtired and needed rest and sleep.

Finally she said, with a little laugh, to Dr. Jarvis, that she must go away or she would turn into a rocket and fly into a thousand pieces, each of which would go off into space surrounded by colored lights. So he got permission to take her out through the back way, and left her at her door with an order to go to sleep at once.

She tried to obey his order, and her last thought was of Laaia and Laaia's effort to save her friends, and she went to sleep with a wish and a hope that there might be no tragic news in the morning papers.

Many others went to sleep that night with wishes and hopes, yes, and prayers, for the safety of the little nation born that day, and for the safety of the men who were at its head. Many felt that Jehovah was with them and leading them, and that hence no harm could come, and thus slept sweetly and fearlessly.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WEDDING.

THEIR trust was justified and no harm came, for the sun rose on peace and security, and many through the islands, who would have welcomed the old days of feasting and gayety and irresponsibility and witchcraft, were glad to know that they had a good and honest government, even if they could not have so gay a time. Children will sometimes be bad if they are not compelled to be good, yet, when constrained, they like better to be good.

Belinda began to think of going back to the States, for she had, to her own satisfaction, if not to Mr. Fisher's, proved her theory, that the question of Republic *vs.* Monarchy in the islands was not a question of White *vs.* Kanaka, but of White *vs.* White and Half-White. She felt she understood the islands and their possibilities; she believed in their future, and believed they could stand alone if treated fairly by foreign powers, even though she could see the desire growing and spreading among all classes and factions for their annexation to the United States. She wanted them to be a part of her own country, but sometimes she thought it would be better for the islands them-

selves if they should continue under their own vine and fig tree.

Though she was now ready to go back she really did not want to go. The charm of the island life had wound itself around her, and she wanted to stay; hence she yielded more readily to Judith's request to remain until after the wedding, which, now that the republic was safely launched, and John Harvey more free to follow his own will, would soon take place.

Rose was divided in her mind. She could either go to San Francisco by an earlier steamer and wait with friends for Belinda to come, or she could remain and see the wedding, which promised to be well worth seeing. She knew she would have little pleasure in Judith's wedding for several reasons; and if she remained, there was Dr. Jarvis to be considered. As people now always left them together she really could not keep out of his way, and though he had not reminded her in words of his resolve expressed on the Fourth of July his manner was such as to convince her that he had neither forgotten it nor changed his mind.

So, taking it all together, she concluded to go, and Belinda did not urge her to remain. The latter may have been convinced that it was as well, considering Rose's attitude toward Judith and Dr. Jarvis's attitude toward Rose, that Rose should go; or she may have been willing to be free from the care and responsibility of her presence in the islands.

"She looked like a pyramid of flowers."

At any rate she went. The *Australia*, the ship that has led a charmed life during the years that it has sailed, was, as is usual, when departing or coming, the center of interest for two or three hours. The band was there, playing its sweetest and saddest pieces, and people with their hands full of wreaths stood on the wharf or crowded the deck and draped with flowers their friends who were leaving. Rose had made many acquaintances, and people were sorry to have her go; this was shown by the fact that she looked, as she stood on the upper deck, like a pyramid of flowers.

Leis of carnations and tuberoses and of fragrant maile hung from her neck to the bottom of her skirt; leis of marigolds, of coral flower, of gardenias reached to her waist; others were about her hat, and her hands were full of bouquets. She had thought it fascinating, this custom borrowed from the natives, and liked it more than ever now, even though she was nearly smothered by flowers; and she did not at all appreciate the disgust of a popular young gentleman leaving at the same time, who said he felt "like a beastly Christmas tree."

As the time drew near for the steamer to leave Rose began to take off her leis and throw them, as did the others similarly decorated, back to the friends who had given them and who were down on the wharf. These friends were expected to take them home and keep them a longer or shorter time according as

the memory of the departed lingered in their minds.

Dr. Jarvis had hung a green glistening maile lei around her neck and asked her to keep it. Now as she was throwing one after another she forgot what he had said, and threw it back to him, but with a gay smile. He did not stretch his hand for it, and it fell into the water, where it was caught by one of the many little naked kanakas who were swimming about trying to seize all the leis which fell short of the hands they were meant for, when not diving for pennies thrown by passengers. He looked at the boy sharply, and when the steamer was well away hunted him up, gave him a dollar, and took the wreath home to his room, where it still hangs, and ever reminds him of her, as does that strain of Auld Lang Syne which the band was playing at the moment when she threw the smile and the lei. "The dear, happy days of yore" are in his mind when he touches the lei that hung around her neck, and they will be there until some newer and happier days come to replace them.

Belinda was glad she had remained for the wedding.

"If one wishes to see a perfect wedding let him come to Honolulu and see it here," Belinda wrote to the journal. While all might not have accepted her judgment on political affairs, because she was a woman, yet for that

same reason her diction on a wedding would have been accepted; though as a matter of fact her head was much clearer on politics than on weddings.

However, one less interested in the method and manner of weddings, less conversant with fashions and furbelows than Belinda, could not fail to see that the rites and ceremonies attendant on the union of John Harvey and Judith Melrose left nothing to be wished for by their friends.

All agreed that they were well mated. Many had thought Judith, during the first months of her visit to the islands, cold or variable, though after she had recovered from the shock of Laaia's death no one ever said it or even thought it, for she bloomed out in the charm of her early girlhood, with the added attraction of strength and humility and a sweet graciousness which showed to all how entirely she felt herself blessed and honored by the love of the man who was to be her husband. So she was in her shining bridal array, what Rose and one or two others had always declared her to be, a very beautiful woman.

The perfect union of the two was the foundation of the satisfaction people had in the wedding; around this was grouped all of pleasure that a bright day with soft skies and singing trade winds and masses of flowers can give; all of joy that comes from the love of friends and

their heartiest good wishes; all of content that comes with a certain amount of state and ceremony which belong to wealth and position.

Judith's father, who had not only given his consent, but had come out to attend the wedding, was so charmed with the islands that he wrote at once for his other daughter to come out with some friends of Mr. Morris's, even though she could not arrive in time for the wedding.

He would not return, he said, for months, and perhaps not at all permanently; so Judith was to have her father, and her father, well satisfied now with her and her choice, was to have his favorite daughter, for a time at least.

They, the newly married, were to go away on the *Hall*, an interisland steamer, and visit other islands, and before returning go to Haleakela, the great dead crater, and to the Barking Sands, and to see other wonders and beauties which Harvey was anxious to show to his bride.

The throng at the wharf was merry, and not in all the number was one to be found who shed a tear, for all felt that there could be nothing more asked for these two—these two who loved each other perfectly, and whose aims and purposes were the same, and who were, as nearly as one could judge, to have a perfect honeymoon among the islands which would be filled with enchantment for them. After a few weeks they would come back to their Honolulu home to live their lives, to strive to keep the worthiest in them-

selves to the front, to fight the tendency of human nature which leads downward, to uplift and strengthen those about them, and to help all to nobler lives.

Belinda started for the coast very soon after the wedding. It was hard to go, but her conscience helped her; and when once more in the land that gave her birth she was glad that she had had the courage to leave a life that had become more and more attractive to her as her stay there had lengthened and return to her work.

To her the islands will ever remain as the one place on the face of the earth where she could be perfectly happy. The journal flourishes and gains credit from her work, but Mr. Fisher declares that she has not the interest in it she had of old. He fears that she will return to the islands, and sometimes says in impatience that, if Belinda could be certain of going to Hawaii when she shall die, heaven will not so much matter to her.

She laughs, and she sighs, too, and when she walks icy streets beaten by gusts of cold winds that make her shiver she has visions of cobalt skies, of softly solemn winds, and of blue seas beating themselves into white on creamy coral reefs.

When she is tired of the strife over silver, when the noise of the cry of anarchists and of strikers, and the cry of "more" from the poor and of "less" from the rich, grows unbearable,

she drops her head on her hand, and, closing her eyes, sees the sands that lie white on Hawaiian shores, and feels the soft winds that come to them daily from far reaches of the Pacific, bringing renewed vigor and life.

She hears the rustle of bananas and algerobas that still wave and beckon her to return where her soul could wrap itself fold on fold in measureless content, and be as fully out of the rush and fury of the American life as though all her appointed words were said and all her appointed days were done.

Not that she does not see the work, the hard, engrossing work, being done over there by those who bear the burdens of commerce and morality and government; but she knows that the jar of the machinery of life there is at the minimum, and with all the work it is thought no sin, *en passant*, to find life beautiful and enjoyable; but she lifts her head and shrugs off the vision and turns to write of the thermometer dropping from seventy above to forty below zero within twenty-four hours.

Other times, when memories of the island life pull too hard to be shaken off, she rises and walks to her window, but it is not roofs or chimneys nor the hurrying mass of humanity in the street below that she sees, but gorgeous vine-draped trees, and blooming hedges, and cool broad lanais, and beautiful homes.

Rose gets more letters from the islands than

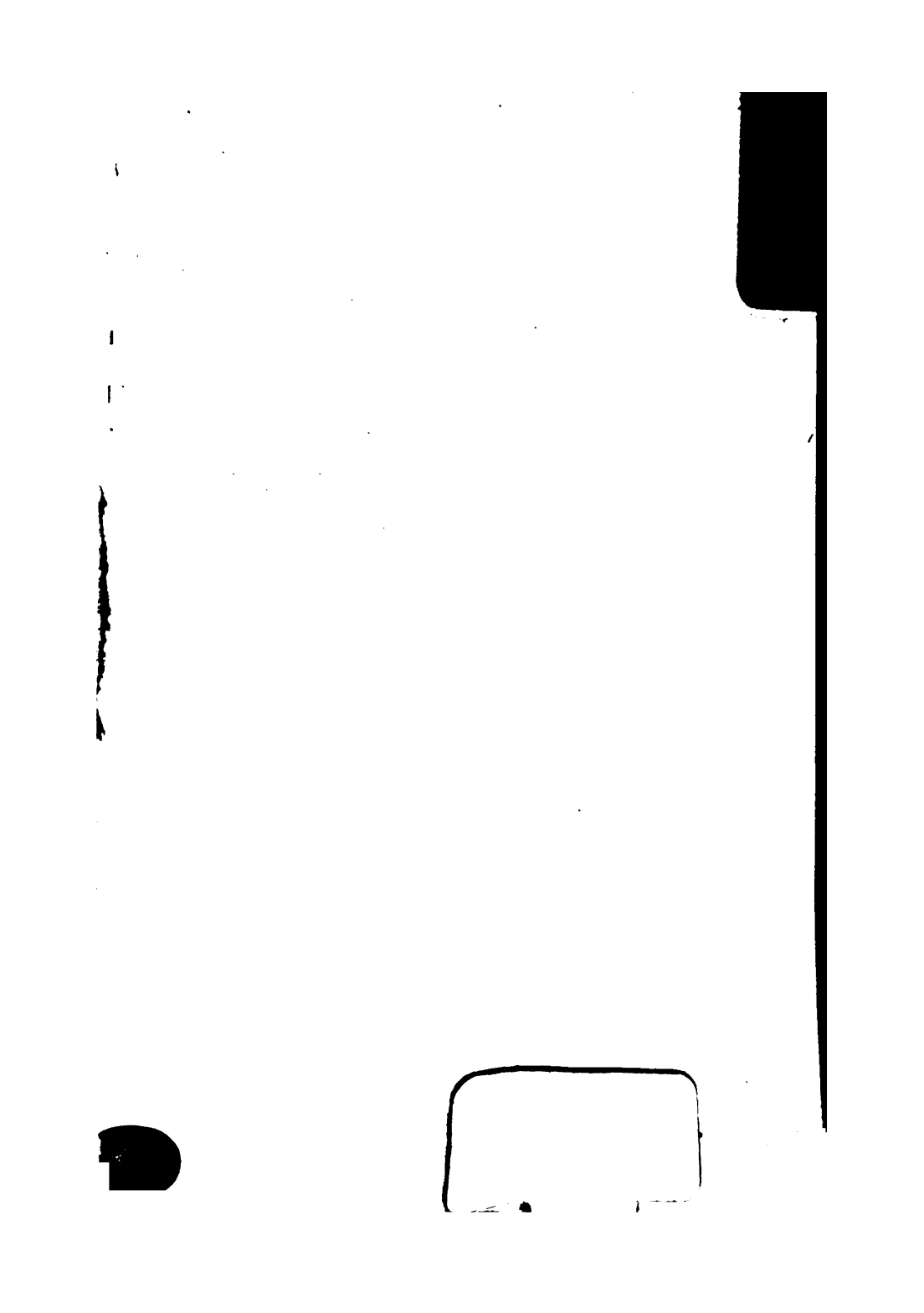
Belinda does, but they seem to be chiefly from one person, and, unlike Belinda, she does not long to go back. There is too much that she would like to forget associated with her visit there, though there is something developing from those months for which she might well be thankful. The day before she sailed from Honolulu she went quietly to the quaint cemetery and brought away a bright, rich, curious blossom that hung from a shrub bending from the foot of another grave over the place where Laaia was laid. She has this in a little book and looks at it now and then, and recalls the merry face and gay laugh of the girl from whom, some way, came the first impulse to growth her own spiritual nature received. This she hardly understands, but she has a tender regard for the memory of Laaia, and the time may come when she, too, as well as Belinda, will long to return, and it may be then that Dr. Jarvis's determination will be carried out. The chances are that he will succeed, for experience goes to show that if a man will wait long enough he may marry any woman for whom he elects to wait. But Rose seems to be the only one of The Three who still says she dislikes men, and the only one on whom the sentence of being "a lapu and feeding on butterflies" is still carried out; for Belinda had her love story too.

Ah, you did not know that, and it was not meant you should. It is a secret, and that is why

Belinda does not come into these pages more; for she could not come without the love story coming also, and then where would the secret have been?

Perhaps this lends interest to all news from the islands, perhaps this deepens the love she has for people over there; but certain it is that her best sympathies are with them; certain it is that when reports come of plots and filibustering she grows uneasy and troubled, and when she learns of the failure of these plots she rejoices; for joy or sorrow that comes to the islands causes a responsive thrill in her.

Once when one of those shots was fired which are heard around the world, when a brilliant life went out and the Republic by its going was saved from a dangerous plot, her heart was wrung as though she had been one of the number that gained and lost by his death. Her sympathy reached over the dividing sea and wrapped the mother and the wife and the children as in a garment to shelter them from the storm of sorrow.

Much she longs to go and cast her lot with the Hawaiians, and as the winter grows stronger the palms wave oftener before her eyes, the anthem of the trade wind sounds louder in her ears, and the beat of the surf mixes with her heart beats. The tender voice may call still oftener, and she may finally return there and be a happy woman, notwithstanding her "abnormal and overdeveloped conscience."

THE END.